



Municipal Library,
NAINI TAL.



Class No. _ 923 _

Book No. _ G55S _

HERMANN GÖRING, of Scandinavian origin and formerly known as Gerinks, on attaining manhood during the European War became fiercely interested in Germany and everything German.

His career was largely moulded by his wife Carin, who helped him to build up his "diplomatic" reputation and brought him to the notice of Hitler, then approaching power. With the rise of National Socialism Göring's ambitions were realised. He was sent on important missions to Italy, made decisions regarding Spain, and assumed a certain control of the dreaded Gestapo. Göring's own "list" during the bloody purge of 1933 eliminated many men whom he considered likely to impede his own meteoric rise. Eventually he became second only to Hitler, Hindenburg's death having removed the last barrier.

The author tells of Göring's early interest in flying, his entry into the German army, and subsequent travels in Scandinavia; of his stay in various sanatoria in Scandinavia where he was treated for morphinomania; and how, in obedience to his ambition, he controlled his hysterical temperament.

He is presented to the reader as a sadist, drug fiend, and successful business man who gained for Hitler support of Krupp and Thyssen; and as a social snob who (having once stayed at Doorn) imitates in his private life Kaiserial pomp. Göring caused a great stir in political circles when he married his actress-mistress Emmy, and disposed of his first wife who had helped him for so many years. Hitler's mental dependence upon Göring enabled him to have his own way with this marriage.

Göring plans to become the modern Napoleon, and in his own words proclaims himself "THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN EUROPE."

GÖRING

★



Central Press Photos Ltd

GORING

GÖRING

Germany's most dangerous man

KURT SINGER

HUTCHINSON & CO. (Publishers) LTD.
LONDON AND MELBOURNE

Durg...	
...	
...	
Class No, (वि.सं.)	923
Book No, (पुस्तक)	2555
Received On,	

3625

Made and Printed in Great Britain at
The Mayflower Press, Plymouth, William Brendon & Son, Ltd.

NOTE ABOUT THE LETTERS OF THE GÖRINGS :

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF SOURCE

The letters reproduced in the book which Carin and Hermann Göring wrote to their Swedish kinsfolk are taken out of the book *Carin Göring*, by Fanny Wilamowitz-Möllendorf, which came out in Berlin.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD	9
THE INHERITED PAST	11
WAR	26
AFTER THE WAR	47
THE ATTEMPTED RISING	66
GÖRING AN ÉMIGRÉ	74
THE HOME-COMING	111
THE FIGHT FOR POWER	126
POWER AND TERROR	148
GÖRING AS RULER	178
ROOTING OUT OLD COMRADES	205
GÖRING THE MAN	235
GUNS INSTEAD OF BUTTER	256
THE BEGINNINGS OF WATERLOO?	271

FOREWORD ★

THE IDEA OF WRITING A BOOK ON GÖRING CAME TO me at the beginning of 1936.

At that time Göring was not yet Hitler's successor, he was not yet a field-marshal and the German military dictator. But already one could see clearly what was coming.

The new European war, therefore, was no surprise to me, and the growth of Göring's power had been foreseen.

Göring is a soldier, sprung from the Prussian-German family of warriors hundreds of years old. To understand him—and at the same time a great part of the German people—we have to bear in mind that Germany for hundreds of years has been breeding warrior families, that war has always been and still is a German ideal.

We who loathe war, who hold it to be a crime, who look on it as the worst thing ever thought out in the brain of man, can never be understood by Göring, for the fighting man's life is worth nothing, is useless and empty, if the soldier's mind finds humanity in its stead.

I have striven to give an objective analysis of Göring as a man and National Socialist leader, to look at him from the point of view we take when looking at things in a neutral land. If the objective facts in this book

speak against Göring it is not that I have left neutrality behind me, but truth itself has given judgment.

Europe is ablaze—cannon, machine-guns, and aircraft are spreading suffering beyond words over the guilty and the guiltless. On Göring, who is one of the leading actors in this war, the reader will pass his own judgment. But he must be clear about this : *Göring does not represent the whole German people.*

In the state of war where we are to-day it is in the interest of everyone that neutrality should be saved ; and so to criticize Göring is not to attack Germany, but on the contrary it is the expression of a boundless love for the suffering German people which is being driven to its death by such leaders. The workers, the peasants, and all those who create in Germany will live, however many die in this dreadful war, but whether the idea of National Socialism, which accepted this war, is to live for ever will have to be decided by history, which will sit in judgment.

K. S.

STOCKHOLM,

15 *September* 1939.

THE INHERITED PAST ★

I

WAR OFTEN SETS PEOPLES WANDERING. MEN SUDDENLY arise before us, and we have no knowledge whence they come nor of what kind they are.

The Thirty Years' War was raging in the German provinces. Drums thundered ; ducats rang enticingly—hireling wages that were to make the death that lay in wait sweeter.

Gustavus Adolphus's and Wallenstein's troops were in the land. For thirty years of war Germany was laid waste, for thirty years the barbarism of war triumphed. And ever without end the trumpets of war rang out. They spoke of national honour, of devotion to church and native land and of holy ideals. The recruiting officers were hard at work and always found fresh men ready ever to lead the hireling's life.

Among those who enlisted was a man about whom nothing was known, a plain man and not entered in any church register. It was war—the clergy had something more to think of than to be looking properly after their yellowing church registers.

And after all what did a name mean ? Men had to fight, to win or die. What their names might be was nothing to the great lords. No one knew the man's

Christian name, but that did not matter ; his surname was quite enough, and this was ' Geringk.'

Not all the hired soldiers fell in this thirty years' struggle. This Geringk, about whom no chronicle has anything to say nor can anyone tell us from what part of shattered Germany he came—this man, anyhow, survived the war and gave the world a son, born 15 June 1659 in Pomerania. This son was given the name of Michael.

Pomerania—Sweden's loot in the war—had been utterly laid waste. The land which had once been so blooming was now no more than a wilderness, its mankind was brutalized and sunk. War had come to be a normal state.

Michael Geringk lived the hard life of a peasant. The son of a hireling soldier had nothing much as such to look forward to in peace, and his name, while ever betraying his 'small' descent, also seemed to be scornfully reminding him of his hopeless position. His son Michael Christian first saw the light of day on the island of Rügen. His wish was to better himself ; none should scorn him for being the son of a 'small' hireling soldier. About 1700, therefore, he left Pomerania for Westphalia, where no one knew him and he could carve out his own lot ; here he sought to hide all that was small and Geringk-like. In Westphalia, then, there made his appearance a hard-working, ambitious official named Michael Christian Göring, who rose to be royal commissary for war and domains and died in 1763 at Hagen as a man of position.

Now that a Göring had once succeeded in becoming a high official, the sons of the following generations

also took to this safe career. Christian Heinrich Göring died in 1805 as a commissary for justice, Wilhelm Göring (1791-1874) as district judge, and Heinrich Ernst Göring, father of to-day's German field-marshal, as governor of a German colony.

2

The heritage from the past means much for any man. The pulse-beat of our forefathers has its own laws of inheritance. Those who come after must bear the burden of their forefathers' sins, boldly or with resignation; there is no escape.

The inquiry into hereditary tendencies has hitherto been left to those who profess medicine. But in our day with its nationalistic over-valuation of the self, any little National Socialistic official, anyone sitting with his friends in a beer-garden, believes that he has the right of sitting in judgment on his fellow-men's forebears; and woe to him that has some ancestress with non-Germanic blood in her veins.

Care is taken not to look back too far in the genealogical trees, for the many wars in the heart of Europe, the great numbers of Southern and Slav troops that marched through the German towns and villages have brought about a great blending of races in this part of the world.

Researches on race are wielded in Germany to-day as an important political weapon, above all to stamp the Jewish minority as being a lower breed and to make it responsible for all misfortunes and defeats.

National Socialist racial research is a clumsy swindle,

and those who come after us will look on it in the same way as we look on alchemy and witch-hunting.

If, in spite of this, we follow up the investigation into Göring's descent, this is because the Devil must be driven out by Beelzebub and any champion must be overcome with his own weapons; and the more so since the propaganda and the legends round Göring with his ducal ways give a wrong picture of the true state of things.

A German professor, Baron Otto von Dungern, has published Hermann Göring's genealogy in the series 'Genealogies of famous Germans,' published by 'Die Zentralstelle für Deutsche Personen—und Familien-geschichte' (Leipzig, 1936). What is here dealt out to the gullible reader has nothing to do with reality; it is nothing else but forged history.

The attempt is made to make the German people believe that Hermann Göring has blood kinship with the following well-known men and women:

Wulfhild of Norway . . .	married 1042 (p. 32)
Kaiser Henry IV . . .	born 1050 (p. 32)
Philip I, King of France . . .	d. 1053 (p. 34)
Petronella, Queen of Aragon . . .	d. 1136 (p. 39)
Agnes of Germany . . .	d. 1143 (p. 32)
Frederick II, Duke of Swabia . . .	d. 1147 (p. 32)
Peter II, King of Aragon . . .	d. 1176 (p. 39)
Euphrosyne of Kiev . . .	d. 1186 (p. 39)
Mesko III, King of Poland . . .	d. 1202 (p. 32)
Albrecht II of Brandenburg . . .	d. 1220 (p. 30)
Maria of Cyprus . . .	d. about 1240 (p. 33)
Adelheid of Lorraine . . .	d. 1250 (p. 32)
Charles II, King of Sicily . . .	d. 1254 (p. 38)
Rixa of Sweden (Birger Jarl's daughter and King Magnus I's sister) . . .	married 1262 (p. 35)
Albrecht, Duke of Brunswick . . .	d. 1318 (p. 35)

Sofie Therese von Metternich	d. 1765 (p. 11)
Goethe	d. 1832 (p. 41)
Frederick Wilhelm III, King of Prussia	d. 1840 (p. 40)
Bismarck	d. 1898 (p. 41)
Queen Victoria of England	d. 1901 (p. 40)
Count Zeppelin	d. 1917 (p. 41)
Wilhelm II, German ex-Kaiser	(p. 40)

Baron von Dungen makes the following commentary on this official genealogy : 'Through these forebears we can also show many lines of descent from Duke Widukind and Charlemagne.'

What is attempted is to make the German people believe that Hermann Göring, who is supposed to be descended from Charlemagne, the old Brandenburg rulers, and Spanish and Polish kings, has through a true miracle from Heaven come to Germany to set free and redeem it. And there are millions of fanatics who believe this.

3

Any objective study of the genealogy of the Göring family leads to the result that this family can only be followed back to the Thirty Years' War. The first certain entry in the church registers is Michael Geringk's birth in Schlawe in 1659. Not even the Nazi researchers into race have been able to go back further into the dark tangle of the past.

Sancho III, king of Castile, with whom Göring according to his genealogical table would be related, lived from 1135 to 1158.

No link with the European kings can be shown through the male line, and so the women must be called in to give the historical link. Fate willed it that in an

earlier generation Wilhelm Göring on 4 April 1834 married Caroline Marie de Nerée, a Huguenot lady belonging to an old and noble French family.

The mother of Hermann Göring's paternal grandfather was not of German origin—this must be stated in a time of Aryan family research—and it is through her that the German ministerial president is said to descend from Charlemagne.

Caroline Marie de Nerée was through the female line very distantly related with one of the many collateral branches of the Metternich's, and one of the many hundreds of Metternich's makes for Nazi racial research the bridge to the royal house eight hundred years or more ago.

In this far-fetched way the Hessian regent, 'The child Heinrich' (d. 1308), is also brought into the family tree; he is found among Goethe's, Bismarck's, and Count Zeppelin's forefathers, and the German people is led to believe in Göring's blood kinship with Germany's greatest men. What humbug! And a still more ridiculous thing is the way an unknown Frederick Cratz von Scharffenstein in 1584 is given as one of the many forebears of the Metternich's so as to make a kinship in the twelfth degree with Kaiser Wilhelm II. One cannot but think of those truly great men who need neither rank nor title, neither noble blood nor descent from Charlemagne or the barbarian Widukind to further the welfare of mankind and the progress of the world.

4

If we strip away all mysticism and take no heed of the halo round a man between forty and fifty, if we

look at him with a balanced mind, then we see a Dr. Heinrich Göring, who like all the Göring's before him followed the safe career of a Prussian official. A man who was twice married and had ten children, of whom some in their turn became officials or soldiers. One of these ten was called Hermann Wilhelm—the man, indeed, who a score or so of years later broke into German history and has become the twentieth-century Cæsar Borgia, Torquemada, Sansterre, and Fouché.

The Geringk hereditary mercenary strain did not belie itself either in the case of Heinrich Göring. The intellectual career that was planned for him did not attract him; the Heidelberg and Bonn law student chose like his forefathers to have the experience of war. In 1866, twenty-seven years old, he took part in the Prussian-Austrian civil war. In 1871 he was found among the troops fighting Napoleon. In accordance with the Prussian tradition he was afterwards given promotion for his share in the war, first to be a district judge and then a circuit judge.

But his great chance came to the father before Hermann Göring was born. When in 1884 Bismarck declared that South-West Africa from the Orange to the Kunene River was German territory, and that the German trading firms which had settled there were pioneers of German expansion, what was sought for was a man of action, hard and unfeeling, to represent German trading interests in the new colony and keep a hold on the natives, bringing them into submission—without which no modern colonization is possible.

Göring was the man chosen. The fact that he was at one and the same time a jurist, a warrior, and a patriot led Bismarck to send him as Reich Commissary

to South-West Africa. He held this post from 1885 to 1891. The new National Socialist history calls him 'Resident Minister.'

Goring's task was a heavy one. The commissary in the beginning had no troops and had to entice the natives to make land over with money. As colonization went further ahead, so did the struggle between England and Germany for South Africa grow ever fiercer. Goring then asked for his own troops and ships to strengthen and assure the work of colonization. He was given men, and raised a police force himself. Thus the interest in this most important instrument for assuring personal power has come down from father to son.

The troops, which for the most part were made up of natives, were never, or at any rate were only in the beginning, convinced as to Commissary Göring's contributions to their well-being, for we read in the history of the German Colonial Society of how two of Goring's native police deserted him, as he had had them flogged. 'Two of these rascals went off,' we are told, 'when they were flogged for the first time for insubordination towards their superior officer. The other Hereros, too, were found to be insubordinate and useless.'

Göring, therefore, had brought in a strict discipline. So stern was he that he caused a Herero rising; he himself barely escaped with his life. By a miracle he reached the coast and a German ship, which brought him home.

Göring afterwards was sent to the consulate in Haiti and would now have been quite forgotten, had not his son through the colonial legend made of him a champion of the German colonial idea

After he had come back from the tropics, the victim of all those changes in body and mind which no European can escape after a long stay in these parts of the world, his second wife, Franziska Tiefenbrunn from Munich, bore him a son, Hermann Wilhelm, on 12 January 1893 in Rosenheim, Bavaria. A son burdened with a rich inheritance from the past: the hireling soldier's blood runs in his veins, blood which, owing to tropical influences perhaps, flows its round quicker than with normal men—Prussian blood, always warlike, ready to fight, daring, and un-intellectual.

5

The Prussian spirit had united Germany. Under the new Kaiser the Reich made advance after advance. In this last score of years or more, fortune had smiled on Germany. The victory over the two Napoleons had borne it along in a fever of triumph.

Bismarck, the Prussian, had at last welded the broken land into a unity; the new Kaiser won colony after colony. Capitalism, growing with a breathless speed, found undreamt-of openings. Unemployment had been brought down with the boom; the army and fleet gladly opened their doors for all that chose to come. The cadet corps overflowed. The German Kaiser loved festivals and parades, showed off his strength and Germany's to all abroad; Prussianism stood in its highest heaven.

Civilians did not mean much, in so far as they were not among the leading men in German industrial life,

sending their ships over the whole world to win markets for Prussian might.

The lieutenant's uniform was something to strive for; every order added to the wearer's dignity; patriotism knew no bounds. 'Deutschland, Deutschland über alles' was heard day and night—at parades and festivals, in the schools and where the small townsmen met in their beer-gardens. The victories of Prussiamdom filled men with wild dreams of greatness.

But victories are often more dangerous to an advance than defeats. In the victorious whirl of capitalism and the German Army any talk about social justice was unwelcome. The bearers of the Prussian spirit, the Hohenzollern obedient and patient subjects, went on with their traditional lives, their sons also became officials and soldiers, each after his leanings.

The military fiasco which befell Commissary Heinrich Göring in South-West Africa, did not keep him from sending his son into the soldier's career. On the contrary. The son was to carry out what the father had not succeeded in. If we are to believe the National Socialist biographers, Göring was bred up in the Prussian spirit from very early years, although he grew up in Bavaria between the mountains and the castle of the Wittelsbachs.

The boy soon gave proofs of a love for adventure and great boldness. In his youth we learn that he founded a Prussian club in the school and appointed himself its chairman, after he had already been given the common nickname 'Prussian swine.' The purpose of his club was to protect the honour of Prussia, and what started as play soon became earnest. Hermann Göring left school and entered into active Prussian

service. First he was in the cadet school in Karlsruhe and afterwards in Lichterfelde, Berlin. The father was old ; he wanted to see his son provided for, and this he looked on as the easiest way : a lieutenant of twenty has a position and need not like a student be a burden on his parents. Göring the cadet was being inoculated with the fighting spirit of Prussianism, for which war was an heroic ideal and the soldier's honour one of the highest among human virtues. The cadet's education in Germany had long been free of any ideals likely to create cultured personalities and characters with warm feelings. The young men learned only to die for their land.

And in these surroundings, where Prussianism and the military system enjoyed what was morally an altogether undeserved esteem, where the young men were taught that ' the history of mankind was the history of war,' Göring reached that conclusion which for him still holds true, and which he himself has put into the words : " It was the strength in arms of a people that was in all times everywhere the symbol of this people's power."

Not spiritual culture, not learning, not social development were worth striving after—only armies and war, the final aim of militarism, ennobled the people in Prussian eyes, and death on the battle-field was Prussianism's great legend.

In the cadet school, where the pupils, who were to be officers and army leaders, were not given any general education to speak of, Göring was definitively trained to be a true Prussian.

" For war use the offensive as did Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Eugene, and

Frederick. Read the history of their eighty-three battles," the cadets were told by their teachers when General Schlieffen's history of war was being explained to them. 'Attack is the best defence,' Clausewitz, too, had taught. The offensive of the Prussian dominion, Germany's world sway, *Deutschland über alles*—such was the only intellectual education given these young men in military tunics who were to shed their blood a few years hence before Verdun and Langemarck.

They did not know better.

6

The Prussian cadet schools were left unmodernized throughout long years : faithfulness to tradition was among Prussianism's most important virtues. Weapons were changed with the years, but not the ritual and educational methods.

As in times gone by the Prussian drill was carried out in them with the utmost strictness, as before the old precept held good there : that the boys who later on were themselves to command at the beginning could never be taught enough of the art of obedience. In Prussia it was taught thoroughly. No one has described the Prussian cadet school better than the old army leader Hindenburg :

'Thrice daily every cadet had to polish his boots and the metal buttons on his tunic. During drill the officer goes up to him and sees whether he can see his own reflection in each button, and if he thinks one of them is not as well sewn on as it should be, he pulls at it

till it comes off. Suddenly he will send all of them back to their quarters, and in four minutes they must be in the ranks again in another uniform, and the officer checks with a centimetre measure whether the black cravat tucked in before the collar stands out for the regulation $1\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres or for 2 centimetres ; in the latter case there is a punishment.

'The unending rushing, roaring, dashing, clattering fills the whole day long with movement and fear ; and all the time it is "Attention !" "Stand at ease !" "Eyes right !" At "Attention !" the feet are set at an angle not of 90° but of 85° . At "Thumb on stripe !" the middle finger is put against the seam, chest out, stomach in, look straight ahead, shoulders back, the whole body in a straight line slightly leaning forward. When drilling in sections, always at eight paces' distance ; when saluting three paces forward, three to the rear, the hand smartly to the cap. In three minutes eighteen buttons must be so bright that you can see yourself in them, but not a speck of polishing-powder must be seen on the cloth. When fetching anything or dressing the boys have to dash upstairs ; church-going, outings—everything must go with a click to the second, to the millimetre ; nothing can be slack, all must be ever on the stretch, as though the latest information about the foe was being brought. Though the legs are shaking, the hands sweating, anger raging in the young heart, the mouth must keep shut.'

No anti-militarist could have written a more crushing criticism than has Hindenburg without knowing it, but the Prussian military were convinced of the necessity for the cadet schools. Tens of thousands of German officers have been through these institutions

for war preparation. Hermann Göring was only one among them.

Once when he visited his parents in Bavaria during the holidays, he refused to go back to this prison. But then his father died. And as the young man had no prospects in any other field and had no solid school education, the soldier's tunic offered the best career for the ambitious twenty-year-old. Moreover the Balkan War held out the promise of fresh conflicts in Europe. War might break out any day, and this would indeed bring great prospects for the young cadets : then the officers of twenty-one years would be given command over fathers of families forty and fifty years old. Officers were indispensable in war. The young Göring looked forward to a splendid future.

The cadet, however, from December 1913, when his father died, till August 1914, had still to submit to the deadly drill. It was not till then that he got the great chance of his life.

Göring, twenty-one years old, who had been bred to war, hailed this gladly. Now in 1914 his thoughts lay the same way as they were to do when he was forty : 'The sword was thrust into Germany's hand, threatened on all sides. The German people, guiltless of the outbreak of this vast war, had to rise in defence of its freedom, its honour, and its existence.'

True, the German people was guiltless of the war, but not so the German military party or the Hohenzollerns, not so Prussianism.

In the grip of the war obsession millions of men went singing to the front. Hundreds of thousands hoped that the war should give their lives a meaning, all those who up to now had not found an assured exist-

ence, and all those who owing to their youth had not yet done anything. Then it was that Hitler fell on his knees and thanked God for this war, and Göring was filled with joy when he thought of the heroic deeds that were coming.

‘Victorious, we will smite France,’ ‘God punish England,’ ‘Blood and iron!’ The German nation had awoke. As every other century, so too did the twentieth call the Germans to arms.

On the very day of mobilization Göring went off to the German-French frontier.

YOUNG GÖRING WAS AT ONCE SENT OFF ON PATROL AT the frontier. It was during a reconnaissance to determine the position in a section of the Vosges that the first shot was fired.

Göring was before Mulhausen. In the evening before the fight for the town he went forward with his company in an armoured train from the right bank of the Rhine towards Mülhausen. The company commander wanted scouts to reconnoitre the position in the town. He ordered Göring to reconnoitre the position with a few men and come back as soon as possible, as the armoured train, owing to its heavy water consumption, had to steam back soon.

Göring drove through the garrison town, where, as it happened, he had once stayed as a cadet, and was told by the people there that an enemy's dragoon patrol had occupied the town hall.

Göring scented a quarry. All his promises to go back quickly were forgotten. With his men he stormed the town hall ; but the crowd that gathered hindered him from taking the Frenchmen prisoners. Göring had to satisfy himself with tearing down the French proclamations on the house walls. Then he followed up the patrol, left the armoured train still farther away,

got behind Mülhausen, came upon the French beyond Dornach, and at once opened fire on them. But this outpost engagement could not stop the French from occupying the town in the evening.

Göring withdrew, found the armoured train was no longer there, but was lucky enough to come up with it when it came out next time. He brought with him four captured dragoon horses.

So Göring had had his first fight, and the young lieutenant was satisfied with himself.

Next day came the fight at Mülhausen. Göring was under the divisional commander and in charge of patrols ; and was ordered to form a cycle patrol from his company. The patrol started out early in the morning. The summer sun shone hot on the road where only a few days earlier the peasants had gone out to the harvest. Now already death was breathing over the land ; but in Göring's patrol none had such thoughts in mind. On the contrary : ' Village after village, Sausheim, Illzach, and others were stormed amid cheers,' writes Martin Sommerfeldt, Göring's biographer. ' This fresh, merry war makes the Göring patrol foolhardy.' The young man was drunk with the glory of war. Like one possessed he charged into Mülhausen. The French general command stood in the midst of a large body of men on a small bridge near the new barracks of the Riflemen ; General Pau in command had his general staff officers around him.

The dreams the young Göring had dreamed in the Bavarian castle of his youth now seemed to have become real. This general must be made a prisoner. But the officers had barely caught sight of the cyclist troops when they opened fire. The only thing now was

flight. In a panic the patrol came out of the town and barely got away from the town and their pursuers ; racing furiously they reached their regiment, glad to have saved their lives.

That same afternoon Goring's patrol was in the church town of the village of Illzach, which at the time was half in German, half in French hands. Goring had been entrusted with sketching in on the general staff map the movements of the 15th Army Corps from the north. While he was carrying on with his work, ' his soldiers merrily shoot at every Red-Breeches that shows himself.' (Sommerfeldt.)

As German artillery ended by knocking Illzach to pieces, the group fled so as not to be killed by their own side. With some French prisoners they left the ruined village. Information as to troop transports had been got ; the task was completed.

2

The hospital was overflowing, there were barely beds enough. Transports of wounded went to and fro, the operating-rooms were in use day and night without a break, the hospital mortuary could not take any more dead—and it was still only the beginning, no gas had yet eaten into face and lungs. The state of feeling in the hospital was one of depression. The groans of the wounded drowned the victorious yells of high-flown patriots. War had here for the first time shown its true face.

In a hospital at Freiburg a young man lay groaning. His knee was tightly bound up, his face was twisted.

Visitors looked at him shyly ; a shot in the leg, they said to themselves, and thought, perhaps, how hundreds of thousands of such youths as this would never more be able to walk as others.

But Lieutenant Göring was not so bad as that.

"It is not a wound. In the fight at Baccarat I got dreadful rheumatism in the joints, nasty pains," he told his friend, the airman Bruno Lörzer. "In eight days I may be up again. How long it will then be before I can get back to my regiment is, of course, uncertain."

And then he told his friend how glad he had been with this war and how he had dreamed of winning marks of distinction and promotion. And now everything looked hopeless, for it would certainly be a long time before he was really on his feet again.

"Do you know what you can do ?" Lörzer suggested. "You will come as my observer to the front. Then you won't need your legs, and we can wrap your knees well up in cotton wool, and they'll be quite warm."

"That's splendid," Göring at once answered, delighted, for he felt that here was a great opening, here he could win his laurels.

"Yes, but first I shall have to speak with headquarters at Donaueschingen," he added dejectedly.

Headquarters refused his application. Then Göring took things into his own hands, took his seat without leave in Lörzer's plane, and left Freiburg with him. Göring thus appointed himself an airman. The authorities were naturally greatly annoyed at the desertion : the young lieutenant undoubtedly deserved punishment. But then these authorities said no more,

for Göring was at the front, and, moreover, airmen in the war did not usually grow old.

Göring and Lörzer had a fanatical belief in their future as airmen. There were not many of them. Anyone who was worth something in this field could go far ; he only had to await orders for the front.

At last these came, and Lieutenants Göring and Lörzer flew to the 25th Division of fighting planes at Stenay. The air force was directly under the command of the German Crown Prince, who commanded the 5th Army at the murderous fighting before Verdun.

The Crown Prince had set up his headquarters in the near-by Charleville. Both airmen hoped to get the chance of meeting the Crown Prince, to distinguish themselves under him, and then be promoted through his influence. Their reception, however, was quite different from what they had expected, for only Lörzer was sent for.

"What are you doing here?" the commandant asked Göring.

"I am Lörzer's observer." "Good heavens!" the captain shouted, "I have got more than enough observers. No, I'm afraid I can't find any use for you."

Göring was deathly white. What was going to happen now. To go off from his regiment, not to be taken on at Stenay—this meant imprisonment.

"Then I can't stay either, I'm afraid, captain ; I must have my observer," Lörzer objected.

"Well, all right," the commandant said finally ; and Göring was enrolled in the 25th Air Division.

3

‘ And then comes a damp, cold night—through which we march in silence, and now when day breaks through the mist, suddenly the roar of an iron greeting comes down on our heads and showers the tiny bullets on our ranks with a sharp crackle, whipping up the ground. But before the little cloud of dust has blown away, the first hurrahs against the first messengers of death burst from two hundred throats. But then comes a pattering and crashing, singing and yelling, and with fevered eyes each man pushes on ahead, quicker and quicker, until the fight suddenly starts over turnip-fields and hedges—a man to man fight. From afar the notes of a song came to our ears, nearer and nearer, caught up by company after company ; and when death ruthlessly clutches at our ranks, the song reaches us too, and in turn we send it on its way—“ Deutschland, Deutschland über alles ”.’

This is Hitler’s account of how the young volunteers won and died for their land as they sang. Flight-Lieutenant Göring was one of them.

Göring’s war memories were given in the diaries of the Lörzer brothers, whose publication was begun in 1934 in the *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung*. But at once after the first instalment further publication was forbidden by Göring. He had every reason not to have his humane war record generally known.

Bravery and the fighting spirit are highly prized patriotic qualities that rank high in the Germany

of to-day. If Göring, nevertheless, forbade these diaries to be published, this was because he thought that the glorifying of heroic deeds which, indeed, had been at the cost of the deaths of English and French airmen, would be likely to awake a painful interest abroad ; and this was why the field-marshal of to-day chose rather to be silent.

But there are quite a lot of other authentic accounts of the war which speak of Hermann Göring's experiences in the World War.

The Iron Cross, which Göring and Lörzer soon won, was their reward for having found an enemy's artillery position which was to bombard the Crown Prince's headquarters. They carried out their task at their very first flight, when Göring managed to take photographs making it possible successfully to bring the French position under fire.

In the official report on the fighting on this section of the front we read :

' On the day of the bombardment Lörzer and Göring circle round at several kilometres behind the enemy's lines. Göring watches the ranging of the batteries and directs the fire by the systematic use of the Verrey pistol. At the same time he makes a careful sketch of where the fire falls. With this sketch he glides back, and Göring throws down the pouch with the report so well that from a height of 600 metres it falls right on the battery's observation post. For another hour he directs the fire before the attack,' and afterwards the fight is won.

The two airmen were awarded the Iron Cross and leave.

What was Göring to do at home ? In all his days he

never led a private life, had hardly any friend, he was brought up for war. Now it was war, and he had no wish to go back to the land behind the front. And so he stayed on by Verdun.

Captain Steinhardt, the German, who called this romanticism and Göring a romantic, has written of this time :

‘ It was only as such (a romantic) that he could, for instance, before Verdun of his own free will hold out for a whole week quite alone high up on a wooded mountain-top, that he might be alone and rest his nerves for the next fight in the air. The post in the blockhouse, which was occupied only by an officer, used to be relieved every twenty-four hours. All were glad when he came down again to his comrades instead of having to sit up there alone in never-ending mist, rain-showers, and storms. For Hermann Göring, the romantic at one with nature, who had grown up with his Bavarian mountains, the loneliness of the forest was a refreshment, a relaxation, a worship.’

We are gripped by fear as we read these lines. For him—untouched by all the dead—war was always the eternally heroic. He could not keep away from the thunder of the guns, his wish was to be near the fight ; this was his rest. He did not flee from the dead, his conscience spoke not, he wished to stay with them, and he called this trait in his conception of the heroic comradeship—as though all his dead comrades, and so in every land, had not had but one yearning on their dying lips : End this war !

4

When he came back a surprise was awaiting him : the Crown Prince had learned through whose help the headquarters had been protected, and sent for Göring and Lörzer to come to Stenay. He gave them an audience and congratulated them. At headquarters Göring became personally known to the Hohenzollern prince who later on was to be highly useful to him. Here he also came to know Prince Philip of Hesse, to-day's National Socialist First President and Mussolini's son-in-law ; this too was an acquaintance which was to be of great importance twenty years later.

There was much work awaiting Göring and Lörzer. There was more photography to be done. The two airmen comrades were given the task of photographing the whole string of forts at Verdun. ' We think it's great fun,' writes Göring. The day after they came back the two airmen went up. ' High up it is frightfully cold. The observer's place was at that time still between the wings, and so vertical photography was very hard to carry out.'

The crosses on the graves about Verdun are already forgotten, nor did Göring think of them then, but of the honour of having photographed the forts about Verdun and put the pictures at the disposal of the German general staff. Göring was very proud of his deed. He felt clearly that he was on the right road to promotion.

When the divisional commander was about to inform

the higher command at Stenay of the result of the reconnaissance flight, Göring took hold of his tunic.

"Göring, what are you trying to do?" the captain roared.

Göring's only answer was :

"You've forgotten to take us with you, sir." This he said so loud that it was heard through the open door into the room of the higher command. The captain was speechless, but powerless to stop the course of events : Göring had forced his own way to those at the head, so as to shine through his deeds and be noticed. Göring had long known that it was useful to be on good terms with those at the top and to keep well in with them.

It was hard for the ambitious man to have to wait, but persistent bad weather in January 1915 forced Göring to be idle. He wrote in his diary : 'This filthy weather keeps on all the time.' In Stenay it was decided to move the flying-ground because of weather conditions.

In Göring's diary we read again : 'It is more than time for the flying-ground to be moved, for the old one lies all under water, and you could boat on it ; quite Venetian conditions. I think that never before has such persistently bad weather been seen.'

Inactivity only strengthened Göring's liking for war. In his diary he wrote : 'And how our enemies—Indians, negroes, and such scum—must be suffering ; they certainly cannot stand the rain. In the east is the same foul weather.'

But the inactivity did not last for ever. Only too soon Göring was to go into action once more. The French were planning a new attack on Stenay.

5

One day a young girl made her appearance on the flying-ground. Göring saw her and beamed ; she pleased his taste. Her name was Helene Duchner and she had suddenly turned up in Stenay, where only at the mayor's office was it known where she came from. Blonde and with quiet manners, she had gone to the local command and shown a certificate from the mayor to say that she was the supplementary teacher, Helene Duchner, from Tomboise, and that all her other statements had been checked and found true.

After Tomboise, which was constantly under fire, was evacuated, she had not known where to go. In the end she heard that the schoolmaster at Stenay had fled, and so she hoped to get work there. She found favour at once with the town commandant. When he gave utterance to his astonishment at her perfect German, Helene Duchner blushed and answered : " Well, I'm really German from Alsace."

When she came on to the flying-ground there was a great stir. The airmen seldom saw a woman, and as Helene Duchner was at the same time young, she became the airmen's comrade and friend. It was especially Göring who sought to win her favour. The diaries of the two airmen brothers, the Lörzers, give rather full information on this episode, which was a further reason for their publication being stopped.

They all were fond of the girl ; she talked to them all, smiled at them all.

Göring made no secret of his feelings for the girl,

but the Lorzer diaries have not much good to say about her.

‘ Helene Duchner’s real name is, indeed, Blanche Lalart, and she is the best agent at the Bureau Andra in Paris. She is an ardent patriot. From time to time Blanche Lalart has a visit from a distant relation. He is a stunted cripple, decrepit and ill-conditioned. Everyone thinks Helene Duchner’s kindness towards this repulsive being a most touching thing.’

Goring, too, was convinced of her kind-heartedness. At that time no one yet suspected that this cripple and half-idiot had set up a most successful information service that barely needed one day to carry news from the German front line at Verdun to Zürich.

And Goring loved to talk with the girl about his heroic deeds and his plans ; and the more she admired him, the more the young lieutenant talked. While being drilled in the cadet school he had little time left for women, and then the war came ; it was thus no wonder that Goring sought the company of Helene Duchner.

The spy therefore had an easy task. So she learned already on 22 March that the German Crown Princess was to visit the flying-ground at Stenay on 26 March. Within fourteen hours Colonel Nivelle on the staff of the French 4th Army Corps had been informed of this.

In the diaries of the Lörzer brothers the French attack on Stenay is described in great detail. It was not till very late in the day that Goring saw that because of his talkativeness he was to blame perhaps for this attack.

Three hundred French machines had started out to rob the German Crown Princess of her pleasure in visiting the front. Flying loads of dynamite drew near Stenay. The flying armada of France this time meant to put Helene Duchner's information to its full use. The flying-field at Stenay altogether had been a nuisance for a long while.

'At the moment,' we read in Lörzer's diary, 'when the motor caravan of the Crown Princess and her guests was coming out of the little wood near Bêlat, towards Stenay, the alarm sirens begin to wail. As the Crown Princess steps out of the low grey Mercedes, the first anti-aircraft guns far behind her bark their greetings to the skies in vain wrath. A panting lieutenant comes rushing up. It is impossible to understand what he stammers out, but one thing is certain : something very serious is happening.

'Without a word of explanation the Crown Princess feels herself suddenly lifted into her car by a pair of strong arms, she hears the motor go screaming on its highest gear, feels it driving recklessly over the well-worn field, all at once hears a rattling and thundering, syncopated from a screaming siren, catches fleeting, unreal pictures of hurrying men in field-grey, feels herself snatched out of the car, carried down into the bowels of the earth, and only comes to herself again in the darkness of the concrete shelter, as the first bomb rains down from the sky with a ghastly noise.'

The Crown Princess was saved, but the flying-field at Stenay lay in ruins and the village suffered dreadfully.

6

In the 'Aviatik' flying school in Freiburg-in-Breisgau Göring learned to fly. He covered the flying-test distance in record time, and in the autumn of 1915 was given a heavy A.E.G. fighter.

In Göring's diary we find the following entry :

'With the new machine we can at least start doing something and attack the enemy's planes successfully. Anyhow, we have now been told when the weather is fine to seek out the enemy everywhere in the air and destroy him. That's something anyhow for heart and mind ! Our weapon is a new magazine gun that is like a French machine-gun. I am already looking forward greatly to the duels up in the air. And above all I shall like to see some air fighting against the English and be in it ; that is my greatest wish.'

The fanaticism and hatred, the sheer sporting joy in air-raids, and the adversary's death they bring with them are dreadful to see. This patriotism, with its joy in killing, is abnormal, nor can it be forgiven as a youthful sin, for even in later years this abnormality always comes back again when fighting is in question.

Göring's 'greatest wish'—to meet the English airmen—was soon fulfilled. A big English plane with a crew of several men had made its appearance at the front. It was the biggest the Germans had seen up to now.

Göring suddenly caught sight of the giant bearing

down out of the sun. 'Now for the enemy. It's worth while !' Göring flew towards it ; but the other German machines did not do so, for they saw what Göring did not. About one thousand metres over the giant plane was a squadron of enemy chasers, some twenty of them. Göring drew near the giant machine, dived to attack it, came close to it, and saw clearly five men. He shot down the machine-gunner behind, who was replaced by another ; this one too fell, the third now tried his luck. Göring fired frantically on the plane and succeeded in making it withdraw in a glide.

Meanwhile the chaser squadron had come up with Göring's plane. Deadly machine-gun volleys fell on him ; all was lost ; his wings were shot to pieces ; direct hits found the motor ; one bullet hit Göring's leg ; and he then was badly wounded in the hip. And worst of all his ammunition ran out. The only thing left for him was to try and escape in a winding flight, dive headlong down quite low, and disappear into the mist. But now the machine-guns began firing from down below. Using all his strength and unbelievable energy, badly wounded, Göring flew home to the German positions, landed by a churchyard whose church was being used as a hospital and showed a red cross.

Göring was borne unconscious to the operation table. He had been scratched by a bullet, and had a shot in one hip, which has left him a permanent scar 24 centimetres long. The plane had been hit sixty times. The back of the seat was shot away, part of it being found in Göring's torn hip.

For many weeks after this Göring was out of action, lying in hospital. Nor did the hospital make any

impression on him. In his eyes the dead and the crippled had done no more than their duty towards their fatherland. He had taught himself not to fear death, he had taught himself not to listen to the sorrows of others, and the young man was certainly not sentimental. As an officer, indeed, he lay among officers only, and these hardly guessed then that the people was beginning to grumble, that food was getting scarce, and that the mothers wanted their sons back and the sons their fathers, who were rotting somewhere nameless in mass graves, killed by grape-shot or gas.

The German people, used to obeying and going hungry, did not, however, keep silent for all time, and when it began to speak, many officers, Hermann Göring among them, were indignant.

After long weeks of waiting Göring came back once more to the front. His friend Lörzer had meanwhile been promoted as leader of a fighter squadron. Göring went off to him at Colmar in Alsace.

In May 1917 Göring at last won the promotion he yearned for so deeply. The higher command had taken note of his activities at the various centres on the western front, and he was given a fighter squadron of his own. At last his dream was fulfilled ; the man of twenty-four could now command and no longer needed to play the part of a subordinate lieutenant.

The leader of fighter squadron number 27 was a hard worker. His squadron was to make itself as well known as Baron von Richthofen's. Göring dreamed of being lord of the air. Fight after fight was fought out with unheard of bitterness ; every enemy airman coming in sight was attacked ; the enemy's towns and

positions were bombarded. The squadron suffered heavy losses ; many men were sacrificed to Göring's foolhardiness, but he himself was unscathed.

Captain Göring settled down with his squadron at Iseghem, near Ypres. The district is still lying waste. In the autumn of 1914 a fight to the death raged for three weeks between two nations. Crosses and shell-holes, houses pounded to pieces, and a landscape lying waste still speak of this event in world history.

The gloomy surroundings did not disturb Göring. On the contrary the dead beckoned him to go on, not to stop killing. In him there slumbers the primitive man's lust of revenge—the dead can be avenged only by fresh dead, and blood can only be washed away by blood. And so the fight went on. The warrior fire was burning in the youth that now was leader of an air squadron. His promotion only egged him on to new deeds.

The English had again started the offensive in Flanders. They were trying to break through the German lines. A new devastating Langemarck¹ threatened the German troops. The general staff was once more urging them on, the English had to be thrown back.

The fighting spirit had weakened among the soldiers ; Karl Liebknecht was already talking at home of peace, the tears of the mothers and wives yearned for peace, hunger was already spreading among those at home, and the Entente had started the offensive.

Göring had but an inkling of this, he had no clear

¹ A Belgian village near Ypres, where there was very heavy fighting. (Tr.)

conception of what was happening at home. All that concerned him was that his squadron should distinguish itself.

The English began with a murderous drum-fire ; tanks sped forward over troops and houses ; and, to all appearance invulnerable, they crushed everything in their way. The air was filled with planes. Daily Göring went up with his squadron ; only a few of his men came back again, but Göring always got away whole and was always attacking the English again.

But the military successes were not enough ; history is not made only with arms, although this is just what the young men learned in the cadet school. Not arms and not individuals make history, but whole peoples, peoples with wishes and feelings determine the path of development.

The masses, who at first were carried away by the war psychosis and had looked on a hero's death and the patriotic victory as the great goal of the nation, had gradually come to be reflective ; the talk of death on the field of honour dies down when hunger lays its grip on men. None understood any longer why this war was raging ; each one saw that none had really wanted war, and that enough of men's blood had been poured out. War was bringing only ruin, and the masses suddenly felt only a deep yearning for peace and rest. Not even with the sternest dictatorial measures could this mood be kept in the long run from spreading to the front itself.

But four years had to go by before many patriots began to understand how meaningless was this killing, until they learned to hate the war, and instead of the

imaginary conception of honour they found out the truth. It would seem that peoples must needs go through years, tens of years, of hard suffering before they see the truth. Göring, whatever happened, took no notice of these things. Behind this threatening flood he saw but the enemy. Before him were Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans who had to be destroyed, or, to use his pet word, 'rooted out.' In recognition of his truly military attitude he was given the *Pour-le-mérite* order.

This order was the highest distinction conferred by the German Kaiser. In May 1918 Göring's name was officially published on the list of the foremost German airmen.

About Göring's *Pour-le-mérite* order there are many tales going round. Dr. Otto Strasser, the former fellow-worker with Hitler and Göring, maintains that he was told by the crack German flyer, Ernst Udet, that Göring got this order by a trick.

In an interview Dr. Otto Strasser made the following statement to the present writer :

"The reproaches made against Göring for the way in which he got his *Pour-le-mérite* are known of in all German flying centres. However, it is not a question here so much of a trick as of a clever bookkeeping manipulation. The enemy airmen shot down, when it could not be settled for certain who brought them down, were divided up usually among the two or three German flyers who for the given case were in question ; or if this was impossible they were allotted to the squadron as a whole. Göring brought in a new way of bookkeeping : he had the doubtful shots set down

to the squadron leader's account, that is to say, to his own, even if after a fairly careful check the marksman or marksmen had been determined."

These methods, whatever the truth, were in conformity with Captain Göring's ambitiousness and pushful ways.

Meanwhile death was still taking its toll among the German airmen, and the most famous among them, Manfred von Richthofen, met his death. Like Göring he was very young and had never had anything in his mind but to wipe out his opponents. All Richthofen's barbaric war lust was expressed in the following words: "It is in the blood of the German to destroy his opponent, whenever he meets him."

Göring was to become the German ace's successor. In a letter home he wrote as follows:

' 15 July 1918. Staffquarters, Richthofen's squadron. And now to the main business: I have been appointed commander of Baron von Richthofen's fighter squadron and had to go there at once. It is an honourable but at the same time a heavy task to be the great Rittmeister's successor in leading his fighter squadron. God grant that I may duly carry out the hard task.'

Göring was given the famous Richthofen stick with the silver knob and deeply notched wood.

The war was drawing to its end. Now even Captain Göring saw how dangerous Germany's position was. But the more critical the situation became, the more reckless he grew. Without hesitation he sacrificed the flyers in his group—death reaped its harvest daily in the Richthofen squadron.

Germany had lost the war ; the people had suffered enough ; American preponderance was too great.

The war came to an end, Germany asked for an armistice ; the white flag was fluttering, and in Kiel and Hamburg the red flag had been already hoisted, soon to be exchanged for the Republican one. It was beyond the Kaiser's power to fight for his throne ; all the Nationalistic elation had gone. It was only want and misery that was left ; there was not a family in Germany now that was not mourning for someone dead. It was only the nation's despairing outcry that saved millions more from the harvest of death. At last the masses understood that war was the lowest thing thought out by the human brain. Orders and shoulder-straps were torn off officers, through the streets and roads of Germany marched soldiers and workers aimlessly, their will dead, but filled with wrath and hatred against war.

AFTER THE WAR ★

I

WHAT BEFALLS A WHOLE PEOPLE FALLS ALSO ON the individual. The war was over, one hard epoch was exchanged for another. Millions of men had to draw a line through the life they had hitherto lived.

Thus the young Captain Göring suddenly saw clearly that life had lost its meaning for him. The war was over, so was his military career; the German army was reduced to 100,000 men. Here there was no opening for him.

He is seen to have not the slightest understanding for the revolution. 'We can no longer see the foe threatening the nation over there at the frontier,' the bewildered man wrote. 'The shame and the hardships of Germany are beginning.'

Göring was in despair that there was no longer any foe at the frontier. For several years now he had been wont to see a foe somewhere and to be always fighting against this foe.

The warrior could not find himself at home under peaceful conditions. The man in the soldier's tunic could not understand the civilian. Was not fighting and war the highest meaning in life? Was all this to be something now that had gone by? Göring desperately fought down this thought.

And thousands, hundreds of thousands, put themselves the same question. From 1914 to 1918 they had lain in the trenches, been always fighting under drum-fire, withstood shells, bombs, and gas. In this life they had lost their links with normal society. They had no calling. But was not the soldier's calling good enough? Could a man do more in a calling than risk his life?

What was to become of them now? The backward road was shut to them. Were they after their dreadful war experiences, with their knowledge of death at the front, to sit on school benches to learn a calling?

Were they as learners to make a start in factories or with some handicraft? The officers in 'the glorious world war' were not guilty that this war had been lost.

So they all thought. And Göring, who had gone to the war straight from the cadet school, had not learned any other way of livelihood and could now starve. Naturally he did not condemn the wrong Prussian upbringing, which had given him so little knowledge of life, but he railed against the Weimar State, which had ended the war and forced the soldier to go back to civil life. Was the ambitious Captain Göring to sit on the school bench alongside youths of eighteen? This was altogether too lowering.

Yes, this Weimar democracy bore the guilt for everything, and he meant never to recognize it. 'The Weimar State,' he maintained, 'was the offspring of treason and cowardice; want and shame were the pillars of its system. The new Germany was granted the blessings of a democracy in the shape of unchecked parliamentarianism.'

He had come back from the war with honour as captain, and he still wore the *Pour-le-mérite* order, of

which no one took any notice any longer. The squadron leader was without work and had not learned anything ; moreover, unemployment was heavy.

The officer within him rebelled. He would not let *himself be brought down to the level of an ordinary civilian*. To give up the uniform would have put the stamp of a proletarian on him.

Yes, this 'Jew republic' was utterly worthless. Göring was a soldier and wanted to stay one. Flying was what he knew, and perhaps he could make some use of this knowledge of his somewhere outside the German frontiers. Flying was a soldier's work, here he could hold his own. Then came demobilization. Göring refused to hand over the planes.¹

In the church vault at Aschaffenburg he said farewell to his comrades of the war, and there he was already foreseeing the task before him : revenge on France and Weimar.

The speech in Aschaffenburg has been recorded—a beaten warrior's shout for help, and all his hatred towards peace and the civilian here found utterance. "The armed struggle is resolved on," he assured his comrades. "It will start, that we are determined : the new struggle of principles, morals, character. We have still a long, hard road to travel. Our road is dark, comrades. But our faith shall be our light. We can be proud over what we have carried out, that we did it all and to the last. We must will a new struggle to begin. We must always have it in our thoughts."

¹ Richthofen's adjutant, Captain Karl Bodenschatz, writes in his account of the Richthofen squadron : 'On 16 November the squadron started on its last flight . . . the enemy did not get much joy of our machines, which we took leave of there.' Bodenschatz has a post now in the German Air Ministry and was promoted by Göring to Major.

Afterwards Göring went to Denmark. The young Danish air service needed skilled experts. The many flying accidents in Denmark forced the State to appoint an investigating commission and set up a bureau to oversee the Danish air system. Göring applied for a post in it as an expert and was accepted. He was very comfortable in Copenhagen, and liked parties and ladies. The young captain sought to make up for the four years of war that had left few opportunities for any private life.

Through mere chance the writer of this book was given very detailed information on Göring's Copenhagen time by a Danish lady, who was a great friend of his for nearly a year.

The information was got in an interview. So as not to change anything in it the conversation is given in the original form.

W. (*the writer*) : When was Göring in Denmark ?

L. (*the lady*) : In 1919 and 1920.

W. : Where did you get to know him ?

L. : On a great occasion, at a reception arranged by the State air-commission.

W. : Would you care to tell me a little about your impressions of him ?

L. : Why not ? I am no follower of Göring ; and the terror reigning now in Germany makes one shudder. But I will first tell you that I also found good points about Göring.

W. : These I should naturally also like to know.

L. : Well, one would not have been a woman if one had not been pleased with his attentions. He was a man for society, and always sought to be the gentleman, but even at that time his ideas were dreadful. When

the Versailles Treaty was signed he was in our home. You cannot imagine how he raged. He rushed to and fro like a madman, shouted, bellowed : " You devils," " damned dogs," and suchlike words, banged the door hard to the room, rushed up a flight of stairs in the house, there locked himself in, and you could hear him then storming up there.

W. : Did you not try to calm him down then ?

L. : Naturally. I told him he was right, only so that he should calm down. He was really quite mad.

W. : Have you often seen him going on in this way ?

L. : No, but I have seen him dejected. He told me how he had got engaged during the war, while home on leave. Who the girl was, I don't know ; I only know she belonged to a wealthy family. When Göring later on came back from the front and the war was over, he being only a discharged captain, she threw him over.

W. : I think this explains quite a lot. His ambition and wish to domineer undoubtedly found fresh fuel through what happened. He probably also for this reason hated democracy, which had no understanding for his militarism, for he believed he had lost his betrothed through this democracy.

L. : That's possible.

W. : Did he talk much about the war ?

L. : Oh, yes ! He described almost all his air fights to me. He must have been a great flyer. He was wounded. He wore his order also here. He also demobilized his squadron and prevented its being handed over to France.

W. : Did he come here then with his army machine ?

L. : No, it was not quite like that. He was working

here on the Air Commission, and one day a Fokker machine was suddenly wanted, but the firm could not at once deliver it. Then Goring reassured the commission, went off to Germany, and very soon was back with a machine. Afterwards he told me of his trick. He knew on what flying-ground in Berlin his old machine was lying, went there, declared he wanted to make a trial flight, flew up, and landed in Copenhagen.

W. : It was his old fighter, then.

L. : Yes, but when this got to be known, they did not buy it. In Nationalist circles here it was naturally thought to be a very fine thing that he had not handed over his machine to the enemy.

W. : What kind of opinions had Goring really? Was it not till later that he became a National Socialist, or had he already at this time such views or views like them?

L. : His views were remarkably foggy ; we often argued. He was, of course, an anti-Semite and once proudly told me how, during the war, he had gone with other officers into a restaurant. As a Jew was sitting next their table, they simply called the waiter and gave the order : " Waiter, we'll have a different guest." Goring laughed at his own story, but when he saw I didn't think it up to much but rather boorish, he did not say anything more about it. Towards others he always laid stress on his anti-Semite and anti-democratic views. But at that time we were all against the Versailles Treaty and looked on Germany as having been extraordinarily badly treated, and so we excused Goring and tried to understand him. And in Denmark too there are anti-Semites.

W. : Did Göring then go straight from Denmark to Sweden to work there in the Air Services Company?

L. : No, he went to his family in Bavaria, and as he couldn't find any work in Germany either, he tried Sweden.

W. : Have you heard anything from him since?

L. : Only at first, very seldom afterwards. I only know that the von Rosen family, which is so Nazi, was very unhappy to have Göring as a kinsman. When I lately went through Berlin, Göring heard of it. He asked me to come and see him, but I didn't want to go and I left Berlin.

So that the German patriot left his country of his own free will, although it was then in greater straits than ever before. 'The holy German ground' that Göring loved above all else was forgotten. His career was more important to him than the thought of serving poverty-stricken, starving Germany as a plain civilian.

2

The northern winter has its own enchantment. The land lies deep-buried in the snow, and the higher we go, the deeper the snow and the earlier does darkness fall. The wintry storms are heavy and communications are often broken off.

Rivers and lakes quickly get frozen, houses lie deep in the snow, and the sun seldom shines out.

On a winter day like this the adventurous Swedish Count Eric von Rosen wished to go from Stockholm to Rockelstad, his estate. The idea then came to him of asking the young German flying-officer, whom he

had lately met at a reception, whether he would fly with him to Rockelstad. It was easy to land on Lake Båven, almost wholly frozen over, and as on the whole it was dull there, the man perhaps would beguile the long winter evenings by telling him something about Germany and the war. The captain had his own machine, so that it could perhaps be managed.

The two men rose in the air in an icy cold, flew over snow-clad mountains and frozen lakes, and landed right under the red walls of Rockelstad Castle.

Frozen stiff, they rushed in to the stove and thawed themselves at the blazing fire after drinking several glasses of spirit. The Rosen family was proud of this flight. A northern journey of this kind had up till now not been witnessed in these parts, and the captain met with universal admiration.

Göring inspected the rooms ; he felt himself at home there : the family spoke German, on the walls hung weapons and armour, hunting trophies, and on the stairs there even stood a huge bear that had been speared.

At the open fire two wrought-iron swastikas adorned the iron rods on which the wood logs were lying stacked.

Göring at once saw that he found himself among men who thought like himself. The swastika told him enough—here the Germanic military spirit was still in honour, here there was understanding for war's heroic deeds, here he could speak freely, and the description of his air fights was listened to attentively. Göring was a first-rate reciter, but he never forgot to bring out his own deeds. That day they sat on a long time at table, listening to the enthralling war tales. Göring spoke too of Germany. " We lost our honour,

for we laid down our arms like cowards." His hearers nodded assent; they had hoped for Germany's victory themselves. They were Swedes, indeed, but near kinsfolk were living in Germany. Democracy and Republic were hateful to the count; he insisted on a strong wall between those who must command and those who must obey. Democratic co-operation was for him a typical Marxist invention, typically Jewish. Yes, one man must rule, and with a strong hand and iron will. So it had always been in the world's history, so had Cæsar, Charles XII, Gustavus Adolphus, and Frederick the Great ruled.

"That is quite true," Göring answered. "It was just as a monarchist that I protested against the November revolt of 1918 crushing the Monarchy. Now Jews and traitors to our country are in power."

So he talked on and on without clear conceptions about anything. He understood little of the great ideas which were making themselves felt in Germany. All he did was to launch into abuse against the new rulers who had turned upside down his ideas on the life of soldier and officer, on war and fighting.

There was an extraordinary feeling in the air; the only light was from the stove, otherwise the room was in darkness. Göring talked on and on, and no one broke him off. Besides the Rosen family the young Fru von Kantzow was there. She listened enthralled to the words of the reciter; the young airman pleased her; his outstanding manliness made a strong impression on her.

The master of the house lifted his glass, and all drank to the welfare of Germany to be, to a victorious

land, to the casting out of the French and the democrats; and all shook Göring's hand. Carin von Kantzow looked at him with admiring eyes. From that day they were to spend many years of their future lives together. And that evening, too, the brotherhood in arms was welded between the Swedish hyper-nationalist Rosen and Hermann Göring. Two militarists had found one another.

The relations between Carin von Kantzow, now thirty-two years old, and Göring turned out to be more difficult at first than either of them had thought, for Carin was married and had a son of eight. Thus there was but one way out of the situation, divorce. They long deliberated together, and at last she gave her assent.

Financially the position was undoubtedly a hard one for Göring : an airman did not earn much, and most certainly not enough to supply the demands of one born Baroness von Fock. But Carin, who was deeply in love with Göring, knew that under her marriage settlement she would be paid a handsome sum at the divorce.

Göring chose to leave Sweden while the divorce proceedings were on, and went to his mother in Bavaria. Carin von Kantzow applied for divorce and soon followed Göring. In the Swedish judicial proceedings dealing with the divorce (*Rådhusrättens Diarium*, 1922, No. 1146) we find that she was granted the liberal sum of 500 kronor a month in advance so long as Kantzow was alive, and besides this the son was granted the sum of 200 kronor a month in advance for his maintenance. A cash payment of 30,000 kronor was to be paid in instalments, and besides the wife got

from her jointure, after her personal debts had been paid off and the jointure divided, 12,500 kronor.

With this money the Görings could face the future without fear.

In Germany there came inflation, the worthless money was reckoned in milliards and billions, and with Swedish kronor you could buy whole towns.

Göring was optimistic.

3

The German Socialists' Jacobin cap had long ago been exchanged for the steel helmet of the coalition ministers. What the revolution had won had been given up step by step. The monarchists, the German nationalists, and the military once more dared to show their heads ; and once more they began to take an active part in politics. The fear which the November revolution instilled into them in its day, so that they had not dared to defend the house of Hohenzollern by the sword, had gone. The Imperial uniforms once again showed themselves ; around the tables tales were told of heroic deeds in the war, they cursed the Jews and the Marxists, jeered at the new Reich flag with its black, red, and gold.

The Free Corps, made up of unemployed officers and soldiers, fighting in Upper Silesia, gave grounds for hope. The Kapp *putsch* had, it was true, been put down thanks to the swift intervention of the working class, but the nationalistic rising was in the air. To add to all this, inflation came, which in a few days made beggars of millions.

The people suffered as never before, and the nationalists made use of this suffering to strengthen their own position. Vehm murder bands murdered democratic ministers without the republic making any real stand against it. Such a man as Rathenau, whom Germany had to thank for more than words can tell, was basely murdered from an ambush.

Nor did Göring mourn over Rathenau. He was delighted at the Free Corps, in which the old spirit of the old soldier from the country-side came to life again. He was not fitted to be a civilian. And therefore he had to be there when soldiers gathered together again, whether lawfully or not ; his own calling was there, there he found his place and his future.

' Life is a struggle,' and for him the struggle meant weapons. These Free Corps men had weapons, and so one fine day they would have the power.

At the beginning of February 1923 Göring married Carin Kantzow in Munich. Of money they had more than enough. Now he had to find out which among the armed Free Corps and private armies held out the greatest hopes in the future ; in it the former captain would try to get a leading post for himself. With the money which was at his disposal in the bankrupt Germany of the inflation he was a power to reckon with.

Already his marriage was being used to knit fresh connections. Old flying comrades and soldiers had been invited. The young airman von Kockeritz in a speech at table expressed his admiration of Göring, who had grown rich under inflation. " That's what we always said : our Göring will go further than we others."

Major Bodenschatz also toasted Göring and hoped

to work along with him in the Germany that was to be freed.

None of the officers present was an adherent of the republic. They were all in its pay, but all of them were helping to undermine it.

The thought of the former soldiers in the World War having to carry on politics left Göring no longer any rest. If there was a rising he wanted to be there, for it was only through a military revolution that he could win new power, new honour, and new recognition. Had he not once learned in the cadet school that the soldier was the most important element in a nation? Yes, as the saying went: 'A nation of sixty-six million either lives as a great power or dies as a herd.'

4

National Socialism was only apparently born in Munich. In reality neither a Hitler nor a Göring would have been ruling now in Germany without the Versailles Treaty. The hard peace conditions aroused the German jingo spirit; and when on top of it France in 1923 came into the Ruhr with armed troops against the German democracy, the fiery incitement of the German Chauvinist military fell on good soil.

Albert Leo Schlageter, who blew a French train into the air, and who is made to say these characteristic words in a play by Hans Johst: "When I hear the word culture, I snatch my revolver," was glorified in the widest circles.

The anti-democratic nationalists were in a strong position: hunger, poverty, inflation, and then the

occupation of the Ruhr ! The democracy was badly corroded.

The military made ready to attack. They gave arms to the free corps ; they backed the newly founded anti-Semitic groups. Everywhere they had their finger, when groups came into being wishing to replace the Weimar State with a nationalist dictatorship the Prussian spirit once more had the tide with it. What they had experienced at the front called out for the war to be continued, whether as a civil war or as a fight against the French army of occupation.

Amid the feelings thus aroused the demand for a dictator greatly grew in strength—a demand to which Göring also willingly lent ear, for it reflected his own innermost wish. But who was to be this dictator ? Göring made search, he read all the anti-Semitic papers, observed all the parties, made trial of all the free corps. And then one Sunday in Munich he suddenly believed he had found the right man.

On the Königsplatz in Munich a meeting was held to protest against handing over the German commanders. Göring had gone there in full uniform and with his order *Pour-le-mérite*. This did not, however, arouse particular attention, as hundreds of officers had put on their parade uniforms, the last remains of ‘glorious’ military days.

Some hundreds of youths had equipped themselves with sticks and wind-jackets to show their military sentiments. The speeches made were not aggressive enough for them, and suddenly they shouted out : “Adolf Hitler must speak !” It had all been arranged, but looked spontaneous.

‘So that’s Adolf Hitler,’ said Göring to himself, not

knowing much about him. These youths in half-uniform were Hitler's followers—this was not so bad.

But Hitler did not speak. Göring only heard him say: "I do not want to disturb this citizens' protest meeting, but I will leave its unity unbroken. If I were now to speak my speech would be so much in opposition to the others that there would be an end to the unity."

Göring went home deep in his thoughts. So Hitler was out after revolution. Would not this man of little account welcome a highly placed soldier with open arms, especially if he had money? Göring's plan lay clear before him.

5

Next day Captain Göring in full uniform appeared at the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Hitler's paper, which he had bought through Dietrich von Eckart with Reichswehr money. He asked for Herr Hitler; a girl told him hesitatingly that he must go then to the 'high command' at 39 Schillingstrasse.

Schillingstrasse is a quiet suburban street, about ten minutes away from the Pinakotek picture gallery. Before the door stood a great motor car of the kind which is generally only used by officers of the general staff. In a shop on the ground-floor were hanging life-size photographs of Hitler, pictures of swastika parades, Nazi printed matter.

Göring was much impressed by there being something military about everything. In big letters stood on a board the words: 'High Command.'

In the courtyard stood two Benz cars belonging to Hitler's staff. 'It looks well,' Göring thought to himself, 'let's see what can be done here.'

In the front room a dozen out-of-work youths in old Austrian uniforms were on guard. It was not easy to come in to Hitler. Göring had to wait; and he had plenty of time to make a thorough inspection of the waiting-room. One of the Communist Party's posters: 'Build up proletarian hundred-groups,' adorned the bare room, and was meant to have a particularly rousing effect on Hitler's followers. On a great wall-map of Germany were shown the distribution of the swastika union and its movements about the country. Arrows pointed towards the north, towards Saxony and Thuringia. Especially around Nuremberg there were many groups. Göring remembered that Julius Streicher with his anti-Semitic followers had joined Hitler.

Thus Hitler had already gone a long way beyond Munich. Here Göring could not but find a field for work, a soldier's job. He was admitted.

Hitler looked with wide-open, questioning eyes at Göring, and Göring told him how he had heard him speak, that he shared his views and greatly wished to put himself at his disposal in the fight 'against the Jew Marx's disastrous teachings' for Germany's freedom and honour.

Hitler liked the man, and liked the way he spoke, too. Did he not call him 'Germany's redeemer'?

And Göring went on to tell him that in the war he had been leader of Richthofen's squadron and that he still was a good soldier. Lastly, he made mention, too, of his plentiful means, which, of course, was important for a young movement.

Hitler would have been only too glad to clasp the man to him : at that very time the funds were again low. Not even the money for his propaganda tours could be got together ; the money of the paper had been used up. The Storm Troopers' organization which he had set up had no leader ; he had not succeeded in finding any real soldier to be faithful to him. This young man could perhaps be trained up and perhaps he would also be devoted to him, for, thanks to him, Hitler, he would get the chance of coming back into a soldier's life.

Hitler was a good psychologist. He clapped Göring on the shoulders. "I believe we shall be friends." He held out his hand to him, promising that Göring would soon hear from him. A few days later Göring was appointed head of the Storm Troopers' (SA) organization, and now once more he had work to do after his own heart. The business of war was something he did understand. The SA under his leadership had to become Germany's strongest free corps.

Göring started on his work at once, sold his villa, and bought a new one at Obermenzing just by Nymphenburg.

The new villa was fitted up avowedly for entertaining. Göring was now the first among the leading men in the SA, head of a military organization, who was to be taken the more seriously the more he laid stress on his own dignity. The plan of taking up again as soon as possible what he had put aside in his youth, namely the study of history and political economy at Munich University, was naturally given up. He now had no time for it.

The new house was furnished in the Biedermeier style ; a white organ was built in ; Chinese embroideries, mats, and copies of old German masters hung on the walls.

The cellar was altered to be a small room for gatherings with comfortable old peasant chairs, a big table, and an open fire made on the pattern of Rosen's at Rockelstad. Hitler, Dietrich von Eckart, Rosenberg, Hermann Esser, and Hanfstängel there reached the most important party decisions. In Obermenzing the scourge of inflation had not come ; the Swedish kronor provided the table with game and wine. Good times could be had here.

Göring now set about giving military training to his men. The SA troops were to make possible all that the Hitler movement should call for in the future.

Each individual SA man was after a few months ripe and ready for civil war, for the coup—for the coup had at last been resolved on. That in which Kapp had failed might now be successful for Hitler's and Göring's SA. At this same time also the movement was given unlimited support from the Reichswehr through Captain Röhm and Dietrich von Eckart. Of arms there was more than enough and adherents would be sure to be won during the struggle. All would certainly wish to be on their side to fight against the inflation system and the French occupation of the Ruhr. It was only for someone to begin. Göring soon saw the goal lying before him. If the Hitler coup was successful he would become a minister, he would really be able to make German history, as it had been his dream for so long.

It would not be so bad as it had been in the war.

They were used to the whistle of the bullet. Goring went forth to the fight : the motto ' victory or death ' had been hammered by him into his SA men. They were good soldiers ; obeyed, marched without a thought, marched to trample down the people's freedom, right of self-determination and democracy. The soldier's boot was beginning to trample Germany to pieces.

THE ATTEMPTED RISING ★

I

IT WAS 8 NOVEMBER 1923 THAT WAS APPOINTED FOR the blow, and as leader of the SA¹ Göring was feverishly busy. Gregor Strasser brought him about this time the south Bavarian SA group, and Röhm sent him both reliable men and also arms and ammunition from the Reichswehr. So as to be as strong as possible for the coup they tried at the last minute to gather together all the reliable men from the other fighting formations. Above all it was believed that Ludendorff, the former commander-in-chief in the World War, still wielded so much authority that the Reichswehr would not fire on them. Göring gave a thorough preparation to his troops. The important thing was that it was Ludendorff and not Hitler who was at this time the cleansing poultice for the nation. Shortly before the SA marched off Göring told them : " It is self-evident that Ludendorff will be Reich dictator ; Hitler will be given a post in the government." In the last recruits' course Göring was so nervous that he had to let his chief-of-staff, Captain Hoffman, carry on with it. But he was himself responsible for the strategic and political side of the work. His instruction to the troops was : " Anyone making the least resistance is to be shot."

¹ Storm section.

Ruthlessly he made for his goal, and was ready for any cost if he could come into power through this coup. It was necessary, he further declared, that every SA leader should already beforehand pick out some personality who must be made harmless. "One at least must be shot as a warning."

And so the 8 November drew near. On that same day was announced a meeting at eight o'clock in the evening in the Bürgerbräu in Munich, at which the Bavarian Prime Minister von Kahr was to speak on the political situation. The whole of the Bavarian government was there. The great hall was filled to the last place. Nervousness and a feeling of disquiet lay over the audience. Certainly none had any thought of a coup, but an attack, the breaking up of the meeting, and a sharp exchange of views lay within bounds of possibility. The doors were guarded by Göring's SA men. They kept watch, armed with revolvers and rifles. The swastika adorned their wind-jackets, on their caps they wore the Hitler badge. The best trained SA men made up the stormers. In the background were the men of the Oberland Union under Dr. Weber's and General Aechter's command. The Reichsbanner Union under Captain Röhm and three National Socialist battalions stood under Göring's and Lieutenant Brückner's command. They had been ready for several days to march and fight, and were only waiting to play their part.

Von Kahr mounted the speaker's rostrum and began his speech. Half an hour had not gone by when there was heard the confused din of voices and words of command at the door; from the back of the hall shouts were raised; the wave of unrest rolled on

towards the rostrum. What had happened? Hitler burst into the hall with his staff, among them Göring, too. All had revolvers in their hands. Hitler stood in the middle of the hall; he fired a shot towards the ceiling, demanded silence, and tried to make himself heard above the noise. A deathly silence fell, and Hitler shouted: "The national revolution has broken out. The hall is occupied by six hundred heavily armed men. No one must leave the hall."

Commotion arose in the hall. "What does the madman want?" voices were calling out. "If there's not silence at once I shall put a machine-gun up on the gallery."

There was no more playing. The audience was silent and waited to see what was coming next.

Hitler, agitated but sure of himself, declared: "The Bavarian government and the Reich government are deposed. A provisional government for the Reich is to be formed. The Reichswehr and State police barracks have been occupied. The Reichswehr and State police are coming here now under the swastika flag."

Hitler was in an ecstasy. "Those who saw Hitler's and his followers' distorted features," the witness von Losow declared before the court, "those who saw their ecstatic state understood that the slightest cause might have led to a blood-bath."

A police commissary carrying out his duty rushed at Hitler, but Hitler put his revolver against the man's forehead and shouted, "Hands out of your trouser-pockets"; and then Goring disarmed him.

After this episode and the panic-like bewilderment in the hall Hitler walked with lifted revolver up to

the chairman's supporters and asked them to go with him to a room at the side. Four armed SA men conducted them.

The atmosphere in the hall grew threatening ; something was bound to happen, and Göring, revolver in hand, rushed up onto the platform.

"Comrades," he shouted (at that time this was still a somewhat strange form of address for the Conservative Commercial Counsellors and directors present in the hall), "comrades," he said once again, "to-day is born the national revolution—it is not aimed against Kahr, nor against the army and police, only against the Jewish government in Berlin."

But when this proclamation and information that the Reich government had been definitively deposed and the new one formed in the room at the side—when this did not make any impression either, Göring fell into fury and shouted out in the hall: "You keep quiet or we will shoot ; besides, you ought to be happy, you've got your beer."

The police in the hall, excited and helpless, telephoned to police headquarters for instructions. Dr. Frick, the present National Socialist Minister for the Interior, who took the call, answered that it was not yet known what government would get the upper hand, and therefore they had to wait.

Some minutes later General Ludendorff arrived. And while Nazi troops marched into the city, armed to the teeth, Hitler made his plans for the fight in a room in the cellar of the Bürgerbräu. A Bavarian government had to be formed, which was to be made up of a Governor of the Reich and a ministerial president invested with full dictatorial powers.

The new government came into the excited hall ; all were at once silent. Hitler's voice rang out, changed over into a falsetto : " Until the final reckoning has been made with the criminals that have brought Germany down, the political administration is taken over by the provisional national government—by me. His Excellency General Ludendorff takes command-in-chief of the national army, General von Lossow becomes German Reichswehr minister, Colonel von Seisser becomes minister for the German Reich police. The task of the provisional German national government is to start the march against sinful Berlin with all the might of this land and of all the German provinces and save the German people."

None knew in the hall that already that night Kahr was calling on the Reich government for help and that next morning he was going to give the order to fire on the Hitler troops.

The night was an uncomfortable one for the Nazis owing to their uncertainty, for the revolvers that had brought the Bavarian ministers to their knees were not enough in themselves. Göring drummed up his troops. There was now no turning back. All the troops that could be mustered were to march next day through the main streets of Munich. Göring was to lead the procession, and it was to be received by Hitler and Ludendorff. Did the National Socialists hope that this demonstration would paralyse their opponents, that a panic would give them the power once and for all or that Kahr and Lossow would suddenly get frightened ?

The Nazi demonstration moved off, but meanwhile bad news went round. The barracks was in the hands

of the Reichswehr, the attempt to storm it had failed. At the police headquarters Frick had suddenly been arrested, whom Hitler had meant to be head of the Munich police. Lieutenant Brückner's envoys who were to negotiate with Kahr came back without having succeeded—the Bavarian government would have no parley.

The situation became more and more critical. Were they already surrounded? Would the others dare to fire on the procession?

With uneasy gesticulations Göring tried to calm his troopers. He was wearing full war equipment—a black rubber cape, steel helmet, belt, and on his breast the inevitable order *Pour-le-mérite*.

"Will they fire on us?" "Can we stand up to it?" were the questions in the excited ranks of the Storm Troopers.

Ludendorff was in good spirits. He put himself at the head of the procession—they would not dare to fire on the German army's leader in the World War. The Germans still had respect for a general's uniform.

Defeat could not any longer be staved off. The procession flowed on and beat down everything that came in its way. With wild yells they flung themselves upon the Social Democratic editorial offices and wrecked everything there was to wreck. Social Democrats they came upon were quickly taken to the SA cellars and badly mishandled—the work of a few minutes. Then the procession went on further. So far not a glimpse was seen of any opposition. In the streets they looked on the procession with curiosity, but already windows were beginning to be shut. People seemed to have an idea that this march would

not end peacefully. The Nazis' faces bore the imprint of bitterness, of hatred, and the will to carry out any deeds of violence whatever.

But so far all seemed to be going well. The Reichswehr did not yet intervene. But then the dream of victory faded away : at the Isar bridge the procession came up against a barrier of police. Rifles were pointed at the demonstrators. Any moment might bring a blood-bath. The police were fewer in number.

Göring the trained fighter took a survey of the situation. In this moment he was a brave man, rushed forward at the head of the procession, saluted, and shouted to the police : " Stop ! The first death in our ranks means death for one of our hostages " (Lieutenant von Hengel's evidence). It was a deliberate lie, for there was no hostage in the procession. The captured Social Democrats had been taken away to another part of the town. Here by order of Göring nine Social Democratic town councillors and the mayor, Schmid, had been put under arrest.

The hesitation of the police to open fire was their undoing. Eye-witnesses told of how the National Socialists disarmed the police, jeered at them, boxed their ears, and hit them. A few of the police managed to get away, but the rest were made prisoners. There was never any real fighting.

There was no longer need to have any doubts as to Kahr's attitude.

The procession went on and meanwhile was strengthened by small scattered groups. Gradually they came nearer and nearer to the Feldherrenhalle (The Army Leaders' Hall). At the head of the procession walked Hitler, Ludendorff, Dr. Weber,

Scheubner-Richter, and Kriebel ; in the second rank Goring and Albert von Graefe, the only participator from North Germany. The Nazi legend, of course, puts Goring in the first rank.

The police had been successfully disarmed, but suddenly at the Feldherrenhalle they found themselves facing a greatly superior force. The rifles were aimed straight at the procession. Once more someone stepped out of the ranks and shouted : "Do not fire, General Ludendorff is with us." But the man who shouted this could not finish the words before a volley rang out. Scheubner-Richter fell to the ground dead and dragged Hitler with him as he fell ; Ludendorff threw himself down, Goring was badly wounded and, calling up all his strength that was left, rolled behind the lion by the court apothecary's shop and there sought shelter.

All was lost. Hitler left the field of the battle in mad flight without giving a thought to the dead and wounded ; Ludendorff was arrested, but though he had been guilty of high treason he was set free on parole.

The National Socialist coup against the State ended with Hitler being arrested a few days later and sentenced to five years in a fortress, but being set free after nine months.

GÖRING AN ÉMIGRÉ ★

I

DIRECTLY AFTER THE NATIONAL SOCIALIST PROCESSION had been broken up by the police some of the party men had put the badly wounded Göring into a motor car and taken him to Professor von Ach's private clinic. But here he could not stay long, for an order for his arrest had already been made out. The police searched the hospitals. At this time his wife, who was epileptic and inclined to be consumptive, was in bed at home with a heavy chill. They tried to flee, however, for in Munich arrest awaited them. As they did not know of any spot in Germany where they could hide they tried—the man with fever and a shattered leg—to reach the Austrian frontier in a motor car. They were trembling with anxiety lest they should be arrested at the last moment. And they did fall into the arms of a frontier patrol. 'Police with loaded revolvers took us back to Garmisch,' Carin Göring wrote to her mother. 'His passport was taken from him by the authorities,' she further wrote, 'then we came to a hospital surrounded by watchers and sentries, and in spite of this it was as though a *miracle* helped us.'

The miracle was that Göring when he fled had taken plenty of money with him and the police let him keep

it. Amid the whirl of inflation and the unsteady effects of the never-ending lack of security a few watchers could easily be bribed. They succeeded in fleeing, and Carin Göring wrote to her mother : ' My dear one . . . Hermann was carried out again into the motor (for he cannot walk a step) and, furnished with a false passport, we were then taken in only our night-wear with furs and a quilt within two hours over the frontier. I do not dare tell you how everything happened. . . . '

Captain Steinhardt said afterwards that Göring was taken for the last bit of the way with the help of a stretcher along smugglers' paths to the Tyrol. Feverish and nervous, Göring urged the bearers to hurry on ; and when in spite of the darkness around them he made out the red-white-red Austrian arms beside a path he collapsed with utter weariness and almost in a swoon.

It was only in hospital that he came to again and remembered all the course of events. The outlook was dark, and the letters written by his wife in his name (he was too weak to write himself) were hopeless and gloomy. A feeling of failure and remorse came over him. He must begin again from the beginning ; once more he saw his wasted life before him. And then he reflected whether he could have acted otherwise. He sought feverishly to see how his position was. He had never learned any calling, for him there was only the military path—or should he make a start and study something ? He was now thirty. No, he put any idea of studying out of his mind. He was a captain, and as a captain he must bear his wound with a stout heart. It was the soldier's lot to get

wounded. They had all but reached their goal, too—if only Kahr had not left them in the lurch. Goring had a high fever, he was groaning and moaning with pain; before him he saw machine-guns, demonstrations, Hitler, Kahr, and Ludendorff in one great jumble. He grasped nothing; the last happenings seemed so unreal.

With wild shrieks he tried in a feverish delirium to leap out of his bed. But he could not stand, the leg was quite useless. Afterwards his wife sat always by his bed and kept watch.

‘Hermann’s leg is shattered,’ she wrote home once more, ‘the bullet went right through, half a centimetre from the artery; there are a lot of stones and dirt in the long hole the bullet bored. The shot is high up (in the right thigh) and the wound is dreadfully inflamed, since the dirt and so on is trying to come out and in so doing leads to pus forming and to fever and great pain.’

And then she told her Swedish family of the whole flight. In bribing the watchers they had spent the last of their money, so that they were now sitting in Innsbruck without a farthing and did not know which way to look. As to clothes, they had only been able to take the barest necessities with them. ‘We left Munich in such a haste that all I could do was to pack the most necessary things in a small bag as every minute was precious.’

Carin Göring went on to write: ‘Our address is: Dr. Soppelsa, 9 Bahnhofsplatz, Innsbruck. For Hermann believes that all letters are opened if they have the name Göring on them. So, my dear, write in a double envelope. We are staying here now till

Hermann's leg is well. What other plans have we? I have no idea where we shall go. Heartfelt greetings, Your Carin.'

2

The events during Göring's exile in Austria are to be best gathered from Carin and Hermann Göring's letters to their Swedish kinsfolk, and so we give them here :

' Dear Mother, I now write a little letter again and let you know something. Hermann's wound is better, he has not had more than 38° of fever these last days ; but owing to the loss of blood he is naturally dreadfully tired. Moreover, the great disappointment he has suffered makes him quite sleepless. . . . Hitler's sister [Paula Hitler] was here the day before yesterday ; a delightful ethereal being with great soulful eyes in a white face, quivering with love for her brother.'

Meanwhile the political work was going on. Göring, of course, could not do anything, fettered as he was to his sick bed. At another place in Carin's letter we get further information :

' The arms have all been saved, the unity is warm and intense in spite of the difficulties ; the various heads of regiments and the political leaders confer daily with Hermann personally or through his couriers. Just now B. has come, charming and hungry as usual. Major Streck has been arrested (you probably remember him and his wife) ; and Wegelind (the little second lieutenant), who was able to eat his fill with us at

Garmisch (as he said). Thirty leaders under arrest ; all can get an amnesty if they promise to " keep the peace," but all have refused. Hitler is not badly wounded, but has a nervous fever ; arrested ! . . . All love, Your Carin.'

Hermann Göring added a few lines to this letter :

' A thousand thanks for all your greetings in your last letter. Alas ! owing to low treachery we have not yet won a victory for our great cause. But we are as certain as certain can be of it and never cease to fight for Germany's freedom. You must not be anxious. Beyond doubt all will come right. God is helping us. A thousand heartfelt greetings. Your grateful Hermann.'

From Carin's next letter to her mother we see that the penniless Görings were being supported by their Swedish relations, but the new National Socialist historians like to give their version that Austrian and Bavarian comrades helped them in the most touching way. This much is anyhow certain, that Göring's financial position was quite destroyed through the unsuccessful attempt at a rising, as he could not get any ready money from Germany.

Carin's letter is dated 30 November and is as follows :

' Dearest Mother. Best thanks for the dear little letter which has just come, and for the packet of good things. . . . Hermann is not at all well, his leg hurts him beyond all bearing ; four days ago nearly all the healed sores opened up again, there was heavy pus formation on the bone itself ; he was examined by

the Röntgen rays, and then they saw a lot of bullet fragments, stones from the street and so on inside the muscles, and these had been the cause of it all. He was operated on, under chloroform, of course, but for the last three days he has been lying with a high fever, raving, weeping, dreaming of street fights, and in indescribable pain. . . . We have no plans for the future and cannot make any. . . . I embrace you lovingly. Your Carin and Hermann.'

Göring's wound would not heal. He suffered fearful pain. In a letter of 8 December 1923 to her sister Lilly, Carin admitted that Göring was using morphine to dull the pain. Here mention is made for the first time in one of the family letters of the first beginnings of Göring's morphine craving—a disease which later on was to bring him to Swedish asylums.

This letter to her sister is altogether very frank, for in it is also described the confiscation of their fortune and their wholly desperate position. Carin found it easier to tell the truth to her sister than to her mother. In the letter we read among other things :

' . . . I am sitting here in the hospital with my beloved Hermann, and have to see how he is suffering both in mind and in body while I can really do nothing to help him. . . . His wound is one mass of pus—the whole thigh. It hurts him so that he lies there and bites the pillow to pieces, and I can only hear inarticulate sounds. You will understand how it goes to my heart. . . . To-day it is exactly a month since they shot at him, and in spite of *morphine every day* the pain grows no less. A fortnight ago I moved here from the hotel to the hospital, and one feels quieter here.'

In this letter Carin made no mention of the fact that excited crowds who knew of the order for Göring's arrest and had heard about his 'intimidation methods' in the days of the coup, were beginning to take up a threatening attitude. There were continual gatherings of people outside the hotel; Carin Göring could no longer show herself in the street without exposing herself to scornful abuse for the murderous coup. Some especially angry persons threw stones at her, and one stone went through her shoe and crushed a toe. That is why she moved into the hospital, where she felt it safer.

When the German authorities demanded that Goring should be handed over he thought that after he recovered he would be sent to Germany, for in the still independent Austria there was no sympathy anywhere for revolutionary plans. Carin Göring went on in her letter to speak of their confiscated property in Germany, along with which the rest of her money under the agreement after her first marriage was lost.

'Our villa in Munich is watched, any letters are seized. A good lawyer is now going to help us. . . . An order for arrest has now been made out against me, too. . . .'

While Göring was still lying in the hospital in Innsbruck the attempt was being made by the National Socialists in Bavaria to put together once more the broken SA organization and the rest of the armed troopers, so as at least to keep up the pretence of the Hitler party being still alive in spite of the decree dissolving it. Illegal fly-sheets were spread about in Munich. At the same time the apparatus of the law

set to work ; documents for the prosecution began to be filled up. Although everyone knew that this trial would mean sentence for high treason, they knew, too, that the authorities would not dare to keep ' national men ' for long behind the bars or to put a man like Ludendorff in prison. The old Prussian military tradition still had a strong hold on men's minds.

3

' Innsbruck, 28.12.23.

Dear Father. . . . Hermann is much better now, thank God. The tube in the wound could be taken out two days before Christmas-eve. The pain since then has gradually gone almost altogether. As he wanted to so much, the professor also allowed him to leave the hospital on Christmas-eve, and he can now since yesterday get about, leaning on two crutches, and thin and white as snow. I hardly recognize him, he has become quite another man ; he hardly utters a word ; he is more depressed through this treachery, more down, than I could ever have thought of him. . . . We are living now in the Tiroler Hof, Innsbruck ; even if you write to us in our right name we get letters. Only letters to Obermenzing are seized. Hermann's portrait has now been posted up everywhere in Bavaria, in the stations, etc., by von Kahr, so as to make it easier to arrest him when he comes. . . . Hitler has asked that no attempt be made to get his release. So Hermann to-day has sent to ask (by a courier) him and Ludendorff whether it would be in the interest of the movement if Hermann of his own accord should present himself to Kahr. Ludendorff

has answered that he does not think so ; Hermann should work uninterruptedly for the cause, as most of the leaders are not in a position to do so. . . . We are waiting for Hitler's answer, for this will decide. . . . Think sometimes of your Carin.'

Meanwhile both were tormented with the thought of the future. What answer was Austria going to make to the demand for extradition ? As yet no decision had been taken ; it would probably be taken only after the trial. The trial would be good propaganda for the Hitler movement. Should he go back to Germany ? Hitler had not sent any answer yet. Or should he go to Italy—perhaps the Fascists would help him ? Or should he go to his kinsmen in Sweden ?

Although for the moment he must always walk with crutches, and his recovery might still take weeks, they could not think of stopping at Innsbruck in the long run.

4

From Carin Göring's letters to her mother, Baroness von Fock.

4 February 1924.

' . . . Otherwise there is not much news to tell you, only that Hermann has such a dreadful lot to do. Of late I have hardly seen him at all. He travels by train at night to save time, and is now plunged in the work¹ again like one possessed. . . . '

¹ He had at length received the money for organization so long
awaited

What Goring was now looking for was money and good organizers to build the movement up again. The most important leaders had been arrested, so fresh ones must be found. He did not want to go back to Munich as there he would have to reckon on several years' imprisonment.

Monday, 18 February 1924.

'Dearest one. . . Hermann for the last few days has been in Vienna on the business of the movement ; he has always a tremendous lot to do ; I expect him here to-morrow. There is not the slightest idea how it will go with the trial, which has now again been put off.'

The coming trial no longer filled them with anxiety. Everyone expected an amnesty. However, Göring would not risk going back, on which grounds he had to put up at a later time with being charged with cowardice by Rohm. Until the trial was over Göring believed himself safe in Austria. It was only then that the Austrian authorities would probably come to a decision, for the trial would bring to light Göring's active share and his military contribution.

'Hitler is in the best of spirits,' Carin Göring wrote, 'although he is thoroughly convinced that he will be sentenced, with an amnesty quickly following.' Here Hitler or his followers were wrong.

20 February 1924.

'Hermann is now back from Vienna, where he had a very interesting but sad time. His best fellow-worker, a Lieutenant Rossbach, was arrested by the

police in Vienna for having a false passport. He was the best among Hermann's officers,¹ and had by himself formed several regiments, which on 8 November he put at their disposal ; and, of course, afterwards he had the police on his tracks.

Then he became Hermann's right hand, lived in Salzburg, where he did an immense lot of work for the cause, printed newspapers, fly-sheets, formed new regiments, and was one of the best and most intelligent. And now he was arrested in Vienna by two detectives on the street. Hermann hopes to get him set free as quickly as possible.'

Meanwhile Göring had known how to arrange things well for himself as an *émigré*. He lived in another way than fugitives in the ordinary meaning and otherwise, too, than the National Socialist fugitives in Innsbruck. From all the money collected in Austria, also sent from Bavaria, he spent a considerable part on himself, which did not help to make him especially loved among the National Socialist refugees, who hardly knew whence they should get their daily bread.

Letter from Hermann Göring to his mother-in-law, Baroness von Fock :

22 February 1924.

'We have only got to have a little patience now and then everything will gradually work itself out. Therefore we have also to look forward to a longish time before we can go back to Germany. While the trial is going on I shall stay here, but if afterwards

¹ Rebach was a Vehm murderer

there is no likelihood of going back for a long time, we shall go to Sweden over Italy by sea, for living there is cheaper and above all much nicer than here in Austria. I had already thought of eventually selling our villa and sending the furniture to Sweden, where we should then take a flat, for we cannot go on living for years in hotels. I can also perhaps find some work there, until things allow us to go back to Germany. For I will only go back to a National Germany and not to this Jewish republic. I shall always be ready to fight for my fatherland's freedom. I do love Sweden above everything else, for I am first and foremost a German and the purest Germans live there. . . . Gratefully, Your Hermann.'

Four days afterwards the trial began. The National Socialists were indeed sentenced but became heroes of the day.

1 April 1924.

'Dear Mother. We have only been awaiting the judgment, which, at last, was given to-day. Well, dearest, you have probably read in the Swedish papers what it was. Ludendorff acquitted; Hitler and all the leaders, who acknowledged that they knew of the coup before it came off, got five years conditionally in a fortress. The whole thing is so idiotic that anyone with sense cannot understand it. To-day we spent the whole day with Paula Hitler, dined out together, and told her about her brother. She was crying the whole time. We know no details yet, only the result. . . .

The judgment means an immense compromise

and really cowardice. Ludendorff went unpunished, but his little step-son, who is a little over twenty, got several years' fortress. . . . And this business of sentencing Hitler to five years' fortress, and their not daring to make him serve it ; they are a little anxious about what is coming. . . . How we are to manage about ourselves . . . we must find that out from our lawyer ; perhaps we can now go back. Hermann was given the same sentence as Hitler ;¹ but whether it is the case that they have not got to serve it, and whether this is so for Hermann, too, is the question. They expect the amnesty already next month for all who are abroad. And then we can go back at once. . . .'

2 April 1924.

'My dearest. . . . An application has been made for Hermann to be granted an immediate amnesty ; we shall see now if he gets it. . . . The worst is always the money question ! If this were clear, we could be more peaceful in many ways.'

4 April 1924.

' . . . I have been hoping every day that we might arrange something about ourselves, but up to now we have not been able. It is as though we were always sitting and walking and lying on nails. Hermann is not so well, but I think it is only his nerves, and it is nothing to wonder at after all this stress.

I myself probably go to Munich to-morrow and shall then visit Hitler and Ludendorff, who have both asked me to come. There is so much that can only be discussed by word of mouth. I shall live in the villa

¹ This is not true.

there ; I have kept Marie the whole time and for our sake she has had to go through a great deal : house-searchings, questioning, and so on often in not at all a pleasant way ; but she's a real treasure. . . . When I get to Munich, I shall take B. with me, who is helpful to me with errands, etc., and so I do not have too much to do. Do you remember, dearest, the man who worked always in the garden ? He has been a true friend to us, he has smuggled many of our things from the house, crossed the mountains and the frontier, been in prison for fourteen days in Munich for our sake, for they found out he had letters from Hermann and did a bit of courier service for the movement. . . . Well, good-bye, my dearest. Hermann sends his love. Your Carin.'

And once again the truth was seen of the saying that no one learns anything from history, that political mistakes must evidently with historical inevitability be repeated. The first National Socialist coup was a farce, the second became a tragedy.

The happenings in 1923 should have made the actors in them to strike a balance within their own minds. But the assumption of the intellectuals : that a man after defeat is wont to look into his innermost self so as himself to render an account of the future and the past—this assumption does not seem always to be true.

Göring the soldier was not willing to make a critical scrutiny of his position. As he saw it, all the victims must, indeed, be mourned, of course, but they fell for the fatherland ; and where there is planing, shavings must fall, to use words Göring is fond of and always

quoting. Through this attempt at a *coup d'état* all the forgotten soldiers from the World War had once more become well known. It was, it is true, a doubtful fame, but anyhow they had come out from their hiding. Even the 'Jew Republic' had to take note of them. As, according to Göring, there was no turning back for a good soldier, he had to go on along the road of the soldier and revolutionary. It was certainly dreadful to live as an exile, but there was still hope of an amnesty. If they spoke of freedom for Hitler after six months it could not be so bad for him either after that.

Göring was ready to organize the next rising. Fine men were to rule Germany and not plebeians. This plan ripened within him during these days. Then it was forgotten again but was to be realized several years later when Göring met the mighty ones of German industry. It was owing to him that Thyssen, the steel king of Germany to-day, shouted, "Heil, Hitler!" when he for the first time introduced the future Chancellor of the Reich in the exclusive club of the Rhine and Ruhr magnates.

But so far the reality bore a different look, Göring was still an *émigré* who, like all banished men before and after him, had unending money worries and did not know what he was to live on next day.

Moreover, he had to face the fact now that he might be handed over to Germany or at best might be expelled. Innsbruck had been an important half-way post, especially as it was right on the German frontier. Now he must say farewell to it and await the amnesty in a land farther away.

6

A few days before the German Reichstag elections on 4 May Carin and Hermann Göring travelled to Italy. They had nothing to expect from the elections.

Göring was now in Italy, far away from Germany, and could do nothing but wait ; there was nothing else for it. With Fascist friends he found help and understanding, but nothing to do, which was what he was looking for.

They did not know how long they would have to stay in Italy, how they were to get a means of livelihood, how their future altogether would turn out financially. Until this was settled Göring could not think of undertaking any political work ; moreover, it was not so easy to do this from Italy. Mussolini's position was undoubtedly a strong one, but the feeling in Germany was against Fascism. And Göring learned what every *émigré* has learnt : that those words which go home from abroad always sound hollow and must often ring false.

Carin's sister, Countess Wilamowitz, has in her memoirs written about the Görings' Italian *émigré* days : ' Carin and Hermann Göring had moved to Rome, where they could follow Mussolini's struggles, which were carried on with all the fire of this personality. Göring often met the Italian dictator, whose true patriotic enthusiasm aroused so great a will to strive and so noble a will for sacrifice in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.'

And again we come on a passage pointing to

Göring's morphine craving : ' His health,' the sister-in-law writes, ' was not good either, the pain did not stop, the remedies for dulling it prescribed by the doctors brought no relief and could not be lessened. And with it all were the constant financial cares.'

As Hermann Göring could not go to Germany himself he sent his wife there several times for negotiations. ' Once or twice she succeeded to cross the frontier alone into Germany,' Countess Wilamowitz writes further. ' She called on Ludendorff at Solln near Munich without any result beyond mere human sympathy. He seemed then not to have a belief any longer in Hitler's mission. . . . She went, too, to Landsberg and had a long talk there with Hitler.'

Göring had to leave policy to those who had stayed behind in Germany. His was to find support in various quarters in Italy and above all money, money, money, the most important thing both for the Hitler movement, and for him.

Through money came supports for organization and arms, and the two together gave power. Here was the ABC of Göring, the former SA leader, as organizer. He waited, waited, waited.

7

Hitler and Göring corresponded with one another, but no possibility showed itself for Göring to go back. His life as an *émigré* in Italy was quite bearable. The necessary means for his private needs he got from the Fascist organizations ; he tried, too, to find supplementary sources. But the longer the time of waiting,

the worse grew the outlook for an amnesty, and he did not dare to go back voluntarily to Germany. Neither could Hitler do anything more for Göring.

All that Göring could and did do in Italy for the party was to win sympathy and help for the Hitler party. But neither was this so easy. The financial position there began to grow worse. Italy is not a rich land. Whatever the sympathies for the airman, people were not willing to back him for more than a year. This was the typical lot of an *émigré*!

And so there was nothing else for it but to go on to his parents-in-law in Sweden. The journey was a round-about one, for Göring did not dare to go through Germany. He travelled therefore by way of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and the free town Danzig to Sweden.

Carin and Hermann went on board one of the small boats sailing from Gdynia and Danzig to Sweden. They hoped to find at last a new home with his parents-in-law after their long stay in Austria and Italy. Göring had not forgotten Germany, but he was convinced that—but for the possibility of his presenting himself of his own accord to the authorities—there was no likelihood for his going back again. And even should he go back that was not the end of his financial cares.

When Gothland showed up they saw Swedish land once more and knew that here they were safe, that here they could wait in quietness till an opening showed itself for 'coming home with honour.' But it was with troubled hearts that they looked to the future, for their strength was quite exhausted. The strain had utterly broken Carin Göring down; she had

grown very thin, the epileptic attacks grew worse, her heart very often bothered her, and her lungs seemed to be altogether out of order.

Göring suffered terribly from his wound. He could not now get on without remedies against the pain and to soothe his nerves. Perhaps he already saw then that sooner or later he would come into hospital to undergo the doubtful attempt to wean him from the habit. Their last money was at an end ; their clothes needed mending and new ones must be bought. Göring looked thin and quite a wreck. Sweden was the last hope for the two castaways.

Sweden was to turn out a lucky choice for the Görings, not only because their kindred lived there and could help them and be useful, but also because the whole country thanks to its democratic government was, as it were, made to help the politically shipwrecked onto their feet again.

The land is a rich one, untouched either by war or by revolution ; its dwellers known for their helpfulness and hospitality. True, Göring's views were not welcome, but tolerance and freedom of thought are self-evident things for the democratic land. More than this Göring could not ask for. Here he could hope to be well again, to bring his money affairs into order, and perhaps also before long to take up his political links with Hitler again.

The Swedish relations looked forward to the meeting with mingled feelings. They were certainly ready to help, but they often asked themselves whether the marriage with Captain Göring, the man without any profession, was not a *mésalliance*. In spite of a very hearty welcome Carin's parents told them that after

they had recovered they must start working. Goring's hope was soon to find work again as an airman, but Stockholm with its half-million inhabitants had already a relatively heavy *émigré* population without him—of Russian fugitives, the victims of the Finnish civil war, and of revolutionaries from Soviet Hungary. So that Goring looked for work just like the other fugitives, with whom he did not want to have anything to do. He tried his luck as an agent, gave German lessons, but lived really by selling bit by bit the last of his furniture, which he had sent for from Germany. He lived in a modest flat in Odengatan. Sometimes he was compelled to pawn his watch to live. And at the same time both he and his wife were sick. Carin's state of health was alarming, and for Göring himself life could not be borne any longer without morphine. By truly cunning ways he could always get hold of the narcotic that for him was indispensable.

Very soon the physical changes arising out of excessive drug-taking showed themselves: the colour of the skin changed, his body swelled up, and to add to this his financial position grew worse. Göring knew a little Swedish, but still it was impossible for him to find any post. He could not live on the National Socialist dream. What was bound to happen happened—Carin's family sided against him. Very carefully but quite clearly Carin's sister Fanny wrote: 'Carin's family, who would have been glad to see the two living in a settled way, and were deeply distressed at their uncertain circumstances and Carin's bad state of health, could not understand the ever-renewed yearning for the political fight.'

All Carin's three sisters were at this time against Göring and wanted her to break off with him. It was not until he became a powerful man that they changed their attitude. But as to their then attitude the judicial proceedings bear witness, to which we shall come back further on. The real ground for their unfriendly attitude to Göring was very likely his morphine craving, as Fanny Wilamowitz herself hints in her memoirs published in the Hitler Reich: 'Hermann Göring's pride hindered him from speaking openly to his Swedish kinsmen about how straitened his financial position was, how upset his own health and his state of mind had become through the wearing struggle and his poverty.'

And of this time we read further in her: 'One thing after the other had to be sold. Sickness and poverty had come to be daily guests. There are moments in the lives of the strongest men when the storm in its elemental strength threatens to bear down everything.'

This storm came: Göring's morphine craving, which led to attacks of fury dangerous for the public safety, had taken on a highly aggravated form. They had no money, and so there was only one way out: that the parents should take charge of Carin and Göring himself go into hospital.

Now began the darkest chapter in Göring's life. In the course of his many wanderings the man who was afterwards Prussian Ministerial President and Field-Marshal of Greater Germany found haven in Swedish mental hospitals. The people he was to rule over has, owing to prohibitions and the suppression of any free utterance of its opinion, never learned anything of this.

9

Bismarck's successor in the post of Prussian Ministerial President, Hindenburg's successor as Field-Marshal—a morphine-taker.

Millions of those who do not know will refuse to believe this, will speak of propaganda to frighten them and of slander. The author, however, has no more earnest wish than to tell the truth, the pure truth, to draw this Goring as he is, and to give those of to-day a picture of him based on his origin, and his development and adventures. Therefore in this chapter we give the judgment word for word which was delivered by the magistrates' court at Stockholm in the Göring case. The proceedings cited are open to all and can be checked. If from the German side all these statements should be denied, then the court protocol, the court evidence, the witnesses' statements are facts which cannot be denied.

The court proceedings inform us that :

On 22 April 1926 in the magistrates' court of Stockholm with the former burgher-master Carl Lindhagen in the chair, the proceedings dealt with the Göring-Kantzow case.

Carin Göring's first husband, von Kantzow, had after the divorce fallen seriously ill and been taken to a home for nervous diseases. At the divorce his and Carin's son Thomas had been given into his custody. After the father had been declared not responsible by decision of the court a guardian had to be appointed for the son. Thomas in the last few years had

stayed with his mother in the summer holidays only. Carin now hoped the court would appoint her his guardian.

At the very beginning the case took a dramatic turn. Kantzow's brother, who was manager for a fairly big firm, put forward proofs that his brother long before his illness had appointed him as guardian. He protested against the Goring family being given the right of educating Thomas von Kantzow (as well as the educational funds). He put before the court proofs of Göring's mental and general unfitness for this task. They are as follows :

The doctor of the Fock and Goring families.

'It is hereby testified : That Captain Goring is suffering from morphinism and that his wife Carin Göring, born Baroness Fock, is suffering from epilepsy and that therefore their home must be held unsuitable for her son Thomas.

Stockholm, 16 April 1926.

KARL A. R. LUNDBERG,
Licensed practitioner.'

'I the undersigned, who know Captain Kantzow and his divorced wife, now Fru Göring, hereby testify that I hold Fru Göring to be unfitted to have the care of Thomas the son of the husband and wife, and that I believe that this case with regard to the best interests of the child should be entrusted to a specially appointed guardian.

Stockholm, 15 April 1926.

(Signed by Annie Stomberg, housekeeper.) '

A like testimony was given also by Fröken Ella Nordberg, who had once been housekeeper to the Kantzows.

Owing to this evidence the court adjourned to examine the testimonies handed in. The next sitting was held on 27 April. The case for the manager Kantzow was conducted by the barrister Knut Hedlund. Carin Göring was herself present and her case was conducted by barrister Olof Behm.

Behm demanded Thomas for Carin Göring, and declared that Dr. Lundberg's testimony had come as an utter surprise and that Carin had never had epilepsy; her epilepsy existed just as little as Hermann Göring's misuse of morphine.

"Captain Göring," he said, "some years ago while he was in Germany, had been wounded during a revolt and therefore had been treated in hospitals with morphine." This morphine treatment had only been gradually stopped, but now Captain Göring was quite well again both physically and mentally.

Thereupon Hedlund told the court that Göring, owing to mental sickness, had been cared for both in private hospitals and in the mental hospital of Långbro, near Stockholm.

The court was once more adjourned. On 11 May the hearing was resumed. Ella Nordberg, the housekeeper, stated that in the autumn of 1925 she had heard a telephonic conversation in which Hermann Göring, speaking of his wife, said that she might have as many as five attacks a day.

The real decision was in the end reached through a report by the well-known Swedish psychiatrist, Professor Olof Kinberg, who himself had treated Göring

at the Långbro mental hospital. Kinberg could not *communicate the whole report*, being prevented by his duty as a physician to keep silent. His medical depositum, however, leaves no room for any doubts :

‘ Captain Hermann Göring, who is about to start a cure to overcome the use of eukodal, resulting from a painful bodily illness, should be fully recovered in from 6 to 8 weeks. The cure will be carried out in this hospital, from which Captain Göring will not be discharged before he has got back his health. The above deposition is made on my honour and conscience.

Långbro Hospital, 8 May 1926.

OLOF KINBERG,

Professor, Head Physician.’

This report by Kinberg was one that Carin Göring could not possibly answer. Nor could the fact of Göring being confined be denied. True, it was hoped he would be free after six to eight weeks, but it was not at all certain, as Professor Kinberg was only going to let him go after he had recovered.

Carin Göring could not deny either that her husband already before being taken into Långbro had been for the same reason in other Swedish hospitals and always had relapses.

It was only against Dr. Lundberg that she showed indignation, declaring : “ My husband is very sorry that he believed you to have competence and discretion, when he once entrusted himself to you.”

The court adjourned once more to get fresh information. Above all what was sought was to find some way to reach the whole truth from Professor Kinberg without infringing on the doctor’s obligation of silence.

The next sitting was on 27 May.

Kantzow's representative, Hedlund, stated at the beginning of the proceedings that he had again spoken with Dr. Lundberg, who once more had confirmed Göring's morphinism and his wife's epilepsy.

After that the housekeeper, Ella Nordberg, was heard another time, and she made the sensational statement that Hermann Göring had an especially bad influence on Thomas. After the holidays, which he spent with the Görings, he always came back changed. Göring had given him books on the war soaked in blood and also anti-Semitic pamphlets. The result of this was that Thomas's father once found on him a list of those doomed to die, a list of persons who were to be got rid of after the victory of National Socialism in Sweden. Among these were also members of the royal house. His father had torn up the list and had spoken with touching words to the lad's conscience.

After that the court announced that it had established the fact that :

Göring on 1 September 1925 as result of a doctor's certificate had been transferred from Aspudden hospital in Stockholm to Katarina hospital, where, after he had been refused morphine, he had had such an attack of rage that they had to take him to the padded cell and see to his speedy transfer to the lunatic asylum.

In the court proceedings there was also a statement by Carin's three sisters, who expressed themselves very unfavourably as to their sister and brother-in-law. It was only after the victory of Nazism in Germany that they disclosed their deep love for their German kinsman.

The three sisters wrote on 14 May 1926 to the court

as follows among other things : ' Carin Göring, because of her hysterical behaviour ever since childhood is, we are sorry to say, utterly unfitted to look after the boy's bringing up. . . . Her present husband, Captain Göring, would for the present, we think, also be wanting in any power to give Thomas through his influence that quiet, conscientious care and training which he stands so greatly in need of.'

The disclosure that Göring had got hold of morphine by means of a forged prescription brought about the definitive decision.

The court adjourned, however, once more, and at length on 22 June 1926 gave judgment. Carin Göring was deprived of the right to bring up her son, and in her stead two guardians were appointed, a jurist and his father's mother.

In the summer of 1937 the present writer happened to be speaking with the judge of the guardianship court, Burghermaster Carl Lindhagen, who still remembered the case very well against Fru Göring and his own judgment too. "Fru Göring came floating into the court like a great lady," the judge said ; " her clothes were excessively elegant and she tried to make an impression in this way on the court." " And Göring ? " I asked. " Well, Göring, how can he be anything else ? A typical German captain, hard, energetic, bouncing ; his only part was as a witness. The most important decisive witnesses were Carin Göring's sisters. We went closely into the case, and you yourself know about the proceedings. It was not at all an agreeable case."

The length of time which Professor Kinberg gave for Göring's complete cure was reckoned with altogether

too much optimism. For we find noted in the police records of Stockholm that Göring on 6 September 1927 *again* stood in need of 'mental care,' and had been taken to the Konradsberg asylum, and then later to Långbro again. In Germany utter silence has been kept about these facts. Although everyone knows of the charge against Göring of misusing morphine, they have understood in Germany how to keep all the closer details and documents secret, so that those in charge of the German propaganda have had no difficulty in denying his morphinism.

After Göring in 1933 became Ministerial president in Prussia, the foreign press wrote with great detail about his morphine craving, whereupon there came daily denials from Germany. We shall therefore quote from what the Swedish press has said, the whole of which has confirmed the facts of the court proceedings.

On 22 March 1933 there could be read in all the Swedish newspapers, whatever their political views, the following item of news :

'According to public proceedings, which can be read in the Stockholm police department, Göring on 1 September 1925, as the result of a medical certificate that he was mentally affected and in urgent need of hospital care, was under an order issued by the police office taken from Aspudden nursing-home, where he had been admitted, to Katarina hospital. From there he was taken practically at once to Långbro.'

On 6 September 1927 Göring, according to the police entries, was as the result of a medical report once more taken into care, as a mental patient, this

time in the Konradsberg hospital, whence on the same day he was transported to Långbro.

The *Social-Demokraten* newspaper on 21 March 1933, on the basis of all the accessible proceedings, not only gave a list of the many mental hospitals Göring had been taken into, but also, and above all, described the danger he was to society and the brutality with which he sought to protect himself against the drug cure. The paper wrote :

‘ From 1924 to 1927 Göring was staying in Sweden for various periods, during which he was also received for treatment in the Katarina and Långbro mental hospitals of the city of Stockholm. On 1 September 1925 Captain Hermann Wilhelm Göring was received into the Katarina asylum, where he was given the register number 291. Before that he had been under care for over a month in a private mental home in Stockholm, from which he had to be removed later with a police escort to the Katarina hospital.

The reason for the removal was that they no longer dared to keep Göring in the nursing-home, whose staff for the greater part was made up of nurses. From the Katarina hospital Göring was transferred on 2 September 1925 to Långbro, where, after he had made a scene, he was taken to the violent ward. Even in Långbro Göring showed himself to be dangerous. . . .’

As to the mental disturbances that led to brutal attacks and even to attempts at murder we have several instances. The *Social-Demokraten* published the following report on 22 March 1933 :

‘ It has become known that Göring, while in Aspudden asylum, was in possession of what is known

as a stiletto-stick, which terrified the women on the staff. He was looked on as being particularly untrustworthy and deceitful and above all reckless to the utmost extreme. The staff believed it could expect anything from the man, and this led to the removal to Långbro by way of Katarina.'

The present writer has had the opportunity of speaking with a nurse who herself nursed Göring, and who on her word of honour assured me that Göring went into fits of violent rage, if they refused to give him morphine. He even stole morphine in the hospital from the pharmaceutical cupboard. When they found the morphine flask in the room where he was lying and shut the cupboard, Göring fell on the nurse and tried to strangle her. She had to promise him anything to win time. Another time, when she refused to give him morphine, he threw a knife at her. The nurse, who is still at work in her profession, has not given the writer leave to publish her name, as she is afraid of Göring's revenge. That the nurse's information may be relied on has been confirmed in several directions. It is a usual thing for morphine-takers to get attacks of rage when they are refused narcotics.

After these attempts at murder Göring was transferred to a general mental hospital.

Even if we cannot blame sick men for their sickness, yet the fact remains that an affliction like morphinism cannot be overcome without serious after-effects ; and

besides this in Göring's case there comes the question, so hard to answer alike for the researcher and for the politician, whether Goring after all has overcome his sickness.

The writer has asked Swedish doctors who at one time or another treated Goring for their opinion, and everywhere has heard the view expressed that he must still be using his morphine syringe.

Professor Kinberg, who was not willing for his report on Göring's morphinism to be published, declared that all the earlier and the present diseased symptoms must not only be read psychologically, but also that they 'sprang from his abnormal constitution,' which did not allow him to suffer the slightest pain without complaining. Kinberg insisted that he had never at any time had such a nervous and cowardly patient as Goring. It may be that his brutality results from an over-compensation of his fear of pain.

Even the well-known Swedish physician, the lecturer Nils Silverskiöld, who was related to Carin Göring, has shown how easily Göring lost control over himself: he came one day at Silverskiöld's time for consultations, waited till all the patients had gone, and started to demand morphine, wringing his hands, begging, and in the end raging.

The reprisals taken by Göring's secret State police (Gestapo) against all the opponents of the system, prevents the writer from giving here the names of all his informants. In this connection it may be mentioned that one of the greatest morphinist specialists still living in Germany did on 13 May 1937 make the following answer, after the writer, without telling him the name of the sick man, had described all the

symptoms of the sick Göring during his stay in Stockholm and at the present time, especially to-day his brutality, and his love of orders, uniform, and show :

‘ Herr Singer,

In reply to your letter, which interests me as intensely from the human as from the medical standpoint, I beg to say as follows :

If anyone is a morphinist, we can tell it from his features, skin’s colour, the condition of his eyes, from any marks of the needle in the skin, and of late also through examination of the urine. The symptoms you have given me are typical manifestations in a neurotic with morphine craving who besides is often inclined to make use along with morphine of alcohol, remedies against sleeplessness and other drugs. . . .

In any case it seems to me to be important that the sick man should soon decide on a thorough treatment.

Yours faithfully

(signed).’

In a very noteworthy article on the pathological features in the masses of the nations and the part played by these features as factors in war, Professor Kinberg writes as follows, and shows the likeness between what the German specialist in morphinism says and certain features seen in insane persons.

‘ The paranoic personality is marked by its suspicions, by its being easily offended, and by its egoism, dogmaticalness, lack of practical judgment in its own concerns, and its arrogant over-valuation of self, which may take the form of actually insane ideas of greatness.

The paranoic has a glass splinter in his eye which

hinders his grasp of reality. He therefore sees things not as they are, but as the distorted picture which the twisted working of his brain makes of them. His perverted sense impressions are wrongly read by him and he reacts consequently in an irrational, emotionally inadequate, and exaggerated way. These wrong reactions arouse what may be reactions which are none the less emotionally coloured. These latter give rise to fresh misinterpretations by the paranoic, and so it goes on.

When the leader of a nation's masses has succeeded through the steady use of the agitation bellows to fire their passions and raise them to a very great heat, the points of likeness with the paranoic personality come out still clearer.'

Professor Louis Levin, one of the leading men of science in the field of research on narcotics, writes in his *Lehrbuch der Toxikologie, Gifte und Vergiftung* on the social evil brought about by the misuse of morphine the following words: 'There are morphine takers among statesmen, officers, explorers, judges, and University teachers. The man who has come to know the pain-deadening or peculiar effect of morphine, flies to the remedy also in less serious bodily affliction, and even when he feels only mental disturbances: cares, sorrows, bitterness, or resentment.'

Professor Levin finds in the case of all morphine-takers that 'boastfulness' which is to be seen in Göring also.

Professor S. W. Kraiz, who also is well known in the scientific world, points out that a characteristic of morphinists is the 'hysterical feature,' a 'schizodizing

of the personality,' and, above all, 'unusual egocentricity, crotchiness, conceit, peevishness, and hasty temper.'

When we read the features that mark out the morphine-taker, we seem to see Göring before us. His ever-uncontrolled nature speaks of hysterical traits, and his lust of ruling, his showiness and boastfulness are also known only too well, even among his National Socialist followers.

Professor Eugen Rost, the German medical counsellor once wrote in the Hitler epoch :

'The World War has brought with it many victims for the misuse of morphine ; the revolution and the times that came after have furthered the misuse of morphine.' This is true too in Göring's case. Professor Rost also openly acknowledges that every morphinist, whether he is cured or no, shows 'serious hurt from the psychological standpoint,' and it is just this that the writer wishes to prove for Göring.

To put a people's fate into a morphine-taker's hands means not only a danger for Germany, but a danger for the whole world too. Europe has in its history had many unworthy rulers, but sick rulers in whom all conceptions were morbidly distorted have always up to now meant the greatest misfortune.

II

Göring's financial cares kept growing. Even in those times when he was not in sanatoria or hospitals, he had to live. Then it was that he and his old faithful comrade Körner, who now has a high post in the

German Air Ministry, hit upon the idea of making parachutes in Stockholm and selling them to various countries.

Here began a truly dismal chapter in the life of Göring the patriot. Göring's parachute production and delivery to foreign powers has up to now been a thing quite unknown, and the writer himself came on the track only by accident.

In Sweden there is a law under which printing-presses must send a copy of all their productions to certain State libraries. Thanks to this there is in the Royal Library in Stockholm the following pamphlet :

' Automatic or non-automatic parachutes ?

Some points of view in this question based on
experiences in the World War
by ex-Captain Göring,
finally Leader of Baron von Richthofen's Fighter
Squadron No. 1.'

This sixteen-page advertising pamphlet is in the library in three languages : German, English, and Spanish.

In it Göring praises the automatic parachute, mentions that it is used in Germany, but has not yet been introduced into other lands. All the theoretical considerations set forth in the pamphlet have the one purpose of inducing foreign military authorities to buy the Göring parachute. Göring writes that the German model is absolutely the most reliable.

As this pamphlet came out in several languages, it is evident that Göring was offering his parachute of German make to foreign armed forces. Whether or

not such action is to be called 'patriotic,' the reader may decide for himself. Once more we have here a proof that those who are always speaking of their love of country, and always have the words 'Deutschland, Deutschland über alles' and the like on their lips, are quite ready to barter their country's military interests for their own financial gain.

From the Göring parachute pamphlet we take the following passages :

' Since the general agent for the automatic parachute in the years after the war, the firm of Heinicke, was German, its introduction or trial was out of the question on national grounds for France and England, so that the big-scale American Irving propaganda did not meet with any competition to speak of. . . . ' And thus Göring (now no longer representing a State at war but the neutral Sweden) exhorts the various military authorities to use the modern parachute, which had already been introduced into Germany, Russia, Japan, Spain, Italy, Turkey, and the Balkan States. The Swedish automatic parachute of the Törnblad type was a greatly improved form of the Heinicke model. Göring ended with the words : ' I am convinced that England also, when the automatic system has been further improved, will come back again to it.'

Apart from the unpatriotic action of selling a patent important for the defence of his own land, Dr. Otto Strasser in a letter to the writer has accused Göring of having taken a double commission. ' As to Göring's flying matters,' Strasser writes, ' the head at that time of Lufthansa, the ministerial counsellor Brandenburg

(an old *Pour-le-mérite* airman), gave me full details in 1927. What he told me had to do mainly with the fact that Göring, who was then agent for a parachute firm, took a commission from his firm and from the buyers at the same time, and also by making use of old war acquaintances for himself he tried to get excessive prices paid. He seems to have kept faithful to these ways, for, as you know, he is now being taxed with having made the Bavaria Motor Works pay him as Minister for the Air big commissions for orders.'

Göring's Swedish chapter is from every standpoint a dark one.

THE HOME-COMING ★

I

WHEN THE AMNESTY SO ARDENTLY LONGED FOR WAS AT last issued in the autumn of 1927, Hitler knew that the released nationalists would come to him. His party was small, indeed, but had kept alive up to now. The German Nationals were the party of the old men—Monarchists and Junkers. There was no field of work here with possibilities of a career for the young World War generation. But in the National Socialist German Workers' Party (NSDAP) any old soldier might become a head leader, group leader, or district leader ; and if he was capable and could draw money from the masses, thanks to his anti-Semitism, he would be well looked after too.

Things were hard only for one man ; there was only one that Hitler would not have in his ranks. Hitler has never had moral scruples : homo-sexuals could reach the highest positions in his party ; Vehm murderers became Nazi leaders so long as they were faithful and fighters. But these conditions were not fulfilled by the former SA leader of 1923, who was now living in Stockholm. Hitler had heard a lot about him ; it had not been possible in the long run to keep secret the tales about sojourns in asylums.

The Stockholm scandals had also become known in

Berlin and Munich. Goring would only be a disturbing element in the party. Along with the Strasser brothers, Rohm too, who had gradually renewed contact with Hitler by correspondence, took sides against him. He warned against this 'crazy fellow.'

In 1927 Goring was amnestied. But he, the man who everywhere had been trumpeting abroad his burning love of country and had declared: "Yes, we had a fanatical love for our nation, it was at white heat"—he did not at once go home again. What was he to do in Germany? Hitler would not have anything to do with him. Sickness had taken so heavy a toll from him that Goring the *émigré* could hardly make a start with anything in his own country. Everything seemed hopeless. Then Goring hit upon the devilish idea of using blackmailing methods to make Hitler give him a post in his party. He threatened to sue Hitler for damages on account of the losses he had suffered through the 1923 coup, unless he was at once taken into the party and given a leading position. In this connection the writer would like to quote a letter he had from Dr. Otto Strasser, who was told by Hitler himself about Goring's attempt at blackmail. Otto Strasser would seem to have been remarkably well informed about what went on among the party leaders, as up to 1930 he held one of the leading positions, that is to say, up to the moment when he, too, found out that Hitler had never aimed at any National Socialism. 'Hitler knew all about Goring and his Swedish hospital adventures. Because of this Hitler in 1928 had been against Goring being put up as a candidate for the Reichstag. So far as I know Hitler was influenced in this by those round Röhm, who

bore a bitter hatred towards Göring. Then Göring had recourse to a mad plan : he threatened Hitler with an action for 70,000 Reichsmark damages for the wound he had received on 9 November ; he would make Hitler responsible for it in civil law. As Hitler, on personal and still more on political grounds, did not dare to run the risk of such an action with its disclosure of intimate things, he had to yield to Göring's blackmailing and put him on the leading group of the Reichstag candidates ; and in this way Göring was later elected. (*Vorwärts* once mentioned something about this matter, but it mixed up Major Buch with Göring, and so had to publish a denial.)

In this crooked way Göring succeeded in coming once more in among the leaders—a forced solution of the kind he so thoroughly loves. He likes to solve all difficulties by cutting the Gordian knot. Hitler found it hard to forgive him this blackmailing, even though events forced him to hold himself in check. Göring on his side did his best in the following years to atone for his ill deed. It is not for nothing that he is always stressing it that he is 'the Leader's truest paladin,' that all the Nazi leaders have to thank Hitler and only Hitler for their political positions. Mercenary soldiers have their own morality. Soldiers who have death before their eyes every day find their own conceptions of honour, which are beyond understanding by civilians. The jackboot takes the place of the mind, a thing in which Göring even glories : 'Let us be proud that outsiders scorn us as a nation of jackboots.'

And so Goring had won back his place again. The dreadful five *émigré* poverty-stricken years were at one stroke forgotten. Now he was right up in political life again. Hitler, however, still mistrusted him and was still determined to have nothing to do with him. He gave him no commissions and openly favoured Gregor Strasser and Goebbels.

But Goring was happy. He made up his mind to force Hitler to a reconciliation through some great deed. He was proud of his work as a Reichstag member, which had put him in the first rank of the National Socialist politicians. 'And so came the first election,' he writes, 'and we got twelve deputies into the Reichstag. We had but one task then—to attack everybody and always. Like pikes in the carp pond we stirred up the well-fed parliament-men in their contemplative ease. . . . The champagne was all over ; they could not call us, as before, champagne-drinkers and fanatics, and so get rid of the whole business.'

Goring was in his true element ; once more he was playing a political part. The Reichstag pay helped him over the worst financial cares. When in 1928 he came to Germany, he could not find any work. They would not employ him as a flying-man, and as an agent it was hard to earn a livelihood.

Not until the middle of 1928 did Carin Goring come to Berlin. Her sister gives a very graphic picture of that time : 'The Gorings were living in a simply furnished room and ate dinner outside in some humble

café. Many a day, when funds were low, there was only enough for one portion of pea soup, and this was divided into three. The third was Körner (the Prussian State counsellor and State Secretary of to-day).'

All this was changed at one stroke when Göring got his Reichstag mandate. The humble life quickly came to its end ; the Reichstag pay of 700 marks a month greatly bettered the situation.

'All goes well with us here,' Carin Göring wrote on 14 June 1928. 'Yesterday the Reichstag was opened, and, of course, I was there too. Hermann had found a splendid place alongside General von Epp from Bavaria ; the two sit quite alone at a table, right in front. They got this good place only because the number of seats had to be increased ; it was good luck indeed !'

Proudly Carin Göring wrote one day to her mother : 'This morning we had a long nice letter from the Crown Prince, in which he congratulates him on getting into the Reichstag and adds : "Your extraordinary gifts, your eloquence, and your physical powers are indeed well fitted for your new calling as a representative of the people."'

Even at this time Göring was still busy with the parachute business ; he was still trying to sell the original German parachute pattern abroad. Thus in the same letter from Carin to her mother we read : 'On Sunday or Monday we are flying for a few days to Zürich and Berne in Switzerland. Hermann has been asked to give some lectures there, and besides that he thinks of arranging a parachute demonstration with the Törnblad model. Just now there have been

several parachute accidents in the world (with other parachutes), and now Hermann would like to show what the Törnblad parachute can do. May it go off well.'

That Göring owing to his parachute business did really come into very near relations with foreign general staffs also comes out in the letter of 14 June : 'There have been several persons from Switzerland here and they had to be asked to dinner, among others the head of the air traffic, generals and colonels, majors and lieutenants.'

For a life with so much entertaining Göring needed money. It was not always pleasant to be short of it. The many prominent guests had to be entertained, the heavy expenses must be paid, and it was no longer pleasant to borrow the money from the head waiter at the regular bar in Rankestrasse in Berlin for the entertainment.

'In the autumn of 1928 the position had become surer. The Görings at length could set up a home of their own,' wrote Göring's sister-in-law ; at the same time she significantly enough left unsaid why the position had become surer, for the 700 marks Reichstag pay was not nearly enough to pay for Göring's heavy expenses. The air business was going on well, that is, the sale of arms to possible in the future hostile foreign powers.

When Göring began to get on his feet again financially, he hoped that Hitler, when an opportunity came, would entrust him with some important commission. He had, it is true, made Hitler put him as number seven on the Nazi Reichstag list, but so far he had not been given any work for the party. Then Göring thought

he would try on his own account to do what Hitler up to then had not succeeded in doing : to throw a bridge over to high finance and industry, so that the party would be saved and stabilized. Should he be successful, then Hitler would have to give him full recognition in spite of earlier differences.

We find hints of this again in Carin Göring's correspondence with her mother :

21 *February* 1929 :

'The whole house is filled with various politicians, so that one would go crazy, if it were not also so highly interesting.'

28 *February* 1929 :

'... I notice that the circle around us has grown. August Wilhelm, as also the Wieds¹, bring us together with a whole lot of interesting people. Yesterday we lunched with Prince Henckel-Donnersmarck. He is forty and sits in a wheeled chair ; his paralysis is growing worse ; I feel so sorry for him. He has himself taken to all the meetings where Hermann is speaking. . . .

A few days ago Baron Koskull dined here. He is at the Swedish legation. The von Bahrs² and August Wilhelm were also dining. . . . Later came Count Solms and his wife and the Duke of K.³ with his daughter. You may imagine the Swedes open their eyes wide !'

It was with pride that the daughter told her mother

¹ The Prince of Wied, now German minister at Stockholm.

² A leading personality in the Anti-komintern.

³ Probably the Duke of Coburg.

of the distinguished acquaintances. Anyone who has a knowledge of conditions in Germany knows that the Henckel-Donnersmarck Junker and industrial family is among the wealthiest in the land. The Hohenzollern Prince August Wilhelm also owned great wealth, and, a thing of still greater importance in this case, had the best relations with the nobility and commoners.

For Carin Göring the distinguished names were the important thing ; for the Nazi Party it was their influence, their connexions, and finally their money. Göring systematically sought the way to industry. It was smoothed before him partly by the Kaiser's family, partly by the industrial men themselves. Göring knew that if he could succeed where so far Hitler had failed, then he would in a short while be the most important man in the party next to Hitler.

The first small successes and his ambition drove him further. Nor could Hitler any longer neglect Göring. The time was drawing near 1930. There was an election ahead again, on which rested the party's future. Unemployment, the general discontent, and the ill-success of the democratic governments had brought discredit on the Centre and Left parties. The outlook for the Nazis was good. Every man was needed for the mighty propaganda campaign ; all the Reichstag men were sent out around the country, and Göring had to go too.

Göring found a great draw for his election campaign : he got Prince August Wilhelm to speak at his meetings. This was something for the Conservative country-side, an extraordinary experience for the petty tradesmen who seldom had the chance of seeing a real prince from near. The nationalist feelings of the ' good old times

of the Kaiser' woke to a new life. Even upon the working-men it was hoped that a prince would make an impression, a prince who publicly stated that there were no longer any classes ; he, the prince, was ready to work alongside any man from the people. These phrases did not fail of their effect.

'My Hermann is travelling around on an election tour with August Wilhelm,' Carin wrote once more to her mother. 'It begins in East Prussia and then goes right down as far as Cologne, at a different place every evening. Both of them speak, and all the meetings have been already sold out for days past. The smallest hall holds 4000 ! The biggest 25,000. . . . August Wilhelm is a Hitler man through and through, he is with him with all his soul. He is unassuming, helpful, ready to serve, hard-working. I like him better and better every time we meet.'

In acting thus Göring had his own ends in view. For him there could be no better way of winning popularity among the masses than to make his appearance along with the Hohenzollern prince, especially as the prince was so 'helpful and ready to serve.'

Although Göring was gradually beginning to do good work, he still was kept out of the way within the party, for Hitler did not so quickly forgive him for his black-mailing. It was in a state of depression that Carin had to write to her mother on 22 March 1930 that a certain Dr. Goebbels was leader of the party in Berlin. 'Yesterday we had the Wieds to dinner here,' she told her, 'together with Dr. Goebbels, the leader of the movement here in Berlin.' And then she spoke of the spiritual, sentimental, and poor level in this

circle, and quite seriously gave this description : ' The Princess had made a wonderful drawing of Hitler companies on the march, with the swastika flag at their head ; among the soldiers you saw those whom the Communists had murdered marching with them as shining figures.'

Although Göring was not the leading man in the Berlin organization, yet his were the most important among the connexions, and all the more he stressed his own importance. The links with the Hohenzollern family grew stronger and stronger, and it was especially these that were to bring undreamed-of advantages to the party. The ex-Kaiser probably was hoping to be able to come back to Germany through the National Socialists. Since the monarchy was overthrown it was the first time that a member of the house of Hohenzollern (Prince Auwi=August Wilhelm) stood again in the political foreground. The Nazi Party was sly enough to lure him with empty hopes. Carin confirmed the intimate ties with Doorn when she wrote to her mother :

28 February 1930 :

' . . . Once more thanks with all my heart, I am sending you with this a picture of the late Kaiserin and the small August Wilhelm ; she was only Princess then. On the picture is written : " A little memory of happy days." He sent it to Hermann, but I begged to have it. . . .'

Still more clearly does Carin express herself on

4 January 1931 :

' Then we are going to Doorn. The Kaiser said that we could fix the date ourselves for any time

between to-morrow and the 29th of this month, and stay there a week. . . .’

The election was not till September. The election campaign had to be thoroughly prepared for, and Göring reckoned on not having any very important political commission before the election. So now what he had to do was to visit the German provinces with the Hohenzollern Prince, and as a simple propagandist to warm himself a little in the sun of princely popularity.

‘It was an extraordinary fluid that streamed forth from these mass meetings,’ Göring himself wrote. ‘In the beginning out in small smoke-begrimed suburban rooms, right amidst the hatred of the workmen who had been stirred up, and against Marxist and Communist agitators. How often one of these meetings would end with a regular fight inside? how many wounded were there not? and how often were we not driven and thrown out by weight of numbers? But it did not stop us, always we came back again with fresh courage, always we stormed these red citadels anew. . . .’

For long past the Jew had taken the lead in the fight against us; he it was who secretly worked the wires and stood behind all our various opponents. Sometimes he turned up as a reactionary, as one of the German-Nationals; another time we would come upon the soft, hypocritical, and so the more cunning beings of the Centre; then it was the peaceful men of honour of the People’s Party; then the fat philistine face of a Marxist boss would be staring at us; and then it would be a Communist being from the under-

world with a face twisted in hate. But however varied the mask might be, the face behind it was one and the same : Ahasverus, the everlasting Jew, was everywhere agitating, and any means suited him.'

How simple and artless a soldier's brain can be ! Intellectual studies had never been the strong side of this uneducated hustler—and yet he is among the most intelligent in the group of National Socialist leaders. The man who is against the Nazi guards is the Jew, the Bolshevik, and the sub-man. Jewry, this people persecuted throughout the world, leads, we are told, the attack on the German people !

Here we can clearly see with what lies a people can be got to march ; 550,000 Jews, we are told, are a danger for a nation of sixty-five millions ! Any minority in almost any nation must pay dear for its weakness in numbers. Weakness is from olden times the best object for exploitation and persecution. Any sentimentality is foreign to the Nazi soldiers' movement : whatever is useful for it is good. Morality is a conception that has been invented by 'decadent Liberals.' A system of thought such as this is easily built up.

3

A state of fever prevailed in Germany : hundreds of election meetings every day in all the towns, the land in unrest.

For months Göring was travelling about the country. His stepson Thomas had come to his mother for the holidays ; Carin had successfully carried this through. He went everywhere with his stepfather. The great

day of decision was drawing nearer and nearer. The Nazis spent unbelievable sums on their propaganda ; they stirred up the nation. The democratic parties on the other hand urged moderation and calm. But the golden mean had lost its power to attract.

Göring's flat, lavishly fitted up, in Badische-Strasse now was the meeting-place for all the political and financial adventurers, the centre for the nationalist conspiracies and negotiations. At Christmas 1930 Carin Göring wrote home : ' At Christmas-time we had callers. . . . There were the Wieds with their daughters (the eldest a beauty with youthful charm and modesty) ; then too August Wilhelm and his son, Goebbels, Pilli Körner, and the rest. We had to lay a table in the hall for Thomas, Prince Alexander, and the two Wied daughters.'

A few days later the political conferences at once started again.

Göring's great adventure had been successful. He had succeeded in getting what Hitler could not in all the past years. The bridge was thrown across between the National Socialists and the oligarchy of industrialism. The Labour Party, so-called, entered into negotiations with the masters of industry.

Quite ingenuously Carin Göring mentioned the very fact to her mother which the Nazi Party disputed for years and even still denies :

' Sunday 4 January 1931.

BADISCHE-STRASSE 7, SCHÖNEBERG-BERLIN.

MY DARLING MOTHER,

. . . To-morrow evening we have visitors ; among others Thyssen is coming and other men of industry,

Herr von Schacht (was never one of the nobility), and Hitler. I also asked the Wieds; the others¹ are coming too with their wives.

I shall have pea soup with meat and Swedish apple-cake with vanilla sauce, and only Cilly to wait on us. Princess Wied's cook will help us in the kitchen. I think it is so nice to have everything so simple, and I shall have everything well done and as good as I can. Yesterday I had a little tea party here, and while we were sitting drinking tea there came quite unexpectedly a German count. . . .'

There we have it in black and white that Göring brought Thyssen, Schacht, and Hitler together, and with them all the other gentlemen in the Essen industrial union.

The business had been accomplished. The negotiations went off satisfactorily. It was resolved that Hitler in a short while should unfold his plans before a meeting of the industry in the Ruhr district.

Money was put at the disposal of the party, and with it the Nazis at once started a new great propaganda campaign. Hitler abjured all socialist plans and toed the industrialists' line. The working-class with its constant social demands was the head of the opposition: social democracy, the trade unions, and the Communists must go, so that the industrialist party should have free hands. It was believed that the middle classes, who laid the blame for Versailles and the great crisis at the door of the Left parties, would help in bringing them down.

Victory along the whole line! Industry had been

¹ Prince August Wilhelm and Goebbels,

won over ; only the military were now lacking. But as the Rhenish-Westphalian industrialists had been already won for the party, it was to be hoped that the Reichswehr too would be on its side. There were always German soldiers who were willing to take a share in a revolution.

Directly after the conference with the German masters of industry in Goring's home, he and Carin were bidden to the ex-Kaiser at Doorn. Through him and Prince Auwi it was believed that a bridge could be thrown to the soldiers. They certainly were monarchists, but they hated this people's state, this democracy, which had set limits to their power. Might it be that their dream of a military dictatorship could be brought into union with the National Socialist plans ? It was only a case of being given time.

Göring, anyhow, was the most important man of the day. From the money the party received from the industrialists Hitler at once bought him an expensive car—given for the sake of contact with Essen, where the most important masters of industry were : Thyssen, Vögler, Krupp, and Schacht.

The disunion in the capitalist camp strengthened still more the Rhenish-Westphalian links with the Nazis. Hitler personally thanked Göring for this step won. An important stage now lay behind them.

THE FIGHT FOR POWER ★

I

"THE YEAR 1932 WILL ALWAYS BE LOOKED ON AS ONE of the most important turning points in German history," Göring has said. "And it is, indeed, a year of interesting events, of unbelievable tension, of far-reaching agreements. The curve of Germany's life seems to have touched bottom ; in every direction the limit has been reached. . . . Diplomatic decisions tumble over one another. One election follows on another ; the avalanches of meetings roll over the land without a break. . . . And so too in the political theatre the changes of scene follow one another. The first Brüning cabinet is overthrown, and with slight changes the second Brüning cabinet is dished up after a few weeks for the German people."

Meanwhile Adolf Hitler with his staff had settled into the Kaiserhof hotel in the neighbourhood of the Reich Chancellery in Wilhelmstrasse.

The Nazis were full of confidence. Goebbels wrote in his diary : ' I have been speaking with an authoritative person in Germany's industrial life. He is convinced that Wilhelmstrasse will give in sooner than we think.'

Hitler also was being encouraged by his fellow-fighter Frick, who made him a ' councillor of govern-

ment' and a German citizen. Democracy helped the dictator-to-be and once again showed its lack of understanding. Hitler became bolder and bolder. He was already threatening his opponents with the ill-omened words: 'heads will roll,' when the Nazis have come to power. Brüning, the Chancellor, shut his eyes to the danger. Looking on home politics as being of secondary importance, he threw himself humbly at Hindenburg's feet and promised to make him President once again. The old man of eighty-five did not want yet to come down from the stage. He still kept believing his advisers that Germany could not live without him, that it was only he who could lay the road for the nation's future. None guessed then that this future was to be the National Socialist dictatorship. His rulership in the last seven years had not worn him out; quite the contrary. Now that the power of parliament was growing less and less, the act of governing gave him still more joy. The old generation was not willing to leave its place; it was fighting to the last drop of its blood for its positions.

On 12 January Göring was again with Hindenburg and handed him the Hitler memorandum on the election for the Reich presidency. Göring's reception was a very cool one; he was not even asked to take a seat. "Why does not Herr Hitler come himself?" the Reich President asked, and sent Göring off.

Hindenburg was not yet willing to take the Nazis into the government. He was afraid of his German Nationalist and military friends. And besides, who was this Hitler? 'A Bohemian corporal'—'I won't make him even the Minister for Posts.' And Göring? Meissner, the Secretary of State, had not forgotten to

tell him about all his morphine episodes. Hindenburg, the feudal Junker officer, was not a man of great intellectual culture nor a man with any particularly strong emotions. But he had old Prussian views about decency and reliability, and neither Hitler nor Göring came up to these demands. He was, however, forced to negotiate with them, for they represented the strongest party against his Chancellor Brüning. Hitler was his opponent in the Reich presidential election. He might treat the Nazis haughtily, as he did at the beginning, but he could not ignore them.

On 15 January Göring made inquiry of Brüning, handed him too the Nazi Party's memorandum on the Reich presidential election, and at the same time made the attempt also to find out how the Centre stood. Would the Catholics go together with the Left parties? Were there no chances of a coalition? Brüning's face betrayed nothing, the answer he gave was not without ambiguity. He, too, wanted to win time. 'Let us wait till the Reich presidential election is over, then we shall see.'

The National Socialists looked forward to the election with trust. Hitler, of course, would not be able to beat Hindenburg. Although there were certain possibilities, still party circles did not harbour any very great illusions, the more so as the Social Democrats too had decided on supporting the Conservative candidate. The last reserves of money were being used for the election, all the connexions that had been made must be put to use for the finances. Göring worked all the circle of his acquaintances to get money or credit through them for the election. Every means must be tried so as to get a majority or at least to reach some-

thing like the same number of votes as Hindenburg. Goebbels even insulted Hindenburg for keeping company with 'the November criminals.' It was the first time that the National Socialists openly attacked the nation's soldier.

The result of the election was a sensational one. Two contests had to be held for Hindenburg to be elected ; he got only 53 per cent of all the votes. In the second election Hitler polled 36 per cent. But while Hindenburg and Hitler were fighting for power, the fate of the most important man in this election, the man who helped Hindenburg to victory, Chancellor Brüning, was being decided.

Brüning had no inkling of his fall. Hindenburg's victory for him was the same as his own. His wish now was to play the part of the strong man as against the National Socialists, and at once put to good use their defeat. A few days after the election Brüning, supported by General Gröner, prohibited the SA organization. Democracy could not tolerate a private army ; it could not tolerate troops in the land for civil war. The opposition to the National Socialists began for the first time to spread to wider circles. Even the Conservatives felt a spiteful joy at the prohibition made against their election opponents. At the same time the democratic groups also and the Reichsbanner organization took on a new life ; the 'iron front' against the Nazis was being built up. Democracy showed more signs of a will to fight and defend itself. But in the long run this all meant nothing. The nation was suffering too much, unemployment and want were too great for anyone to be able to count upon a serious struggle.

The prohibition of the SA was a heavy blow for the National Socialists. Thousands of SA men lived on this organization ; from it got food, dwelling, and clothing, although they held no paid posts.

Hitler was disturbed. Göring raged and swore to take revenge. In the Reichstag he made a fiery speech.

2

The decay went deeper and deeper. Between the fight to death and death itself there was only a short interval ; it looked as if the disaster could not be staved off any longer. The election on 31 July 1932, in which the numbers taking part were very high, brought the National Socialists a great victory : 230 mandates out of 608. The Moderate parties with the exception of the Catholic Centre went back. The Social Democrats lost 600,000 votes, but the Communists found 800,000 new followers.

As a result of the renewed election victory the demand for power by the National Socialists took a tremendous step forward. What was going to happen now? Was Hitler to be Chancellor? Göring had now to scratch up the soil for the sowing even more than before. He even succeeded in arranging a meeting between General Schleicher and Hitler.

On 13 August a conference with Hindenburg was held. Administrative questions were under discussion. Göring and Goebbels were not allowed to accompany Hitler ; Frick and Röhm went instead of them. Frick was the Thuringian Minister and so the representative of a Nazi government. Goebbels and Göring

relied on him. Rohm was taken too to represent the million men army of the SA and to make threat of the street mob's rule.

All were resolved to show a resolute front, but the reception was quite other than they had looked for. This time too the visitors were not asked to take seats. Hindenburg let the National Socialist leaders wait (which in itself was a rebuff), and at last came in with his son Oskar, with von Papen, Schleicher, and Meissner. All except Schleicher were wearing civilian clothes. Eye-witnesses have told how Hitler wanted to shut the door after him, but it had already been shut by a servant. He stumbled as he walked towards Hindenburg. Hindenburg stood there as cold as ice, and did not stir a feature. He leaned on his stick, and there was silence. The pause grew beyond bearing. The Junker, the great landowner, and the man from the exclusive club against the little ordinary man. Hindenburg treated Hitler as a corporal—a result of Schleicher's influence. In his peculiar bass voice Hindenburg roared at him :

"I have sent for you to ask whether you are willing to work with us under Reich Chancellor von Papen."

"I have already told the Reich Chancellor what my conditions are."

"You demand, therefore, the whole power?" Hitler nodded. "Yes, I want a position of the kind Mussolini has."

Hindenburg answered with annoyance : "That is a thing I cannot lay upon my conscience."

Then silence. Hindenburg hesitated, uncertain whether he should dismiss Hitler with a snub, or go on observing the forms of diplomacy. Schleicher moved

not a feature, but his eyes lit up joyfully : he had won.

At last Hindenburg took his leave with words that could not be misunderstood : " For the future might I advise you to practise chivalry in the political fight ? " With a bow Hindenburg left the room like a king. After six minutes the meeting had been over.

This was a defeat. There was no possibility of any further discussion. " You will treat me differently one day and go on your knees before me," Hitler hissed.

What was to be done now ? Göring was the only one who could find a way out. He still had his connexions with Schacht, Thyssen, and von Papen. Prince Auwi too could be prevailed upon to let the Conservative Junkers know at some time or other.

The Nazi Party could not go on waiting so long. The millions of electors absolutely must be shown some result, if they were not to be lost.

The die was cast ; they had to put out all their strength. They now went for von Papen, who in the last moment had betrayed the National Socialist German Workers' Party. Schleicher was master of the situation. But if von Papen fell, Schleicher's turn was next, the only follower of the ' Jew Republic ' that could be taken in earnest.

The Nazis had never found themselves in a worse dilemma. Göring warned them against proposing to make Hitler Vice-Chancellor.

Hitler received Göring in a desperate state of mind. He had one of his usual hysterical attacks : he wept, he shouted, he gasped for breath. Göring shouted his pet saying : " Blood must flow."

Meanwhile the leaders gathered together ; even Gocbbels supported Goring again. No one mentioned anything about his private hopes and disappointments ; all were flattering Hitler. Goring rose to speak : the idea that Hitler should be Vice-Chancellor showed a lack of psychological understanding. The proposal was simply preposterous politically. They could offer Adolf Hitler whatever they chose ; they could set him in any post owing to his abilities ; but wherever it was, only as head, as first man. The word 'vice' or 'deputy' before the name of Adolf Hitler was a thing utterly impossible, and should be looked on by the whole party as nothing more or less than an insult.

Hitler meanwhile had calmed down. Going on with his analysis, Goring explained further why Schleicher and Hindenburg laid this trap. There were two aims : firstly, the bitter opposition of the National Socialists was to be hampered thereby ; secondly, National Socialism was thereby to lose the strength of its thrust, be robbed of its glory, and be slowly crushed to pieces in the parliamentary treadmill. Hitler without having the slightest influence on power was to be forced to take over the responsibility for every democratic cabinet's futility and political weakness. . . . The movement could certainly have a parliamentary opposition group, but Adolf Hitler could not possibly be the parliamentary democratic leader of a government.

Hitler agreed with Goring although some of the other leaders had different views. Particularly Gregor Strasser led the opposition.

Goring and Hitler withdrew. They both wished to

draw up a plan for the coming diplomatic negotiations. What had to be done now was to go systematically to work.

Von Papen had to be cultivated. They were ready to accept him for the present and then throw him over on the first favourable occasion. Then they would form a coalition with Schleicher, who would be sure to be his successor. After that Schacht and Thyssen were to demand a national government, call for the dissolution of parliament and for the abolition of all democratic experiments.

Göring negotiated with von Papen without of course letting him into the whole plan. But von Papen believed that the other Nazi leaders were against Göring and were now really willing to co-operate in the State. Thereupon von Papen arranged another visit by Hitler to Hindenburg, and the two agreed to put up with von Papen's government, since he had not the smallest parliamentary support in the Reichstag.

This truce did not last long. Von Papen's anti-social emergency dispositions irritated the Nazi supporters as well, so that Hitler and Göring now resolved to bring their original plan into action and start on the offensive against the Papen administration.

Göring found himself in a difficult position. He had been given the task to make all the preparations for overthrowing von Papen. So soon as the National Socialist group in the Reichstag voted against him he was done for. In spite of this von Papen was still one of the most important instruments for the National Socialist party and one of the best points of support. But this was the only way out. Schleicher grew more

and more active ; with the help of the circles round von Papen the Reichswehr minister and the future Chancellor could be brought down.

‘ And so at last the fight started against von Papen,’ Goring wrote. For none knew whether this intrigue was going to bring victory. Schleicher or Hitler, the army or industry—who would win the power in the government ? ‘ As men we were sorry for it,’ Goring wrote further, ‘ for we esteem him highly as patriot and man ; politically the fight was an unavoidable necessity.’

And so there came that well-known scene when von Papen tried to dissolve the Reichstag but was stopped by Göring, who was now its Speaker. This brought down the government.

3

On 6 December 1932 Göring was again elected Speaker of the Reichstag. But his most important field of work even now was outside parliament. In the Reichstag Frick was looked on as the leading National Socialist brain, so far as he, too, like all the others, was not dependent on decisions in the Kaiserhof hotel. They must now take no tactically false step. Von Papen must be brought over altogether to the National Socialist side and Schleicher must be overthrown.

‘ The Führer,’ so Göring describes the position, ‘ had strictly forbidden all those working with him to carry on negotiations on their own account. I who was his political envoy in Berlin was given each day my instruc-

tions clearly drawn up, so that the Leader always firmly held the reins of the negotiations in his own hands.'

But Schleicher's position seemed a strong one when the government came into power, and the more so as the National Socialist curve sank. Schleicher had helped all his predecessors up into the saddle and had also in most cases brought them down. He was the master of the day. Now he wanted besides a government of 'workers and soldiers.' Anyhow, he professed himself to be a people's man and worked for his popularity. He was also a friend of the Hindenburg family. The old President was glad to see that at length a general was once more at the head of the government. Therefore he gave him full and unrestricted power. Schleicher, who was in the same regiment with the son, Oskar Hindenburg, and spoke to him as *Du* (thou), had been since long before the war a guest of the house. They now hoped to work well together.

Despair grew deeper and deeper in the National Socialist camp. Not only was the election result quieting, but also the debts arising out of the election had gone up to 12 million marks. How were they going to be paid? And how were they going to find the many millions needed for 1933? The party threatened to fall to pieces. Money, money, and again money was the great problem. Von Papen was the only man who could help here; he was rich, and besides this he held the key to the necessary connections. Schacht, Thyssen, and Krupp must once more to the rescue with their resources so as to clear the party.

The year was now drawing to its end. Before the beginning of January there could be no hope of finding

any money. Schleicher had called a truce for Christmas. Between Christmas and the New Year there was no possibility of speaking with the masters of industry. The great struggle to clear the party was therefore put off till January. For this they were ready to consent to any political concessions, for the party had to be saved from collapse.

In the middle of December the Italian Minister for the Air, Balbo, came to Berlin. He stayed with Göring and was able to admire his own portrait on the wall of the Görings' house. Göring put the whole situation before him. The last time the Reichstag Speaker was in Rome was 1931; he had then visited Mussolini and the Vatican. But at that time he had met with but little Italian love in return. Mussolini then held the same view as the Italian historian Malaparte, who in his book on 'The technique of the *coup d'état*' insisted that Hitler would never become dictator.

But now, Göring explained, the goal was not far off. What was needed was only money for the final struggle. Balbo promised help; he would discuss the matter fully with Mussolini.

On 29 December Goebbels wrote in his diary: 'Göring tells me all is in order.' What was in order? The Italian money? Or the planned meeting in von Papen and Hitler at the banker Schröder's of Cologne? Perhaps it was both these things. 'Von Papen,' Göring explained later, 'whom once we had to fight against for political reasons, has now seen the true importance of the hour.'

Meanwhile there was coming a fresh surprise in home politics. The Junkers east of the Elbe, Hindenburg's friends and war comrades, were under the cross-

fire of public opinion. The Centre and the Socialists had carried a demand through the Reichstag that a special committee should be appointed to go into the question of what had been done with the money for helping the East, which was known as the Subsidy for helping the East. The Junkers had never been loved in the land. While the people was starving and no way could be found out of the flood of unemployment, besides industry the Junkers also east of the Elbe were given considerable sums for protection against 'encroaching' Poland and for helping the peasants—as it was given out.

Schleicher, who had again taken up the Brüning plans for colonization, supported the demand for this committee of investigation, urged on to this by his advisers. But he would never have done so if only he had guessed what incriminating material was to come out through this against Hindenburg's most intimate friends. Dreadful figures, till then never checked, came to light. On the one hand 12,000 farmsteads with 230,000 hectares of land had been paid 69 million marks in subventions, while on the other hand 722 big landowners with 340,000 hectares of land had been paid almost as much, that is 60 million marks.

The State subvention had thus benefited first of all the great landowners. The 12,000 peasants had together not received much more than the 722 big landed men. It was a scandal such as there had never been. The super-patriots in the East, who were loudest with the nationalist phrases on their lips, had been shown up as swindlers.

The details were still more disastrous. Von Oldenburg-Januschau, Hindenburg's most intimate friend

and the neighbour of the Neudeck estate, had been paid no less than 621,000 marks from public money for the improvement of his estate but had used the money at once to buy a fourth estate and then had made request for a further subsidy for all four. A Junker with the name von Zitzewitz, a name not unknown in Brandenburg history, had also bought a new estate with the public money that was paid him. A land-owner, by name von Kvast, who had gambled away all his property, in spite of this received 250,000 marks on the grounds that his estate had been in his family for several centuries. Other Junkers bought themselves racing studs with the public money. Even the ex-Kaiser's second wife had asked for a State subvention for her estates. Another Junker made his daughter, a minor, buy his estate at auction for a fictitious price and by means of his money from the State stopped all other intending buyers from bidding. Other Junkers lost their eastern subvention money at Monte Carlo. In short : a frightful state of corruption. The nation was starving, the suicide figures were rising, night shelters and poor-houses could not take in any more persons—yet there was the republican state subsidizing the feudal nobility at the expense of the poverty-stricken peasants.

Most of the Nationalists had a share in this corruption. Not the Hindenburg family, indeed, but through a private collection it had received 450,000 marks for improving the Neudeck estate, of which it had also received the gift. When Hindenburg got to know of the great scandal he was beside himself with rage. Those round him had not seen him like that for a very long time. His best friends and advisers stood revealed.

Before he had time to intervene one of the Centre men in the Reichstag gave the information that according to a first investigation 70 per cent of the eastern subsidy money had gone to the nobility and not to the peasantry.

Von Papen now saw that his great hour had come. All the material he could get hold of he gave to the National Socialists. He was with Göring almost daily. With this material the National Socialists were able to extort great concessions from Hindenburg. Up till then only a part of the material of the investigation had been communicated to the public. The Nazis were ready to publish everything ruthlessly if Hindenburg did not take the Nazis into the government. As yet it was not known what position Schleicher would take up. If he helped Hindenburg in hiding the truth they would not be able to bring him down but would have to enter into a coalition with him. Should he not shelter Hindenburg, or should he not be able to do so any longer at this advanced stage, then Hindenburg would have to bring him down. The plan was well thought out. On 5 January von Papen, Hitler, and the banker Schröder met together ; Schröder had big economic interests in Spain, which came to light in the Franco war. Money cares were now at an end. Goebbels wrote in his diary the significant words : ' If this coup succeeds we are no longer far away from power.' A few days later written in the diary were the words : ' Finances have suddenly improved.'

The inside political struggle reached boiling-point, but it was only behind the scenes that politics were being carried on. Parliament had a long time past become a fiction.

Oskar Hindenburg and his father wanted to stifle the scandal altogether. But Schleicher refused. Perhaps he hoped to be able by its means to undermine the old Hindenburg's patriarchal position. No one knows. Anyhow, he persisted in his refusal.

Hindenburg heaped reproaches upon him. He could not tolerate attacks against persons 'whose historic deserts at the hands of the fatherland' none could deny. "What do you think of doing against these criminal Bolsheviks?" he asked Schleicher. The Bolsheviks were in this case the members of the unpleasant investigating commission. How easy it always is for these gentlemen to get rid of their opponents by calling them Bolsheviks!

Schleicher saw the old man in front of him angrily tapping the floor with his stick. He knew that now it had come to an open break between them. Even Oskar Hindenburg was now against him. If he now gave way Hitler and von Papen would win. Had he not a photograph of the meeting of the three men in Cologne?

"Any action against the committee," Schleicher answered, coldly and deliberately, "would be a crime against the constitution. I cannot hide these misdeeds."—"Misdeeds!" Hindenburg now exclaimed. "Everything in the papers is lies. . . . We must set agriculture on its feet again, which the Marxists destroyed. Without it we cannot feed ourselves if war comes. Will you or will you not clear out this committee?"

Was this the last chance for Schleicher? We do not know about this either. Whatever was the case, he did not make use of the chance. For the General refused

to obey Hindenburg. Then the old man caught hold of him by the coat : " You heard my order. I look to you to take measures accordingly."

And now Schleicher was willing to put the matter right, for if he fell only action by the State against Hitler would be any good. He could give Hindenburg three months' grace and no more. In this time he must dissolve the Reichstag, call a new election (a fresh defeat for the Nazis, he told himself at once), and then it might be hoped that the new Reichstag would have other things to think about and that meanwhile passions would have calmed down.

Hindenburg and his advisers at once understood that new elections would only strengthen Schleicher's position. Meissner and Oskar Hindenburg brought pressure on the old man, and he refused to dissolve the Reichstag and to have new elections.

What was to be done now? If Hindenburg got rid of Schleicher he had to look forward to everything coming to light, too, for then Schleicher would no longer spare Hindenburg either, and then the manipulations of the house of Neudeck, especially getting round the death duties through registration of the landed property in the son's name, would become known to all.

There was only one way out. Göring inspired von Papen. The Hitler dictatorship would silence everyone, especially Schleicher. The dictatorship would put an end to all committees and parliamentary 'excrescences.' Göring also explained to von Papen (who in his turn would pass it on to the Hindenburg circle) that they would also be ready to take part in a coalition with other Nationalist groups. Göring and

Hitler were now ready for any compromise. They knew that once they came into power, then the SA would march and, if necessary, through the terror drive out the German Nationalist allies.

The industrialists, too, now liked the word and called Schleicher a Bolshevik, too ; his trade union plans were in their opinion not acceptable for industrialism. The great landowners and the industrialists wanted to get rid of Schleicher ; both groups gave him the name of Bolshevik as he would not work in their service. Not because he was anti-capitalist, but because he saw that the German State could only exist under the condition that an end was put to the desperate poverty of the nation.

On 27 January von Papen was given an audience by Hindenburg. He repeated word for word all that Goring had told him. The old man believed the Junker von Papen. Hitler as member of a National government would at once dismiss the Eastern Subsidy Committee and let the whole thing run out into the sand. This seemed a way out. Goring went on working outside the party. He wanted to come to Hindenburg with the new list of the government ready. 'Starting with 20 January,' he related, 'as political envoy I had daily deliberations with von Papen, with State Secretary Meissner, with Seldte, the leader of the Stahlhelm Association, and with Hugenberg, leader of the German Nationalists, on future developments. It was clear that the goal could only be reached through the remaining Nationalist forces being wholly united with the National Socialists under Adolf Hitler's absolute leadership.'

He then sketched von Papen's part in the following

words : ' He came into an alliance with us sincerely and with all his heart, and became an honourable intermediary between the old field-marshal and the young corporal from the World War.'

The industrialists, the great landowners, and the nobility brought Schleicher down. On Saturday, 28 January, Hindenburg dismissed the Chancellor. The week-end is a very favourite time for German politics ; the Sunday rest-day is always well fitted for great surprises.

The road now stood open before Hitler. But would Schleicher really capitulate ? If he had been politically active in the background for so long a time it was to be expected that he would not leave the political stage of his own free will, particularly as he had a great part of the army behind him. And the army marched, if only the order was given. Two *coups d'état* were on the threshold : Hitler's and Schleicher's. Which of them had the courage ? Who would be the first to march ?

After Schleicher had been dismissed, he went back to the Ministry. He now wanted to make trial of what had been in his mind the last few weeks. Speedily he called together the representatives of the Social Democratic and the Catholic trade unions. He enlightened them as to the situation. There was no way out but the general strike. As at the time of the Kapp putsch the workers must now also put down the counter-revolution by the general strike. Schleicher had made a close study of modern military theory, and knew the power of the masses. The general strike would be supported by the army ; and there would be martial law throughout the country. Hitler and von

Papen would be arrested for high treason and Hindenburg would be faced by new facts. The army and trade unions were in future to be the supporters of the State. But they must be quick about it. Schleicher had already informed General von Bredow and some other officers about the matter. On the Sunday troops would already be coming from Potsdam ; they would march through the Brandenburg Gate, and the German Republic would be saved.

Against army and general strike no one could do anything. Hindenburg would have to capitulate. The Reichswehr, moreover, had long been ill-pleased at the constant running to and fro between the President's palace, Wilhelmstrasse, and the Kaiserhof Hotel. The trade union leaders held the decision in their hands. Schleicher had deliberately turned to them and not to the Social Democrats and the Centre, for they represented the masses and not any party.

The trade union leaders were bewildered. The Catholics were ready ; Leipart, the Social Democrat trade union leader, was undecided, and hesitated. He must first speak with the other leaders, and when at last he came with the definitive answer, it was one worthy of this republic that died by its own hand. The trade unions had substituted compromise for the fight : no one wanted to fight any more. Leipart right down to 1 May 1933—the day when the trade unions lost what was left of their legality—was even believing that the trade unions under Hitler could be put back on the same footing as before, that they would be left alone. Leipart and the other trade union leaders rejected Schleicher's proposals. "No ! we do not want any civil war ; we will not go with you."

This definitively decided everything. Cowardly Republican leaders left the masses at the last minute in the lurch. The Catholic trade unions were too small to act ; and without the masses Schleicher would not march.

He, too, like the trade union leaders, now capitulated. Hindenburg, moreover, had already heard about the plans for a *coup d'état*. He was ready to give Hitler the post of Chancellor in a National cabinet. Twice he had turned him away ; this time, when Hitler's star was already on the wane, he gave him the post. The industrialists and the great landowners had won.

Goebbels describes in his diary how Göring came to the Kaiserhof Hotel and told him the joyful news. "The upright soldier Göring, with the heart of a child," so Goebbels calls him, "brought his leader the most joyful message in his whole life."

With tear-filled eyes the fighters clasp one another's hands. Göring was the hero of the day ; they had to thank him for more than they could express. Hitler was now Chancellor of the Reich ; the Nazi Party was in power. The great hour was now come. For years they had been fighting for power. When they no longer were daring to hope for success, this fell into their hands.

None had been found to defend democracy ; the dictatorship was brought in from above, to protect the industrialists and great landowners.

Hitler, the former anti-capitalist, became the servant of capitalism. The tragedy of Germany was beginning. Soon the terror stalked the land, the spirit and culture disappeared. Brute strength fettered, for the hun-

dredth time in this land, the creative forces, which now have been banished to cellars, prisons, and concentration camps—until they once more win the day in the never-ending struggle between spirit and violence.

POWER AND TERROR ★

I

THE NAZIS WERE AT THEIR GOAL. WILHELMSTRASSE had yielded much quicker than they had dared to dream of. Göring was beside himself with joy, for the party's success was in great part due to him.

'On Monday, 30 January, at eleven in the morning,' he tells us, 'Adolf Hitler was appointed by the President of the Reich, and seven minutes later the cabinet had been formed, the Ministers had taken the oath. Up till then such cabinet-making had taken weeks, often months ; now the whole thing was over and done with in a quarter of an hour. With the aged field-marshal's words : "And now, gentlemen, onward and with God !" the new cabinet set to with its work.

'Unforgettable for me, who so often in the past year have gone to and fro as messenger between the Kaiserhof and Wilhelmstrasse, was that moment when I rushed out to my car and could be the first of all to tell the inquiring crowd : Hitler has been made Chancellor of the Reich. First there was a breathless silence, but then there was a roar like a storm wind. . . .'

What did Göring now do ? Göring, who had not been taken into the national concentration cabinet. Did Hitler again look on him as not fit ; or were the

German National members of the government and the Stahlhelm minister against him? He was not even being consoled with a ministerial post without portfolio, which even Röhm had been given. This had undoubtedly to be taken as Hitler's revenge, who had no wish for Göring to grow too powerful, but he was to feel clearly that he was no more than Hitler's right hand. In Wilhelmstrasse, too, there had long been the opinion that Göring was the most dangerous man in the party, and it was just for this reason that Hitler only appointed him to be Commissary for German airways. But Göring for the present was ready to put up with anything. He was far too happy over the victory won to feel a grudge against anyone. He knew he was going to strengthen his power, no matter what post he held, and in a short while, moreover, a Prussian ministerial post would be vacant. Air Commissary it might be now, but perhaps soon it would be Air Minister, when the Versailles Treaty had been broken and the planned rearmament begun. Hitler had given him to understand that, while von Papen was to be officially at the head of the Prussian government, Göring would really carry on the most important work. The Prussian ministerial post had been earmarked for him.

Göring was just a little disappointed but not the least anxious. If he only got the direction of the Prussian police and air forces, then no one could edge him out. His goal was to keep his position; he meant to become the first man in the country next to Hitler.

The first cabinet meeting on 30 January was fixed for five in the afternoon. As Commissary for the Air Göring had to be present. He wanted to come for-

ward himself with proposals for the most immediate work. He drove in his car to the nearest bookshop and bought all Lenin's works on the Russian revolution. Like one possessed he threw himself on the 'Marxist' books, on his Red antipodes, and sought to reconstruct Lenin's policy after he had taken over the power. And in him Göring found the conception of the party's dominating part as leader and van of the masses, and of the necessity of getting rid of all the other parties and groups. And about one thing above all he learned there : to keep the hold on the masses through popular slogans.

The two first calls on totalitarian power he could not put forward in the cabinet ; he would do this in the smaller circle of the leaders. The call for popular slogans for the masses would, on the other hand, be sure to find approval from the new government, and as newly-fledged Minister for Propaganda Goebbels would be sure to find out the best tactics for this.

For assuring power Lenin demanded the dictatorship of the proletariat and the holding by it of all the more important administrative posts, and especially its control of the police and the army.

Göring resolved to put forward proposals in this direction.

The old system must be clean swept away. His appointment as Prussian Minister President and as Prussian Home Minister was only a question of time ; and then he would make a change. He would show the party and the world how easily a State could be altered, how easy it would be to overcome all one's opponents.

2

The National Socialist leaders filled office after office. Already Göring had five well-paid posts : he was the newly-appointed Air Minister, a party leader, Prussian Home Minister, President of the Reichstag, and a Reichstag member. Soon more offices came along. "When forming the new Reich government," the new Minister tells us himself, "the Leader called me also to him. I was already before being appointed a Reich minister the Speaker of the German Reichstag, and I was to go on holding this post as a member of the government. The Leader, above all, entrusted me with the Prussian Home Ministry with the duty here in this place, in the Reich's greatest province, to strike down and crush Communism, root out the party that breaks up and wages war on the State, and instead of a corrupt (think of the Eastern Subsidy scandal of the Nationalists) Liberal-Marxist State ideal, to bring the stern world outlook of National Socialism into the administration."

Göring had read in Lenin that the first thing that must be done is to fill the whole administrative machinery with men from one's own party and send away the old officials. It may seem a paradox, but Göring imitated the Russian revolution. His cleaning up was a hard and brutal one.

At once, on 1 February, when he entered upon his new office, he published a proclamation to Prussian officialdom, which showed clearly the line he was going to take :

'I send my greeting at this hour to the Prussian officials serving under me, and call on them, along with me and faithful to the ideal of the Old Prussian corps of officials, to make of Prussia once more a stronghold of purity, economy, and devoted fulfilment of duty. Our goal now must be to root out all that which for many years, in the name of an ill-understood freedom and with a contempt for the German past and for German nationality, had nothing in common with true love of country and with self-sacrifice for the national whole. . . . If in this spirit you are willing to work with me honestly and to the best of your powers in building up our country again, you will always find in me an energetic protector of your interests.'

To the communal administrations Göring published the following proclamation: 'Socialist members of communal boards, of deputations and commissions with an official character are to be at once dismissed, so far as this has not already been done.'

In their stead commissaries were to be appointed to help the old reliable officials to be able to take over management.

Göring threatened: sugar cakes and the whip in one breath. The rebel, the one time trouble-maker, made submission to the old Conservative Prussian bureaucracy. The reactionary, the Prussian official, and sergeant-major type of the Himmelstoss kind triumphed.

Göring had become absolute master in Prussia. His plan now was to reorganize the police, as his father once had done in South-West Africa, to make of it an obedient tool for the new State. We will leave it to

Göring to speak, who undoubtedly knows best about his terroristic activity and his work of rooting out :

"I had taken upon me a heavy responsibility ; a gigantic field of work lay before me. It was quite clear to me that I could have use only for a small part of what was there ; the great part must be rooted out. What was above all of importance for me was to get the Security police and the Political police firmly into my hands. Here it was that I carried out the first thoroughgoing changes in the composition. I dismissed twenty-two out of thirty-two officers in the Security police, and thousands of constables followed on them in the course of the next months. Fresh men were taken in, and everywhere these men were drawn from the great SA and SS reservoir. What we had to do was to instil a new spirit into the Security police. Up till now it was this Security police that had been dragged down to being the scapegoats of the Republic. . . ."

After a few weeks one could already see how the bearing of the Security police had become bolder and prouder, how the embittered officials slowly began to become useful officers and constables again, who, while not militarily trained, had been taken in hand in the spirit of the old soldierly virtues. What was demanded was attention to duty, trustworthiness, obedience, and above all unconditional devotion to the National Socialist State and the new Germany. . . . A special troop, the Wecke police section (the most ruthless) was picked out and equipped with the weapons allowed the police and so formed the first Guards of the new Security police. . . .

I gave the strictest orders ; I demanded the whole

and absolute devotion of each one in the putting down of the elements hostile to the State. At one of my first great meetings in Dortmund I declared that for the future one man only would take the responsibility in Prussia and that was I. The man who does his duty, the man who follows out my instructions, the man who acts in the sternest way against the State's enemies, the man who uses his weapons ruthlessly when attacked—such men can be sure of my protection. But the man who as a coward runs away from decision, the man who pretends he sees nothing, they may be sure of being cast out as quickly as possible by me."

That is how a dictatorial leader speaks. To all his thirst for revenge, his joy in the terror he gives utterance once more shortly after this: "I declared then before thousands of people, my comrades, that every bullet fired from a police pistol is my bullet. *If that is called murder, then I have murdered.* All this I have ordered, I stand for it, mine is the responsibility for it and I am not afraid of it. . . ."

But this was only the beginning of the terror. The great sensations did not come till later: the secret State police (Gestapo) and the Reichstag fire. The elections were at hand. The terror had to reach its first climax.

3

The Nazis were well aware that their chances in a new election were not at all so very favourable. As the government party they could undoubtedly increase the number of their votes but they could never get a majority legally. This was only possible through

using the terror against the Left parties. Although Hitler and Göring were on a pretty good footing with the Reichswehr, yet Schleicher's position was still so strong that a *coup d'état* by Hitler would set the Reichswehr moving against him and cut him off from Hindenburg. No, the party must needs try to get the whole leadership into its hands in a 'legal' way. The Social Democratic and Communist papers like the Democratic ones had already been suppressed; a prohibition against demonstrations and meetings had been issued against the Left parties. How would the Labour parties and the representatives of the Democratic republic be able at all to carry on an election campaign. In spite of their immunity, Reichstag men were being arrested, too.

Nevertheless there was a dread of defeat in the Nazi party; if the Nazis did not win the majority in the new Reichstag, the Reichstag might bring down the government. "We are taking over the power so as to really own it and to keep it," Göring said. But it was easier said than done. The German National ministers were not too much to be trusted from the Nazi point of view. They would in case of need be ready even to put up with the moderate parties, especially as Hugenberg had already long been aware that the Nazis at the first favourable opening would wreck the coalition government.

The Stahlhelm, the union of the Front Fighters, had come to an election agreement with the Hugenberg party. Düstenberg, the Stahlhelm leader, was an opponent of Hitler's so that even from there surprises were quite possible.

There was only one possibility to keep the majority

in the future Reichstag : this was to destroy the Communists with their hundred mandates. Then victory would come. But how was this to be carried out before the election, since the democratic constitution, in spite of heavy damage, was still alive ?

No one knew what plans Göring, as the great leader in the fight against Communism in Prussia, had thought out ; no one knew what methods he was going to use for victory.

One thing only was known : that the Communists in the end had agreed to wage their fight on parliamentary lines. No strike was proclaimed against Hitler ; there were no demonstrations of force. They still hoped to be able to beat Hitler in parliament and not to have to do it in open street fighting. Göring had, of course, occupied the Communist party centres, forbidden the *Rote Fahne* newspaper, and declared that he had found secret cellars and underground places in the Karl Liebknecht house ; but he did not publish anything from this compromising material for a rising.

Until, that is to say, the desperate deed was done and the Reichstag set on fire. Even to-day no one can give the name with full certainty of the man who did it. Neither Göring nor the Nazi court nor even the secret police succeeded, in spite of many attempts at forgery, in convicting the accused men of the deed at the trial. Moreover, according to the witnesses' accounts Van der Lubbe, who was not a person responsible for his actions, could not have contrived the great fire alone. Who then was it ? The Communists could not but have known that a terrorist deed such as this would mean the end of their party—as indeed it was. They had not the slightest thing to

gain from the deed. And if they had had any such plans the buildings in Wilhelmstrasse would have been more effective places for the fire. Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels hastened at once to the scene of the deed, Göring reaching it surprisingly soon. Before the slightest police investigation had been made, before anyone yet had the ghost of a proof, already Göring and Hitler were roaring as though the knife was in their throat and were calling the deed an act of vengeance by the Communists. "Crush Communism ! Away with Social Democracy !" Goebbels roared to the Labour parties. Hitler was thundering : " It is a sign from heaven ; none shall be able to hinder us from crushing the Communists with an iron hand."

Everything had been well prepared. Göring at once set to work. That same night already thousands of Left men were arrested all over the country : Communists, even Reichstag men, Social Democrats, Liberals, Pacifists, Jews of no politics. All was brilliantly organized. The Democratic leading men and the Socialists were fetched out of their beds in the night and taken off to the nearest SA cellar or to prison. The campaign was starting. The political result for the election was that the Reichstag men on the Left, who were now under lock and key, were out of it as candidates and so a Nazi majority was assured.

Torgler, who boasted of his immunity, made his appearance all of a sudden at the place of the fire, protested loudly and clearly against the charge that the Communists had committed the crime, and declared the Nazis themselves had done it. He was not listened to and was put into prison. They called him an incendiary and a criminal.

The Communist Party was made illegal, the Social Democrats were as good as illegal, and thus did Herr Goebbels' vast propaganda start on its way. It crushed the Social Democrats and the Communists. Now the Nazis could go and vote, twist the election result to their own advantage, and, thanks to the arrested Reichstag men, get an absolute majority.

In many quarters it is maintained that Göring had a finger in events. It is known that an underground passage, seldom used, goes from the President's house to the Reichstag. It is also undoubtedly true that no German court has been able to prove the guilt of the Communists. All the accused were acquitted. It is also a certain thing that only the National Socialists stood to gain by the fire.

Göring made use of the burning of the Reichstag building to root out Communism. It was in fact his best and also his most welcome weapon. The next trial was to bring more details, more charges—and also more confusion.

4

The Reichstag fire for several months shook the world's conscience out of its lethargy, but then it fell back again into its old state. The writer does not propose to repeat here all the accusations in the two 'Brown Books,' but will only refer the reader to the Goebbels diary, which has several times been quoted from here. We find an entry there which should interest the politician as much as the psycho-analyst, an entry which is more revealing than Goebbels could even think. On 31 January he wrote: 'At a con-

ference with the Leader we lay down the guiding principles for the fight against the Red terror. For the time being we shall not take to direct counter-measures. The fire of the Bolshevik revolution must first blaze up.' Did his sub-consciousness dictate to Herr Goebbels the things that had been discussed? 'Blaze up.' When we think of the fire that came later this word cannot be dismissed with a shrug.

Long before the Reichstag fire Göring already had looked on the Communists and Social Democrats as the main target for his persecution and had made them responsible for every possible and impossible deed. Through the press he spread the statement that disguised Communists carried on terroristic acts so as to discredit the peaceful National Socialists. He gave as his reason for his actions against the German Nationalists and Catholics that Marxists had crept into these organizations. He made of Marxism the German philistine's bugbear. Every ill-deed was glossed over with a 'we must protect ourselves against the Communists.'

Thus Göring among other things tells us: "On 15 February it was established that the German Communist Party was at work forming terrorist groups of up to two hundred men. These groups would have as their task to put on SA uniforms and then make raids in cars on stores and shops and the like."

It is an old wife's tale to say that the Communists, persecuted by the dictatorship, ever came out in SA uniforms and made towns and villages unsafe.

The Nazi terror raged violently and unchecked through the land. The SA played its part as a special police. Göring's orders to shoot, which he glossed

over with the words : " Better I should shoot once too much than too little, but I will shoot," were held to be officially justified through untrue statements of the kind given above.

With greater and greater violence did Göring turn against the opponents of National Socialism. All of them without exception were now called by the name of Communists (even Brüning was a Bolshevik). A few days before the Reichstag fire Göring declared : " To the Communists I can say : I have not yet lost control over my nerves, and I feel myself strong enough to give them their own back for their criminal doings."

This is a revengeful man's outburst of rage. Here once more we have a psychologically interesting allusion : ' I have not yet lost control over my nerves '—this reminds one that it was only a few years ago that he had had heavy onsets of fury in the asylum and had made daily attacks on the asylum staff.

It would seem to be clear that Göring was again yielding to his morphine craving. Once more he was being whipped up by narcotics and often was not master of himself. He gave daily proof of his unchecked hate, his gladness at giving orders to shoot, his lust for carrying out the terror.

On 1 March Göring again spoke on the wireless. Nothing had been proved in the Reichstag trial, but still he declared : " If it rested with me, then the men who did it would long ago have been on the gallows." He wanted therefore to execute innocent men, for the Bulgarians and Torgler came off free in spite of the terrorist tribunal. " It will be my leading task to root out Communism from among our people." It was in this way that evil deeds were to be excused.

Abroad, voices in the press were already making themselves loudly heard which, sometimes in veiled words, sometimes openly, branded the National Socialists with Göring at their head as incendiaries.

Hitler on the whole did not go into this question when he was interviewed about it in the *Daily Express*, but only said : " Instead of suspecting me of playing false, Europe should rather be grateful to me for taking an energetic part against the Bolsheviks. If Germany were to become Communist—a danger which was always threatening till I became Chancellor of the Reich—then it would not be long before the rest of civilized Europe was attacked by this Asiatic epidemic."

Hitler thus led the question of the Reichstag fire on to quite another track. He had no wish at all to try and find out who was the doer, instead of that he stressed the fact that he was about to destroy Communism (and by that he meant also great democratic groups). People should be glad of this rather than call the National Socialists incendiaries.

Although no one had been convicted of the deed, although no court had as yet decided who the guilty ones were, and setting aside Van der Lubbe, who was irresponsible, the culprit had never been found, yet Göring once more declared before the assembled Berlin SA troops : " If things had gone as I wished, on the very night of the fire gallows would have been set up right opposite the Reichstag and the Communist monsters would have been hanged."

His sense of right went so far that he was ready to hang innocent men, only because in his blind hate he must ' root out and hang,' ' Blood must flow.'

5

At this hour an old man was sitting in his huge palace—alone. He knew life had not much more to offer him ; he had one foot already in the grave. With his eighty-seven years he could not play any active leading part although he still was at the head of the State. But he had thought everything would be quite different. Intrigues were not for him, he wanted to have clear and uncomplicated government business. But now it had happened, without his knowing it, when he was standing on the threshold of death, Hitler's captive. Was it really Hitler who held him prisoner or was it the new Chancellor's taskmasters ? Had not Oskar and Meissner and above all von Papen given him deceitful advice that day ? He had certainly never heard any more about the Eastern Subsidy scandal ; the nation had quite forgotten about it in the delirium of the revolution. But now all he was allowed to do was to sign. Every day papers were laid before him as Reich President without asking him for his advice, and all he had to do was to sign his name.

True, he had again hoisted the old Imperial black, white, and red flag, and the oath he had taken on the banner of the Republic had long been forgotten. But alongside the Imperial flag there now hung another also, a red ground with a huge swastika cross in the middle. And now he had to recognize both as State flags. He could not refuse for he was now their prisoner. This grew more and more evident to him.

It was a dreadful situation. He felt himself too old to fight. Besides, it might be best, perhaps, as it was, although every day complaints came in from his circle of friends. Hugenberg's position was not so safe; German Nationalists had been imprisoned, even Stahlhelm men, although he, Hindenburg, himself was honorary president of this organization. The Reichstag fire, too, looked suspicious. He had wanted himself to capture and tame Hitler; for this purpose he had put von Papen over Goring as first commissary in Prussia. But now things were changed and the Nazi Party was master of him, the President of the Reich.

Industry now set all its hopes on Hitler. Even the Reichswehr began to lean towards Nazism. If only he had listened to Schleicher! Now it was too late. A few days ago he had been speaking with Hitler in the presence of Reichswehr officers and had then come into contact with the generals. He guaranteed them all their rights, promised them promotion, and showed himself full of understanding for all their wishes. But Hindenburg was too old to act. He had enjoyed life to the full and really wished nothing more for himself than a peaceful evening to his life. Oskar and Meissner well knew what they had done. Moreover, later on things would have to go on without him.

The terror was certainly a dreadful thing, but it had been necessary also during the war. The Jewish persecutions? He was against them, but he had no wish to begin a fight for this small minority. He let things go as they would. He already felt his end drawing nigh. It was now the young men's turn to

steer Germany's course, he had worked for his country all his long life.

As late as August 1932 Hindenburg had pledged his word for the protection of the persecuted Jews and uttered his disapproval at 'any attempt to infringe the constitutional, political, and religious rights of the Jewish fellow-citizens.' But now he was too weak to interfere.

In the circle of his closest friends he would often say that it could never occur to him to be anti-Semitic. There were barely 600,000 Jews in Germany. How could they harm a nation of 65 millions? Moreover, 100,000 Jews had been in the war, of whom 12,000 had fallen at the front. No, he did not want to be unjust.

6

"Believe me, I shall keep my oath which I took towards the constitution," Hindenburg had assured the Minister Wirth only a short time before. But as the days went by in Potsdam all promises were broken, there the new dictatorship laws were drawn up which handed over all power in the Reich to Hitler. In a single paragraph in this law that gave full powers the German democracy was replaced by the National Socialist dictatorship.

'§ 1. Laws for the Reich can . . . , also be decided upon by the Reich government. The laws accepted by the Reich government can depart from the constitution so far as they do not affect the institutions as such of the Reichstag and the Reich council.'

It was easy to keep to a conception, that was called Reichstag, since only the Nazi Party was left as a State Party after the dissolution of all the democratic parties, as only its members could be elected to the Reichstag and as the Reichstag as such scarcely met any more. When it did meet there was only a bawling of hurrah ! to confirm the Hitler proclamations. The Reichstag men had been degraded to a clack of shouting yes-men.

The terror and the dictatorship had now been fully legalized. "Now we are going to act," Göring announced. In every department the new orientation started on its work. In these days Göring was talkative. He talked in public and amidst his friends of his work. He was quite garrulous, for he loved to talk of his successes, and now he was proud of the victory won, of his rising power in his responsible post. "An important field for me," he tells us, "was the making of new regulations and new appointments in the Prussian body of officials. Thus there was made the law to make a clean-up among the officials, which in the end led us to remove all those whose disposition and character were not likely to make them valuable workers in building up the new State. The new law, moreover, also led to our finally cleansing the bureaucracy from its excess of Jewish influence."

Göring is not an anti-Semite on principle ; he is not a psycho-pathic Jew-hater like Streicher. He has Jewish acquaintances and friends too. "Who is a Jew it is for me to say." But if Göring finds it useful, he can also openly stir up people against them. In the well-known Essen speech of 11 March 1933, when in his brutal way he gloried in his order to shoot

anyone who resisted, he spoke also of the German Jews : " There are those who say that the people is dreadfully disturbed at the Jewish stores being shut for the present, and that I am going to intervene. Well, what has happened beyond that we Germans have said : ' Germans, don't buy from Jews, buy from Germans.' I have been told that I must bring in the police, and do it regardlessly everywhere where the German people may be harmed. But I am against the police being troops to protect Jewish stores. No, the police protect any and everyone who comes honourably into Germany, but they are not here to protect stores."

This was a typically demagogic speech by Göring. Jew-baiting was popular in the country ; the stores were hated, for they meant the end of the small traders. But long ago stores like Tietz and Karstadt were transferred to non-Jewish hands, it is a long time since the police were brought in to protect these stores ; and when Göring, on 11 March, at the end of his speech declared : " We stand by our promise : ' The final reckoning shall be made,' " he certainly did not mean the stores and the other big businesses. The prisoners in the Third Reich are only the Socialists and Democrats, the political representatives of the people.

Göring himself knew this, and it was just this anti-social action that he wanted to hide when once more he turned the truth upside down and boastingly said : " We are happy, too, that German Socialism has triumphed." ' German Socialism '—which threatens every Socialist with death, which has robbed the workers of all parliamentary and social rights, which

looks on working-men as the obedient slaves of the leading industrialists—this 'German Socialism' was created by bayonets, by a secret State police, by the terror without which no dictatorship can stand.

In this Goring played one of the most important parts. He directs the whole body of police ; he is *de facto* the Police Minister of the Third Reich. He is in charge of the executive power against Democrats, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Socialists, and Communists throughout the country. He is master of the terror, one of those ruthless ministers of police of which history holds so many examples. The French revolution and counter-revolution had their Fouché, who also went on rooting out until he himself was left as a sacrifice on the battle-field. He, too, was a diplomat and intriguer ; he beheaded men without a twinge of conscience ; imprisoned and murdered, as the fancy took him.

During the war Goring saw whole mounds of dead. He knows no such thing as sentiment. A death by violence is for him something quite natural—and extermination is the soldier's business. Therefore it is that Goring was the man best fitted for the post of Minister of Police. When some day in the future the history of the terror comes to be written, when the history comes to be written of the police ministers from the Spanish Inquisition down to the Germanic floggings, when the Santerres and Fouchés come to be drawn—then it will be found that the Police Minister of the Third Reich, although he was living in the twentieth century with all its progress, in many respects went beyond his fellows of the Middle Ages.

"The National Socialist programme has been written in blood," Göring declared on 10 April 1934.

7

In spite of all its political revolutions at home National Socialist Germany could not ignore the world outside.

In France the new German happenings had been watched with the utmost consternation, scepticism and bitterness, in England silence was kept diplomatically, although many papers protested against the deeds of violence. The Soviet Union took up the same attitude towards Hitler as he did against that country. Did not Hitler and Göring, together with Goebbels, Hess, and the many other National Socialist leaders—did they not keep on declaring that Communism and the Soviet Union were the greatest enemies of Europe? Germany had to look about her for allies, if she was to realize her aggressive foreign policy against the 'shameful Versailles peace' and the 'Locarno dreamers of peace.' Only England and Italy were looked on as being fitting allies, as Hitler had already pointed out in *Mein Kampf*. But to win friends in Europe you had to be militarily strong yourself. Göring, who was at once chosen again as a negotiator, as to this could promise everything, for officially he only represented his own private opinion. (He was not Foreign Minister.)

The first thing to do was to win over Italy: the two Fascist brothers had to find one another. It was not the Foreign Minister, von Neurath, but Göring who

was entrusted with a journey to Italy. There they already knew Goring from his *émigré* days. From these April days to the joint action in Spain of the Italian-German axis there runs an unbroken chain of negotiations for an alliance between the two countries. Although differences on the Austrian and the East African questions often ruffled the harmony between the two partners, Goring did everything to persuade Mussolini to join in common activities. It was likely that events in Germany would strengthen the Radical parties in France: the people's front was throwing its shadow before it; and Goring persuaded Mussolini that France was an unreliable partner for an Italian alliance.

"But the great decision which is in question," he told Mussolini, "is the final settlement between the swastika cross and the Soviet star, between dictatorship and democracy."

For Goring the democracies were not a match for the dictatorships in a real fight. This Europe to-day was rotten; it could not stand up to an onslaught by the dictatorships. Mussolini could take his booty in Abyssinia without fear; the Germans would give him willing support in this. When the Germans, in their turn, should demand Austria and Czechoslovakia and throw off all their fetters in Europe, then they would get help in turn from Mussolini.

But the negotiations between Göring and Mussolini were harder than was expected: Mussolini, who had gone through the Marxist and the Machiavellian schools, was a diplomat. He made promises and sought to assure his influence in Austria, but would not enter into any fixed plans. It was against the

Italian influence in Austria that the whole activity of the Nazis was afterwards directed. But Göring had been given the promise of help as soon as the Abyssinian adventure was over. In Germany there had been a mistrust of Italy ever since the World War, when she broke up the Triple Alliance and put herself on the side of the Entente.

Göring, who was only too ready to believe in his successes, wired to Berlin that the negotiations were having a positive result and that Germany and Italy during the next few years would be fighting on the same front.

Nor did he have to wait for acknowledgment: in the middle of the negotiations there exploded a telegram. It came from Berlin, from the Reich Chancellor. Göring quickly cut it open, his diplomatic calm was, as it were, blown away: did it mean his recall or had the promised reward at last come? Was it von Papen's deposition and his own appointment as Minister President?

‘TO MINISTER GÖRING,

Rome,

German Legation.

I appoint you as from to-day to be Minister President of Prussia. I beg you will take over your work in Berlin on 20 April.

I feel happy to be able to give you this proof of my trust and of my gratitude to you for having worked so well for the restoration of the German people for the last ten years and more as a warrior in our movement for the victorious achievement of the national revolution.

tion, as Minister Commissary in Prussia ; and not least for the unparalleled loyalty with which you have knit your lot with mine.

HITLER, Reich Chancellor.'

Göring was wild with joy. At last Hitler was reconciled with him. How long had he not waited for this moment ? Had Hitler forgiven him ? Or was it only that he was indispensable for Hitler ? Who could know ? Certainly only Hitler.

'I appoint *you*,' Hitler wrote. In spite of their having been comrades so long, and of even Captain Röhm calling Hitler "my friend" and "*thou*." There still was something between them.

But apart from this von Papen's deposition and his own appointment as Minister President was a truly great event. Von Papen had long been a thorn in the flesh to Göring. Without the Gestapo this stroke of fortune would never have come to him. It was not only the Italian negotiations that had brought this to pass (although it seemed so), but also the fact that he had contrived to put into Hitler's hands compromising material against von Papen.

Von Papen who was now with Göring in Rome guessed nothing about this intrigue. He believed that he stood outside the great weeding out that was going on among the Centre men, the Catholics, and the German Nationalists. Besides, Hitler had originally meant to make von Papen Prussian Minister President, as a grateful reward for all his help in the critical days of the fight. That this did not happen was the work of Göring. He, the man with the 'upright soul of a child,' understood how, with the help of the Gestapo,

to get together compromising material against von Papen. They had found von Papen's secret notes, and among other things something else about the latest cabinet meetings, which he had dictated to his secretary, a countess. The noble lady was to hide the papers away, 'by chance' they were found in a raid, and oddly enough in the garden of a Communist colony. With this von Papen's career for the time being was at an end, and Göring had the place to himself. His Gestapo once more brought him victory.

But now the Italian negotiations had to be brought to an end. Göring also called on the Pope and promised him, in fair words, to give every support in the Catholic question. But a few months later, when one Catholic priest after the other was involved in trials and thrown into prison and concentration camps, he no longer remembered this interview with the Pope.

Now he had indeed come up into Olympus. Minister President of Prussia : the same office which had brought Bismarck into world history ! What meaning for him had the struggle, if it was not crowned by personal success ?

Göring wanted to get back quickly. He therefore cut short his Balkan journey, particularly as it was not everywhere that the people gave him great and well-drilled ovations. Göring knew that he it was who had brought about the German-Italian *rapprochement*, the Berlin-Rome axis, and proudly and well pleased with himself he came back home. In the 'plane he was already dreaming of the great rejoicings in Berlin, of the splendid parades which fall to a Minister President. He was going to work hard, create a lot, go

from success to success. Just as when he was a young lieutenant, now, too, he would go ahead further and further ! He must become the first man in the land next to Hitler—this was the goal which, indeed, he was to reach in the next few years.

He knew he must keep alive his Italian relations ; he knew he was to find them very useful in the future ; and so he sent a demonstrative wire to Mussolini :

‘ HIS EXCELLENCY, SIGNOR MUSSOLINI,

Rome.

Aboard my aeroplane, and flying over the Italian frontier, I utter my most heartfelt thanks and those of my companions to Your Excellency. I shall never forget the days in Italy. The Italian people’s hospitality and interest have left the deepest impression.

With admiration we have witnessed the mighty achievements of Fascism and its Duce. National Socialist Germany hails Fascist Italy with all its heart. Long live Fascism ! Long live the Duce ! Long live Italy !

With all my respect,

HERMANN GÖRING.’

He also sent a telegram to his friend General Balbo, who, before the National Socialists had won the power in Germany, had already visited him as his guest :

‘ HIS EXCELLENCY, GENERAL BALBO,

Rome.

‘ As we leave your magnificent country, once more the heartiest thanks from us all for the wonderful days

we have lived, thanks to your hospitality. Sincere greetings to the minister, comrade, and friend.

HERMANN GÖRING.'

His home-coming was such as he had drawn it for himself: ceremonies, parades, and congratulations.

Göring was quite intoxicated by his success. "Prussia, the old Prussia," he shouted emotionally at a festive gathering, "our Prussia with its fame, our Prussia with its honour, our Prussia with its devotion to duty, was humiliated at home and abroad by the November scoundrels. The proud old Prussian eagle, which had led the regiments of Frederick from victory to victory, flying before them, had been robbed of its prey."

But he, Göring, was going to change all this once more, he was going to make the old victorious Prussia rise up again, the Prussia which once had won its place in the sun, the Prussia of 1864, 1866, and 1870-71, which had won colony after colony. Only he must be given time.

'In the National Socialist State there is no voting, the conception of majority is not to be found there.' Along the path of dictatorship it is that Prussia and Germany are to be led to victory, fame, and honour.

The first stage had been reached; Göring now would go on further. He was much too restless to be satisfied with one success. New offices and new instruments of power egged him on to fresh power and fresh successes again.

On the day after taking over his new post Göring had formed the new Prussian cabinet. His old friend Kerrl became Minister for Justice, and for a few

years he carried on a desperate but hopeless fight against the Church. The Hanover District Leader Bernhard Rust became Minister for Science, Art, and Culture; Dr. Popitz was Minister for Finance; the German Nationalist Hugenberg, later dismissed, became the Minister (Commissorial) for Economy.

8

Meanwhile the terror went on raging. It is impossible to describe in words the suffering of the persecuted. On 1 April the terror reached its full height with the general boycott of the Jews. The summons: 'Clear the street for the SA' was again made a reality. The SA and SS men made their appearance in every town in full uniform and in every village. Filled with bitterness and hate, foaming with rage and thirsting for revenge, they stationed themselves before every Jewish shop, before almost every Jewish abode, so as not to let anyone cross the threshold. The most disgusting and libellous verses and placards were pasted on the doors of Jewish doctors, business men, and lawyers. Diseased anti-Semitism, the typical animal craving to oppress the weaker, here found its outlet. World opinion was unanimously against this barbarity and that is why this action was brought to an end so quickly.

The work of bringing uniformity went on, the body of officials, the High Schools were cleaned up. The opponents of National Socialism were at once dismissed; some of them were put in prison, some fled the land.

Within the Labour movement there was despair. How could they have given way so lightly? Why had they yielded without a fight? Rage and bitterness laid hold of their souls. Many resigned themselves, but still more strove to save the situation through a heroic unlawful fight. But it was in vain. The fly-sheets which were scattered before the cinemas or the stores in the towns were not a successful weapon. The struggle seemed hopeless, fly-sheets fought with machine-guns, and the best among the proletariat went to prisons and penitentiaries.

This relatively unimportant illegal opposition, put up by idealists ready for any sacrifice, made no impression on the new wielders of power. "Root out Social Democracy, root out the Communists, root out Marxism!" the wireless thundered.

Bayonet in hand, Göring exterminated all his opponents. In this way he and his party won a victory, they were the same methods through which the Roman and Spanish tyrants held on for years to power, only to be brought down in the end by the people with its democratic demands.

But Göring and Hitler have only eyes for the present moment. Their dreams for the future are nothing but unbounded arrogance and wishful thinking, that National Socialism shall make the millenium a reality. To hold power and use it at will brings with it a state of mind that turns the head of many a man. Men like Göring, who have never a fully-balanced mind, and who are already through the use of narcotics in the grip of dreams of power, become dread monsters when they fall a prey to the lust for this power. How this has found expression in Göring's

private life will be shown in a later chapter. But how it has found expression politically, what are the political plans and wishes his thoughts harbour—this we see clearly if we watch Göring's career: the Captain appointed Minister President, who came to be General and finally Field-Marshal.

GÖRING AS RULER ★

I

GÖRING HIMSELF HAS NOT A CREATIVE MIND. BUT HE admires the great men of history, whose portraits hang in his town flats, country houses, and castle. Napoleon impresses him since he conquered half the world ; Frederick the Great since he made Prussia a world power ; General Balbo since he has created an air fleet for Italy which has put fear into the whole world ; and finally Mussolini impresses him since he 'sent Parliament in all its uselessness to Hell and led a nation to greatness.' Even Kaiser Wilhelm, his pony, his love of show and his boastful speeches about Germany's honour and greatness are to his liking. He would like to copy all these men in one way or another. For since his earliest youth, ever since his air victories in the war, he is fully convinced that he is picked out for great deeds. Just as in 1919 he told his Danish friends that he would become a great man in Germany, now, too, he is fully convinced that he is one of the pioneers of a happy and proud epoch for Germany.

Mussolini he admires devotedly, although this man's cool intellectual superiority disturbs him. Mussolini has but too often given him to understand how far above him he feels himself.

One remark by Mussolini Göring is particularly fond

of. This was in June 1927, when Mussolini came before the Chamber of Deputies and demanded unlimited air armaments. "It is indispensable," he told them then, "that the air force, in whose advancement I believe more and more, should be made so strong and powerful in numbers that the roar of its motors should drown all other sounds in our peninsula, that the breadth of its wings should hide the sun from our country."

Göring sees only the majestic picture of the aeroplane squadrons darkening the eternal sun, but forgets that old Greek legend of Ikaros, who tried to reach the sun, but fell and was crushed on the earth.

'Every German must become an airman,' was Göring's watchword. He was still held back by the international treaties from openly agitating for a strong air fleet, any attempt to arm was still illegal ; but Göring found a way out of this. If things were to go as he wanted, he would openly arm without taking heed of any international protests. He did not believe that they would take any serious action abroad against Germany. European countries were too much taken up with themselves and their own troubles and cares. But Göring was subordinate to General Blomberg, and the soldiers did not yet feel full trust in Göring. The Reichswehr still kept the high command for itself. Göring for the time being had to give way, for he knew that the ground could only be won by taking position after position.

A diabolical plan lay underneath the great start of Germany's air policy. It is hard to say from whose brain it came. One would almost believe that it had its origin in the Ministry for Propaganda. The lie is a useful and admitted weapon for propaganda ; this

is an old National Socialist principle, as Hitler has unreservedly confessed in his autobiography.

When the Berliners woke one morning, they read a huge appeal on all the advertising pillars : unknown aeroplanes had shown themselves over the capital, thrown down anti-German fly-sheets and had then disappeared leaving no trace.

‘ To-day ’ (the appeal went on) ‘ it is only our opponents’ fly-sheets, but to-morrow it will be bombs. Germans, arm yourselves, form air-protection sections.’ Göring had given the German people the Air Protection Union; it was now every German’s duty to become a member of this Union.

And so it started. It was true that no one had seen the mysterious ghostly flyers, no one had found a single one of their fly-sheets, no one had heard a sound of the air police getting on the track of the strange machines. But the lie was spread through the press, the wireless, lectures, and, indeed, the whole propaganda apparatus.

If the Reich Air Protection Union had been given a good start, what had to be done now was to follow along the path chosen. In the big towns they went ahead quickly and with decision, the voluntary membership being changed to a compulsory one. The towns were divided up into town-sections, street-sections, house-groups, and finally single houses. Each house was given an air defence watch, every house-group a leader besides. Every tenant was compelled to enter the Air Protection Union and pay quite a heavy subscription. In this way Göring killed two birds with one stone. On the one hand air defence was paid for by the people, on the other every house was allotted a trustworthy man, who not only was a

rallying point for Göring's air protection but also became one of the Gestapo's fellow-workers, and so had the duty of watching a whole house.

The tenants first of all were given information about how they were to behave in an air attack. Then they began clearing the attics ; the roofs were rebuilt, so that they were made fire-proof, and the cellars changed into gas-proof shelters. It was a vast plan, carried out with an iron hand. Anyone who refused to help in it was denounced to the State secret police and put into prison as an enemy of the State.

The opposition against it reached even Göring's ears. But he declared that he took no notice of it, and at a mass meeting for air defence, said : " I should not want anyone to say : ' Well, when war breaks out, I shall report to my section of the army ; why, then, shall I now take part in air protection ? ' " My dear friend (the Minister President is suddenly so pleasant !) you are going to report to your section of the army, but until further notice you are going to put your strength and your time at the disposal of the air protection service."

The Air Protection Union has branches everywhere in the country, in every small place, in every important village. It is now the greatest compulsory organization in Germany, and through it its creator, Göring, has given himself a further strong support for his plans. The Berlin paper, *Börsenzeitung*, on 26 April 1935, gave more detailed information about the growth of the Reich Air Union.

' The organization of the Reich Air Protection Union,' the paper writes, ' covers 21,500 places. The number of members has now reached nearly 6,000,000.

A million air protection wardens are helping to make air shelters in houses and to instruct the population.' On 1 January 1938 the Union already had 11,000,000.

The members of the Air Protection Union are given a comprehensive technical and military training; they take an active part in air defence exercises and blacking-out manœuvres, and one day they will be sacrificed, which was hinted at in *Die fliegende Nation*, a paper in close touch with the Air Ministry: 'The young German airmen will give their blood to save the nation; they will give their lives for the nation. Behind them stands an equally determined people, which has mobilized all the means of defence and which means to become a "flying nation."' "

But all measures taken within the Air Protection Union were for the time being only defensive in character; they were not enough for Göring. He knew that Hitler and the Ministry for Foreign Affairs were making ready a sensation for the world to come very soon: to tear up all the treaties and announce a rearming. The Air Ministry would soon become a military Air Ministry.

He had now to make all preparations at once for this. The work of organization was carried out on the plan that Göring first chose his permanent staff of fellow-workers, above all military experts—he himself does not know much about technical or theoretical matters. He had to take those specialists which the Reichswehr put at his disposal, but his other fellow-workers he could choose for himself.

There was Major Bodenschatz, who had given a toast to him at his marriage in Munich, and of late had been highly useful to him. Göring made him his adjutant.

Further, he appointed Colonel von Hagen and Colonel Gmader, whose subordinate he had been up to now, but who now were under him as a general. Among the old airmen there were besides a number of other reliable men. The former head of Luftwasa, Erhard Milch, was, in spite of his Jewish birth, devoted to Goring. He at once appointed him a lieutenant-general. Then we may mention also three majors whom he at once appointed to the new posts: Wever, Kesselring, and Ebert.

His old flying comrade, Captain Lorzer, was appointed by him a Ministerial Councillor and head of the German Air Sport Union; and he was at the same time given the commission to change this sporting association into a military organization. Ex-Captain Baur de Betaz became the Union's vice-president. To K. Christiansen, promoted to Captain and then to Colonel, he entrusted the direction of the training of the war pilot, carried on for the time being secretly. Also Muhling-Hofmann, Dahlmann, Koch, and Knipfer were appointed Ministerial Councillors. Among those on the working staff in closest touch with him were also von Gronau, ex-captain of cavalry Bolle (the former heads of the flying-school at Staaken), Captain (naval) Breithaupt, Colonel Wenninger, Stumpf, Wimmer, Lieutenant-Colonel Udet, Buchler, Kranz, von Schleich, and Veltjens (the last five being airmen with the *Pour-le-mérite* order).

In the Air Ministry at Berlin, according to the *Berliner Borsenzeitung* of 31 May 1935, the following persons are at the head: General Kaupisch, Lieutenant-Colonel Nordt, and Major Carganico. Major von Döring was afterwards appointed to command the

new Richthofen squadron. Invaluable service has been done by the air sections in the SA and SS created by Göring.

With these men Göring established himself in the Air Ministry. His first action was in harmony with his love of show. When he commissioned the Air Ministry to be built, he had the design drawn up for one of the biggest buildings Germany has ever set eyes upon. It was a new palace for the Prussian ruler.

So as to be able properly to do its work, the Reichswehr demanded that the ministry should be divided into eight sections. Göring agreed to the proposal, which was carried out in closest co-operation with the Army.

In the outside world the Air Ministry was still looked on as a peaceful undertaking for communications. Göring himself contradicted all other statements, and declared so late as 20 December 1934 to a Reuter correspondent: "Naturally we have some experimental machines, but to speak of Germany having hundreds of military machines is ridiculous." To the *Daily Mail* correspondent the Air General said exactly the same: "It is absurd to look on German aviation as a danger for countries with a military air force. The whole German air fleet has only about three hundred machines, including the obsolete types."

A short time after this the budget for the new air system was published, at least, the amount which they chose openly to mention; and then it was found that the budget had gone up from 76 millions to 210 millions. In this way proof had really been given that the Göring Air Ministry was taking in hand Germany's air rearmament. But Göring went on

denying this, and protesting against all accusations. To the very last he deceived the other States, denying rearmament with, for example, this new argument : " The increase in the expenditure laid down for the Air Ministry arises from the gradual replacement of one-motor traffic machines by machines with more than one motor. This is a necessary measure for giving greater safety in the air system."

The British Minister in Berlin did not believe this information and made a protest at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. Indignantly all suspicions that an illegal air fleet was being built were scouted, until all the masks fell away in 1935, when Göring, on 1 April, officially acknowledged the existence of this air fleet, and declared to the amazed journalist, Ward Price : " The guiding line for my actions has been to set up a military air system, strong enough to be able always to ward off attacks on Germany."

Thus Göring acknowledged that he had lied. Instead of barely 300 machines, suddenly there were hatched out 1500 remarkably efficient fighting machines for the first line. Military periodicals throughout the world likewise could not but confirm this.

It could no longer be denied that the illegal and now official German air fleet was stronger than the British one. To this Göring's only answer was : " Every clearly and honestly thinking man must see that Germany which is especially threatened is bound to make a demand for a number such as to guarantee the unconditional security of the German people."

As Göring could now work openly and the great powers of Europe were more and more yielding before the National Socialist dictatorship, his last restraints

melted away. He allowed some planes to be given to him personally, and he returned this with the gift of planes, naturally, too, at the cost of the nation.

The making of gifts is the fashion in the Third Reich. As Hindenburg had been given an estate and a forest by the Minister President, so Göring had to show his gratitude also to Hitler, the Leader and Chancellor. The *Völkischer Beobachter* of 20 April 1935 gives this significant piece of news: 'A squadron of fighting machines, which on Saturday afternoon had been drawn up in several sections at Staaken and here been ceremonially handed over to the Leader. . . .'

Dorothy Woodman, in her excellent book, *Hitler Rearms*, says very truly that Göring, in the last two years, had been able to use practically however great sums of money he wished for his air fleet—milliards. The question of cost has not been of any account in the building up of German military aviation.

On 2 May 1935 Göring said as follows to the foreign Press representatives in Berlin: "If you ask me: how strong is the German air arm now? then I can assure you that the German air arm will always be as strong as the forces in the world banded for or against peace. I am not telling you anything surprising when I stress the fact that the German air arm is so strong that anyone who attacks Germany will be very hard put to it in the air."

Göring's task now is to keep, if not to strengthen, the standard that has been reached in the air. The civil war in Spain has shown the German General Staff clearly that the fighting forces in the air must be improved. The first trial war which the Göring

air forces waged in Spain on Franco's side they carried on successfully ; but the German planes were often not so good as those of the other States in respect of design and efficiency. For the improvement of the planes new inspecting commissioners have been appointed, and new engineers. Göring's German air armada will be better armed in a future war.

2

The former captain and to-day's general and Minister President lives in a choice company. On his Prussian State Council there sit the most important persons in industry, and banking (so near akin to one another), and SA and SS leaders. Göring himself insists that he has created this Prussian State Council so as to have as close a contact with the people as possible. Is this how the people look ? The people's representatives can never get a seat in this embodiment of power. And yet the State Council's President has declared : " By way of the Prussian State Council I mean to bring back the living contact with the Prussian people." And how does this contact really look ? At a press conference the Minister President explained to the world the meaning of this ' historic act ' in the following words : " After the parties have been got rid of the National Socialist freedom movement has become the foundation of the new State. . . . In the National Socialist State there is no voting, here there is only the conception of the worth of personality and the derived Leadership principle. . . . Thus it is self-evident *that we were, are, and will always be foes to the death against the*

principle of democracy. At that moment when the majority principle had died, Parliament was done with."

And after Göring, as the foe to the death of democracy, that is to say, of the rule of the people, had put a distance between himself and the people, he goes on paradoxically to explain why he created this State Council: "It is a basic principle of National Socialism that the leading men must always feel that they are indeed in the midst of the people, and it must be their main interest rightly to understand the people's cares and needs."

But this State Council, made up of upper-class members and party functionaries, will never represent the German people and will never speak the speech of the poor man's dwelling, of the workless, and of the productive worker. It is the seamy side of 'German Socialism.' What Göring means by working classes and socialism has nothing to do with the reality. To those critics who insist that no working man, no people's representative, sits on this State Council, Göring only says cynically: "The working class and the soldiers' class are intimately linked together"; and heaven knows there are enough soldiers in this Prussian pseudo-parliament.

The appearance of the new State Council was hailed as a solemn Prussian State event with pomp and circumstance. The military paraded past Göring. All Prussia was compelled to hoist the swastika flag; the children got a holiday from school. All men had to know that Hermann Göring had taken over the leadership of the new Prussian State Council and that he had opened the new Prussian Parliament, which did not

meet in public, had not been elected by anyone, and did not have the people's trust, but had been dictatorially appointed by Göring.

3

National Socialism long ago became a State religion. The whole life of the nation is leavened with it. It has taken up its abode as if it meant to rule for always. Yes, 'National Socialism is deathless,' the Leaders drunk with victory proclaim. 'People, to arms!' sounded the internal signal in the Berlin wireless. The military labour service that compels the proletarian youth to penal servitude has been made law. The party's commissaries have stalked so wildly through the whole country, that the party itself, with Göring as its mouthpiece, had to stay their onward march so as not to do further harm to the State's industrial life. Export trade suffered check after check. The ruthless persecutions of the Jews found even less goodwill abroad than the terror against the Labour parties.

In the field of foreign policy all kinds of things were happening. Germany had left the League of Nations, and Hitler had his Leadership confirmed through a forced election that only accepted one list, namely, the National Socialist one. Göring often went abroad and above all made good use of his Italian connections. Germany and Italy, the two dictatorships, were trying to come to an agreement together. But so far Austria was a bone of contention. It was not until 1938 that Mussolini gave his consent to the occupation of this country.

Göring also went to Sweden and made his appearance in all his glory at his kindred's. He only stayed in Sweden a few days ; the occasion being a wedding in the family. His reception by the Swedish people was a cool one. In Stockholm it was known who Göring was, and that a few years earlier he had been a patient with Professor Kinberg. Although the King of Sweden received him, Göring felt the chilly atmosphere only too well. And when Dahlberg, the Swedish student of theology, shouted at him the words : "Workers' murderer," in the Oscar theatre, he speedily left his former *émigré* land behind him.

Dahlberg told the writer that Göring had tried to protect himself and held his hands before his face, believing that the student thought of shooting at him. Afterwards there stood the proud German Minister President deathly white, his whole body shaking, and he left the theatre hastily. No German newspaper printed anything about this episode. The student had flung the words in the Police Minister's face that millions of Germans do not dare to utter, since this would be to risk their lives.

Göring feels himself most at home in the Third Reich. There he can rule as he wishes ; there he has his own bodyguard at his disposal ; there nothing can happen like it did in Stockholm. In Germany he can live with greater ease, boldly and heroically. This we see some months later, during the great Reichstag fire trial, which at last began after several months' preliminary investigation.

On 21 September the trial of Van der Lubbe and his comrades was begun before the Reich High Court in Leipzig. His comrades were the former Communist

Reichstag member Torgler and the three Bulgarians, Dimitrov, Popov, and Tanev.

The events of the Reichstag fire and the trial are still fresh in memory. They are described at particularly great length in the two Brown Books. Meanwhile let us recapitulate the part played by Göring at this trial.

The trial held in Germany did not shed any light on the matter. It is still uncertain whether it was National Socialists or Communists who set fire to the Reichstag. It is accusation against accusation. Extraordinary things such as this have happened more than once in the history of the world.

But there is the fact that Göring, on the day of the fire, before there was yet any proof against anyone whatever, declared : "This incendiary fire is the most incredible terrorist act by Bolshevism in Germany hitherto known." The same view was also put forward afterwards by Göring, the witness before the High Court. Here his statement was : "This terrorist act, which has been carried out by the Communists themselves, is partly the same terrorist act as they afterwards made public in the Brown Book as a National Socialist document. The greatest part of the terrorist act there mentioned was carried out by Communist spies." These unproved accusations Göring confirmed on oath. But at the same time he had to acknowledge that these accusations made against the Communists and the Marxists were no more than assumptions. Anyhow, he took the gloves off when he acted : "Thanks to our SA and SS men's good work, five thousand leaders were put under lock and key in one night."

The Reichstag fire trial reached its culmination in the word duel between Göring and Dimitrov. Dimitrov got small justice at this trial. He appeared in heavy iron fetters, and was not allowed to choose his defender himself, for no German lawyer dared to take up his case. Hundreds of lawyers were already in concentration camps. Thälmann's lawyer was at once imprisoned. The proposal to have foreign counsel was rejected by the High Court. The counsel for the defence appointed by the Court came out against their clients, so that Dimitrov had to take his case into his own hands. In spite of all the lack of justice, Dimitrov, because of the international effect (the trial was being followed by the whole world), could not be refused leave to put questions to all the witnesses.

Dimitrov therefore had the right to put his questions to the witness Göring, too. Witnesses, who had been heard beforehand, showed themselves to be *agents provocateurs* and perjurers. All of them had seen someone of the accused, they all had compromising matter, and yet they could not bring forward any really incriminating proof. None of the evidence in the long run could stand, and in spite of the accused being excluded from the proceedings, they could without any trouble pull to pieces all the accusations that had been built up.

All the false witnesses, all the perjurers, were set free, none were brought to justice for false statements. Not even when it was found that Göring's trusty man Lepius had privately examined Van der Lubbe did the Court take any steps.

The Court was not seeking justice and truth, but was a Court of the terror against those victims whom the

government and Goring had picked out on their own behalf. The duel of words between Göring and Dimitrov was looked forward to with intense interest. In it Göring spoke first for several hours. He spoke at such length as he had seldom done. Had he something to hide? Was he trying to disprove the assertion abroad that he was the incendiary?

He appeared before the Court in general's uniform; the hall saluted him. He came as a judge, not as a witness, and the High Court knew how it was to behave.

The tribunal, in fact, turned itself into a stage. Goring at first sought only to defend himself and meet all the charges made abroad, so as afterwards to throw the guilt off himself and onto Dimitrov, who, when the fire broke out, was proved to have been in a sleeping-car between Munich and Berlin.

Göring declared: "In broad outline, it is asserted in the Brown Book that my friend Goebbels laid this plan before me of setting fire to the Reichstag and that I then gladly carried it out. It is asserted further that I looked on at this fire. I think I was wrapped up in a blue silk toga. There is only one thing lacking: someone ought to say that I was playing the lute as Nero did when Rome was burning."

Around the Brown Book quoted by Göring regular myths have grown up in Germany. No one was allowed to read it; those who did were sentenced to five years' imprisonment or longer. And yet there was the feeling everywhere that the truth must be looked for there. Although the Brown Book has not fully cleared up the trial, yet the material gathered in it is worthy of attention.

In court Göring insulted the book and its author : " The Brown Book is an inflammatory writing which I destroy wherever I find it. And we should not in general give any heed to this idiotic investigation ; for by so doing we harm our own conception of justice. In the Brown Book we find it said about me that I am a broken-down idiot, that the top of my head has already sunk in various places."

Nor in this connection is the Minister President particularly careful about the truth. There is not a word about that in the Brown Book ; Göring only wanted to discredit it. But naturally in the Brown Book mention is made of Göring's stay in Swedish mental hospitals and of his morphine craving. Göring thought he could deal with these facts by speaking ironically of his ' sunken crown.'

Göring was already getting near boiling-point ; he no longer was master of himself ; he was foaming with rage. All these theatricals were really not to his liking ; in his view there should be short shrift for the prisoners and hang them ; later, this is what he indeed shouted to Dimitrov.

But Göring kept coming back to the accusations from abroad. He knew full well that his evidence in the court was his last chance of whitewashing himself ; but he could not bring forward a single concrete argument. Here, too, the best defence was attack. " Through my trusty men," continued Göring, " I know that every Red scoundrel in need of money had in these days a comparatively lucrative business if abroad he could write down a few statements about cruelties or about the Reichstag fire, in which I should be described as a criminal. We know, too, that there

were in Germany even offices for direct recruiting, that recruiting agents went round in the criminal haunts."

The only counter-argument Göring could put forward was that : "The German Communist Party had to act in some way or other."

Although Goring hundreds of times publicly accused the Communists of the incendiarism, he was not in a position to put forward a single real proof of their having done it before the judges, so that neither the three Bulgarians nor Torgler could be condemned. And Van der Lubbe, 'the riddle,' was, indeed, looked on even by the Nazi Court as not altogether responsible for his actions. Even after his execution the National Socialists refused to let his body be taken to Holland. No one has exhumed it ; no one knows what treatment this bundle of humanity, like a half-idiot before the Court, had to undergo.

Göring brought forward just as little material as did Adolf Hitler, who before the March election still was declaring : "Herr Brüning can be at ease ; we shall certainly publish the material." Herr Brüning is still waiting for it in exile.

At length Göring brought his long speech to an end, and Dimitrov could now put his questions to him. Göring was still agitated after the speech ; he no longer gave an impression of calmness ; the more energetic, resolute, and self-reliant he seemed, the more displeasing he found the part he was playing.

Dimitrov rose from the prisoners' bench, calmly and slowly ; looked Göring up and down, and in good German, though with a strong foreign accent, put his first question to Göring. In the court reigned a heavy

stillness ; what was to be the end of this duel ? Göring's friends knew that he was in such a state of mind that his nerves might easily betray him. It was already felt that his impetuosity would lead to complications. There was, then, a nervous silence, and Dimitrov, too, deliberately spoke in a low voice to make the tension greater still :

" You stated on twenty-eighth February, Minister President Göring, that Van der Lubbe, when arrested without his passport, had his party membership book on him. How did you know that ? "

Dimitrov was pointing out how untenable Göring's first statement already was, for Van der Lubbe had had no Communist Party book on him. Göring answered evasively : " The police searches all serious criminals and gives me a report about it. "

This answer was, of course, not a satisfactory one ; the President of the Court wished to come to Göring's help, but Dimitrov did not give way, but asked further : " The three criminal police officers who arrested Van der Lubbe and questioned him, have all given evidence that no party membership book was found on Van der Lubbe. Whence then did this information come, I should like to know ? "

By this question Dimitrov was trying above all to get the Communist Party put out of the question. Göring tried to clear himself, his voice sounded disturbed, but still he succeeded in controlling it. " The report was laid before me officially. As to this night matters were communicated which, perhaps, could not then be very quickly checked ; if one of the officials as result of some statement perhaps said that Van der Lubbe had a party book with him, and this could not be

checked, it may have been taken to be fact, and then it was as a matter of fact reported to me."

Göring had thereby been convicted of false accusation. Since on the outbreak of the fire he had accused the Communists of the deed, he had had an interest in showing that Van der Lubbe belonged to their party. Now before the judges he had to withdraw his statement himself that Lubbe had a party book on him.

Dimitrov showed himself to have a very sharp brain, and to be a brilliant speaker, who, like many Socialists before and also after him, excelled himself before the tribunal and played a really heroic part. In spite of the fetters, in spite of the prison, he held his banner high and kept on attacking the ruler of Prussia once more again :

" I ask what the Minister for Home Affairs was doing on twenty-eighth February nineteen-thirty-three and the following days to determine through police investigations the road taken by Van der Lubbe from Berlin to Henningsdorf, his stay in the poor-house at Henningsdorf, and his acquaintance with two persons there, and so to find out his accomplices ? "

This was too much for Göring : he had suddenly to find himself held responsible to the accused man, the more so since he had not lifted a finger to find Lubbe's friends and possibly accomplices.

" I am not myself a criminal officer," Göring said in his defence, " but the responsible minister, and for me it was therefore not so important to identify every little scoundrel, but I had to identify the party, the criminal set of beliefs, which was responsible."

Assertions, therefore, once more without proof.

Dimitrov's next question heightened the tension in court tremendously. If it was true that up to now Göring had not been the inferior of Dimitrov in the duel of words, although he had been driven into a corner, now, however, Dimitrov suddenly was bold enough, before a Fascist tribunal, and as a prisoner of the dictatorship, to carry on Socialist propaganda. With an ironic smile Dimitrov asked Göring: "Do you know, Minister President, that this criminal set of beliefs is ruler over one-seventh of the world, that is, the Soviet Union?"

Göring now had an outburst of rage—this went too far for him. He lost his self-control, and these words, which next day he had to withdraw officially, streamed unchecked from his lips: "I know that the Russians pay by bills, but I should be still more pleased if the bills were also met."

Göring certainly had the laugh on his own side, but the very next day the German telegraphic agencies had to correct his outburst in the following words: 'Owing to the wrongly given accounts and tendentious distortions arising out of Minister President Göring's statement in the Reichstag fire trial, the announcement is made that the Soviet Government has hitherto faithfully carried out its obligations towards Germany.'

But Dimitrov parried Göring's attack on the Soviet Union with the thrust that it was just German industry and with it hundreds of thousands of German workers that had up to then found work, thanks to the Russian orders: "This criminal set of beliefs is ruler over the Soviet Union," said Dimitrov, "the greatest and best country in the world, with which Germany has

economic relations and through whose orders hundreds of thousands of German workers find work—is this known ? ”

Göring's calm was now quite gone. His nerves left him in the lurch ; his face grew fiery-red. He stormed and altogether forgot he was in a court of justice which was also open to foreign listeners ; forgot, too, that he was properly only a witness : “ I will tell you something that the German people knows,” he shouted at Dimitrov, “ you are behaving shamelessly here ; you came here to set fire to the Reichstag. In my eyes you are a scoundrel, and your proper place is the gallows.”

Dimitrov gazed at Göring with scornful condescension and cynical contempt.

Any Court in any land would have rebuked such a witness and even warned him ; but not so in a land of dictatorship. The National Socialist hearers applauded. The president of the Court did not intervene. Göring was still fiery-red with excitement and would have liked to rush at Dimitrov. Then Büniger came to the rescue : “ Dimitrov,” he said, “ I have already told you that you must not carry on Communist propaganda here. You must therefore, not be surprised that the witness flares up in this way. I forbid you most strictly to ply this propaganda. You must put purely factual questions.”

But Dimitrov answered quite calmly and coolly : “ I am very satisfied with the Minister President's answer.”

The judges now no longer knew what they should do : Dimitrov was thanking the furious Minister President, who had so utterly lost his senses as to shout for the prisoner to be taken to the gallows. What was

the Court to do? The only way out of it they knew was the one beloved of old: to silence Dimitrov's accusing voice, shut him out from the proceedings, and take him back to his cell.

It was now evident that the duel of words between Göring and Dimitrov had ended ill for the general. Only Dimitrov's removal could save the situation. The police were already dragging him out of the court; but before the door could be shut behind him, he managed to win the crowning victory for himself by shouting to Göring: "Are you afraid of my questions, Minister President?"

This was the culminating point. A scene such as this had never been experienced up to now in any German court of justice. Göring was foaming with rage, roaring, shouting; his voice broke: "Get out, you scoundrel! Off to the gallows!"

All the dignity of the court was gone. It was filled with a frightful din; the judges were helpless; no one dared calm down the furious Minister President, no one dared to pull him up. The police were dragging out the smiling Dimitrov, at whom Göring was still shouting: "I am not at all afraid of you, you scoundrel! You shall go to the gallows. Just wait till you are outside the bounds of this court."

By so doing the Minister President, utterly beside himself, was openly ignoring the Court, and threatening the prisoner (afterwards acquitted) with death, if he should be set free. And abroad they were now more than ever convinced that the real culprits must be looked for not in Dimitrov's circle, but in that of his furious opponent's.

Psychiatrists and specialists in morphinism did not

find it hard to fit this outburst into the framework of the Minister President's sickness ; but even those not so analytically disposed, such as the great Liberal Swiss *Nationalzeitung*, came to the same conclusion. It wrote, on 6 November 1933, as follows : ' Goring's evidence was nothing else than a passionate agitator's speech, a speech in his defence where the whole of the doubtful material was brought forward unsifted. This was done in such a way as to give proofs of an enmity and disposition to personal abuse of his political opponent such as on any other occasion would not have been allowed a witness. In spite of its being under oath the statement, therefore, did not have the effect either of an unprejudiced, dignified and objective utterance, but that of an uncontrolled and one-sided attempt to defend himself. This leaning towards abuse makes the impression on us outsiders of a lack of self-control and of unbalanced feelings.'

This lack of self-control did not at all disappear after Dimitrov had been turned out of the court. Goring's fury was now vented on the judges for having allowed him at all to find himself in such a position. "Whatever the decision may be," Goring shouted at the judges, "I shall punish the guilty."

Goring was altogether not pleased with this Court, for in spite of all the false statements by witnesses it could not be shown that Torgler and the three Bulgarians were guilty, and the 'riddle' of Van der Lubbe could not be convincingly solved. On 12 December, a few days before the judges' decision, the Minister President attacked the High Court in an interview with the *Berliner Nachtausgabe*. The ruler of Prussia found it disturbing that the Court allowed the accused to prove

their innocence, although he had declared them to be guilty.

"I hope that the Leipzig trial, which has been a disappointment to the whole German people, will soon come to an end. What has been shown is that we cannot keep to abstract paragraphs, if we have to sit in judgment on a low political crime ; we find ourselves then in an impossible situation."

Göring was wholly in the grip of the wish to set himself above the laws of the land, if it seemed fitting to him. Göring's conception of right and the will to 'root out' bound up with it have been pointed out here over and over again. How he understands justice came out very clearly in a speech in the Prussian Landtag on 'the spirit of the New State,' in which he said : "The administration of justice in the national life is not based on paragraphs and letters, but, like all things in the social life, on men. Here what is needed are judges that are personalities whose thought and will are rooted fast in the knowledge of the organic oneness of their blood with the national community. The law-maker must not set the arbitrariness sprung from intellectual abstractions in the place of people's justice."

Within his own sphere of power Göring had long ago brought in private law. His SS men and Gestapo have a free hand : the man who is taken to a concentration camp never knows when or whether at all he will be let out again. Punishments are done at will and are unlimited ; and the death penalties advised by Göring are, so far as Prussia goes, decided for or against in the last resort by him himself. He has repeatedly asserted that he, as the Prussian kings once did, had the task

of reprieving those under sentence of death or of handing them over to the executioner. But in the Dimitrov case his hands were not free. When Torgler and the Bulgarians were at last acquitted on 23 December 1933, Göring was so beside himself that only few persons dared come anywhere near him.

His revenge was that the acquitted men were kept in 'protective custody,' and that in spite of the sentence of acquittal he had them put under lock and key for an indefinite time.

Judgment had been given, but the accused were still Göring's prisoners. It was only several months later that the three Bulgarian subjects were granted Russian citizenship and were released after great difficulties. Meanwhile, however, they had been in great danger : the man whom Göring had promised to hang was not sure of his life. If the accused had escaped the Reich Court, they could still be tried always by the 'People's Court.'

The great middle-class English newspaper, *Manchester Guardian*, a few weeks later, published an article on the hard situation of the accused. The paper well described the situation, writing as follows : 'If anxiety is now felt, it is because the four men for nearly a month now since judgment was given are being held in prison, and because we remember General Göring's brutal and wild threats that he was going to carry out against Dimitrov, so soon as he had him outside the jurisdiction of the Court, and lastly because a high official in the Ministry for Home Affairs lately declared openly that the government would keep the Bulgarians for an indefinite length of time in protective custody. This may mean : either in prison with a comparatively

humane treatment ; but it may also mean : in a concentration camp, where Dimitrov would be handed over helpless to Göring and his kind.'

And Dimitrov himself stated to a foreign journalist : " What I should like to know is, why they don't let me go. I can understand that Göring should wish to execute me. I should feel as he does, if I was in the German government ; but what I can't understand is that anyone should be kept in prison after he has been acquitted."

But just this was the revenge, Göring's only revenge.

Dimitrov had shown himself to be stronger than the general, and the German government wanted as quickly as possible to wrap this defeat in forgetfulness. Hitler, in this case, was absolutely against Göring, whose asylum and morphinist episodes had, owing to the Reichstag fire trial, again come into the foreground.

Hitler gave orders for the case to be wound up. The Bulgarians reached the Soviet Union, and Torgler went to the concentration camp, there to be utterly forgotten afterwards.

And so ended Göring's first year of rule.

ROOTING OUT OLD COMRADES ★

‘National Socialism cannot die.’

Ernst Röhm.

I

THE NAME OF HINDENBURG HAD LONG AGO VANISHED from current German politics. He was a prisoner, only to be made use of when needed as a parade horse. Only one more time did he dare to take up a resolute attitude. This was when Röhm's SA made an attack on the Reichswehr. "Do not imagine to yourself that I am going to sign everything," he roared at Hitler; "I can also give up my post." This was the old man's last weapon. And Hitler was wise enough in this case to give way.

During 1934 was fought the final fight between the National Socialist Party's private army, the SA, and the Reichswehr. Much was happening before this last fight, which only for the layman was a reckoning between different military groups. In reality it was no less than a purely class struggle in the 'united people's' State. The hundreds of thousands out of work when the Nazi Party had lured to itself by anti-capitalist speeches, all those who had become down and out in the idle years, had not sold themselves to the Hitler party only for a bed to sleep on and food,

for a uniform and a few marks. As their party was now in power they asked for more than this. They wanted to go further, their anti-capitalist yearnings made greater demands, they wanted economic changes in the land. No one knows whence the word came—anyhow, the shadow of the Second Revolution suddenly loomed up. The SA demanded that the First Revolution should be carried further, that the undertaking which gave them bread and work should be taken over by the State; they demanded measures against capitalism and its representatives. But nothing was done. In the beginning the troops consoled themselves with saying that 'Hitler knew all right what he was doing; everything would come in its own good time.' But when time went by and nothing happened, they grew anxious. The leaders of the SA knew full well what the feeling was. For these leaders, who knew, indeed, that National Socialism could never take any anti-capitalist measures, there was no other way out than to incorporate the SA in the Reichswehr. In this way the SA leaders came at a stroke into most serious opposition with the Reichswehr. No German officer was willing to take these elements, anti-capitalist, revolutionary, and in part utterly undisciplined, into the Reichswehr. It was already then known that Hitler, however, in a short while, was going to bring in universal military service through sudden action, and under it these SA men would at once be promoted to officers and non-commissioned officers.

The struggle lasted for months; all the time they were trying to end the conflict in a compromise, until both from the industrial and the military side Hitler was compelled to make a decision.

Göring, in the beginning, only had anything to do with this struggle so far as the Gestapo, on his orders, kept the sharpest watch on all those concerned. With cunning instinct he scented compromising material against the SA leaders, and as from the first day of his coming into power he had been gathering compromising documents against every single National Socialist leader so as to put them to use, when opportunity arose, on his own behalf, he now soon got new additions to his secret collection of material.

But in spite of what was going on he did not refrain from arranging a great entertainment in Berlin for his birthday. He got up public concerts for the people, troops and police paraded, the staff-guard held a torchlight procession, and came in a body with gifts. Everyone was eager to win the mighty man's good graces, everyone had to show clearly his respect. From vases to lion cubs, from houses to aeroplanes, there was no gift that Göring's admirers did not lay at the feet of the man before whom they all trembled. And Göring accepted them, without hesitation he demanded his tribute, and woe to the authority or the organ that forgot to bring it.

When Hitler a short time after appointed Göring as Head Hunter of the Reich or Minister for the Hunt (as it is called by the people), this also was only a gift from the highest quarters. Minister for the Hunt ; this name says a good deal : is not Göring that Minister who has carried out most of the man-hunting ? Are not the concentration camps and the prisons filled to overflowing with political prisoners ? Have not hundreds of men already been condemned to death only for having set themselves against National Socialism ?

Göring was not affected by all this. And he was a good business man : any child in the land knew that there was a boom in the air industry. The shares rose almost every day, and towards the air industry Göring had never shown himself mean. And as before he came to power he had already worked for it on commission, it may well be that all the former connexions still held good. Is it not possible ?

The Air Minister, thanks to his position, could also give away more posts in the Reich than anyone else. He always finds great delight in appointing persons to be functionaries, in surprising them in a flash with promotion or degradation. People are very glad of Göring's acquaintance and friendship, for with his help they can have a swift career. Göring likes to skip service grades, and he chooses those who work with him after personal liking and not always after ability.

Göring's formation of the Air Ministry created many new posts. Thousands of petitions came to Göring ; every petitioner gave himself out to be a true National Socialist. Each and all of those to whom Göring had held out his hand before 1933 called on him ; all the airmen who had known Göring in the World War. And for many of them he found a use, when on 18 April he suddenly announced that his ministry was going to set up flying centres over the whole Reich : air navigation offices that were to be branches of the Ministry and prepare each German province militarily for flying in war.

With this German war flying entered upon a decisive stage. When Germany one fine day should officially resume its right to arm as it chose, there would be hundreds and thousands of aeroplanes ready to start

in all these air centres. From them all the offensives could be undertaken that might be called for.

Göring, the officer, knows thoroughly well that as a soldier, a soldier loving display, he can never understand the speech of the workers. He knows that he is worlds apart from the proletariat. And it is just this gap he would very much like to fill in. So he is always leaving his military work to make speeches to the people. He is always wanting to show the people that he belongs to it, that he only half wishes to live in splendour and consort with princes and kings, but that otherwise he values highly the trust of the working classes.

On 1 May, the dishonoured festival day of the German Socialists, Göring wished to make another of his Socialist-coloured speeches. Although he has often said among his friends that 'the workers in general have nothing to demand, they have only to obey,' he was now trying to win their good graces. He used 'thou' in speaking to them, just as formerly the proletarian leaders spoke to all comrades in this same way. "To-day the whole German people celebrates the unity seen on this festival day, yearned for through the centuries," the Minister President began his speech. He also begged forgiveness for having stolen this great day from Marxism, "for the end and aim of true German Socialism is just this very care for the weak and the wronged. . . . What is Socialism in action? it is to work, not for the self but for the people's community."

Has the proletarian, then, ever worked for himself? Has he not, through his toil in coal-pits and ore-mines or wherever else it may be, brought profit for the master, while he himself has only earned his modest

wage, which has become lower and lower in Germany since industrialization started ?

The call on the workers not to work for themselves betrays Göring's utterly anti-social attitude, his thorough ignorance about all social problems. To him, an officer, the workers are only seen as objects in the great plans of the State's Leader, never are they seen as subjects. A Socialism such as Göring pictures it to himself can never be socialistic, so long as the proletariat is only an object for the play of industrial life. At the end of his speech Göring declared that the people need have no cares, for the new leaders would bring it glorious days. "And when, my dear comrade of the people, you take your rest from your heavy toil, and gather strength in peaceful slumbers, be assured that there are men who walk restlessly to and fro, tortured by cares, tortured by their need to find the light, to come forth from the shadows of night so as to lead their nation up onto shining heights."

The 'shining heights'—all the Hohenzollern kings used to speak of them, too, and always these shining heights turned out to be the darkness of war.

To lead Germany up to these heights, however, political action abroad was a necessity. All the books on peace, from Berta von Suttner to Remarque, had been burned. Germany had left the League of Nations and no longer recognized the Versailles Treaty ; the Locarno Treaty was about to go the same way ; and through currency measures economic agreements also had been torn up. Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Memel, Spain, and Poland were to be enslaved.

There now began an increased activity in foreign policy. Göring went once more to Italy, and flew

thence to the Balkan lands to find a new point of support there. The Minister President, in his general's white uniform, was, however, not received everywhere with that cordiality he had hoped for.

It was only in Budapest, the old war ally of Germany, that the representatives of the German and the Hungarian dictatorships met and thoroughly understood one another.

Göring hurried on his journey on behalf of a coalition in foreign policy, since the reports about troubles in home politics in Germany were accumulating. This time it was not the illegal Socialists, but the bugbear of the Second Revolution. The discontent among those who had not been given any post or profit through the Nazi revolution was growing ever stronger. The SA demanded economic reforms or to be put into the Reichswehr. Hitler tried to mediate ; and he himself was in a dilemma, for the Reichswehr gave a blank no.

Göring as yet was not clear with himself which party he should side with. If there was a second revolution, then there would have to be a thinning out in the Reichswehr. But on the other hand it was, of course, better to march with the Reichswehr so as once for all to out-manceuvre Röhm. But in it Göring was not yet looked on as a real general ; they still joked about the 'honorary General.' This he knew very well, and so trod carefully ; but in case of whatever might come he wanted to have army connections.

In the Prussian State Council of 19 June, however, his attitude was still very ambiguous : "Yes, feelings are quieting down," he said. "Here and there discontent is flaring up ; if the causes are examined

into, one cannot but see that often there have been grounds for discontent." And it was as though he had a fore-knowledge of the bloody day of reckoning that was coming, when he went on to say : " The First Revolution had been ordered by the Leader and brought to its end by the Leader. If the Leader wants the Second Revolution, then, if it is his will, we shall be standing to-morrow in the street ; if he does not want it, we shall strike down anyone who against the Leader's will tries to make one."

Then for a short time Göring had to turn his attention away from political life to his own concerns. Carin Göring's dust was brought from Sweden to Germany. In Sweden her grave had been desecrated, and an attempt had been made at the same time to murder a National Socialist. Göring raged and foamed with fury against the low Swedish Marxists till the Swedish police made an interesting disclosure one day : the attempted murder of the Swedish National Socialist was a deed planned by the National Socialists themselves. The Nazi had wounded himself so as to become a Swedish Horst Wessel. The same thing had happened in the desecration of Carin Göring's grave. The National Socialists in any land do not stop at anything to win the sympathies of the masses. This time it was an utter failure. Göring, however, had his wife's dust brought over—to save it from friends or foes—to Schorfheide near Eberswalde. The captain, once so debt-ridden, had a castle there, ' Carinhall,' with a huge park. His wife was to be laid to rest ' in the German oak-forest among German lakes.' The railway journey from Sassnitz to Eberswalde became an official journey of triumph. It was thus that queens

used to be buried. SA groups and guards of honour stood drawn up at every station ; Hitler was there in the procession, which grew into a people's tragedy. Never in his life has Göring been retiring, not even in the presence of death.

Meanwhile, the reckoning with the SA was going on. Thunder-clouds hung over Germany, for even the illegal groups had once more begun to be more active ; so that it was resolved to set up a ' People's Court '—a court which did not give its judgments in accordance with paragraphs. It was this very kind of court that Göring had wanted for the men accused of the Reichstag fire ! A court mainly made up by Nazi functionaries and soldiers, and which mostly passes the death sentence, and for spreading one single opposition fly-sheet sentences to many years' imprisonment. At a council meeting Röhm now demanded that the decision should at last be taken for embodying the whole SA organization in the Reichswehr and letting him keep the command. He, too, hoped for a general's rank : he was still a soldier on the active list and felt himself to be at least as entitled to this honour as his hated rival Göring. But Hitler gave no answer. The Reichswehr said resolutely : no ! and demanded that an end should be put once and for all to this discussion, and if needs be Röhm be got rid of. Hitler and the SA head were still ' thou ' to one another ; Hitler still well remembered that Röhm had before 1923 opened the way for him to the army. But he could not any longer let himself be led by sentiment.

Had not Göring of late received disquieting news through the Gestapo ? According to it, Hindenburg and Schleicher had become reconciled ; and von

Papen also, embittered at not getting the post of Minister President, had drawn near the Hindenburg-Schleicher group. This might indeed become dangerous. Von Papen, Schleicher, Hindenburg, and the army might very easily overturn the Hitler system. There was no longer any going back. Hitler, Göring, and Goebbels resolved to carry out all the demands of the Reichswehr. It was the only chance of escaping complications.

On 28 May Hitler went to see Hindenburg and promised to get rid of Röhm. On 7 June the amazed SA men read in the newspapers that the doctors had prescribed Röhm a long leave for rest.

Röhm felt trouble was brewing, but did not reckon on being utterly eliminated. The SA, too, were given summer leave, and Röhm knew what that meant. His farewell to the SA sounded full of fight and above all it was threatening. The SA would know well enough how to fight, he shouted out, thinking of his antagonists in the Reichswehr. He was still hoping that certain sections at least of the SA would be annexed to the Reichswehr. "I expect that the SA by 1 August will be rested and have found fresh strength, ready to carry out its honourable duties. . . . If the SA's foes lull themselves into the belief that the SA will not come back again, or that only some will come back again after their leave, then we will let them have this short and hopeful joy. At the time and in the way which will be found fitting, they will be given the right answer. . . ."

2

Meanwhile, Röhm was in Munich, where he worked, organized, and discussed feverishly. Then he telegraphed to Hitler. He wished to call all the under-leaders of the SA to a meeting at Bad Wiessee, and he asked Hitler to be there too. Hitler at once wired : ' All upper group and group leaders are to come for deliberations on 30 June at 10 a.m. to the staff quarters of the chief of staff at Wiessee. Adolf Hitler.'

Röhm thought victory was near. To show a fitting attention he had a vegetarian menu ordered for Hitler from Munich.

Everything was brilliantly organized. Röhm was so blind that he already saw himself as a future Reichswehr general. Meanwhile, however, the Krupp-Thyssen-Blomberg-von Papen-Göring front was growing. Hitler had laid his plans at Krupp's in Essen ; he now was to carry them out. Röhm telegraphed once again to Hitler and expressed his wish to be told Hitler's plans for the SA's future. But Hitler answered evasively : Röhm would be told everything at the leaders' meeting. This could be read both favourably and unfavourably, but seemed in any case only to refer to administrative changes.

At Heinzebauer in Wiessee the SA leaders were swarming, North Germany being represented in especially great number. Röhm was convinced that this leaders' meeting would be particularly important ; but only Göring and Hitler knew that the North German representatives were agents of the State secret police.

Hitler had resolved to strike, but he still hesitated. Quite simply he was afraid. Then on the evening of 29 June he got news that Goring meant to act. The Reichswehr had given Frick to understand that it was going to take its own steps and at least disarm the SA, unless the disbanding of the organization was proclaimed by 1 July at latest. Hitler could not any longer draw back: either he had to suppress the SA or be witness to the army's *coup d'état*. Krupp had put forward the same demand. Well, it had to be, it must be!

Meanwhile, Göring had become more and more sure of himself. He once more telegraphed to Hitler; this time he wanted to force a decision which was already come to in principle. He simply telegraphed that the SA formations were already prepared for the *coup d'état* and were going to occupy the Government buildings. There was not a word of truth in this, but this did not stop Hitler from declaring later: "At one o'clock in the night I received from Berlin and Munich two urgent and alarming messages." In the belief that the SA's *coup d'état* had already been started, the Chancellor afterwards justified his measures as follows: "Under such circumstances there was only one decision I could take: if the disaster was to be warded off at all, then there must be lightning action. Only a ruthless and bloody intervention could perhaps still make it possible to prevent the revolt spreading. And there was nothing else to say but that it was better to crush a hundred trouble-makers, confederates, and conspirators than to let tens of thousands of innocent SA men otherwise shed their blood."

As to putting down the revolt, there are no words

for the low brutality that was committed in doing so. Courts of law were not concerned during those days. Hitler and Göring made away with their comrades at their own sweet will ; everything was breaking up ; the victims had no chance to make appeal, no chance to defend themselves. The volleys rang out pitilessly. To the SS of the State secret police fell the lot of carrying out the death sentences which were ordered by Hitler and Göring, the two highest officials in the land.

Goebbels himself described the doings of these days on the wireless. It was, of course, not an impartial description, but from it could be seen clearly with what mercilessness the onslaught was carried out on their own partisans.

“ So soon as the Leader came to know of the plot that had been contrived against him and the movement he made up his mind to act. While he was in Essen inspecting the labour camp in the western district of Germany so as to make an outward show of absolute calm and not to give warning, the plan was drawn up for the purge. Hitler did not have a moment's hesitation in himself facing the rebels. Although Hitler for some days had not had a night's rest, at two o'clock in the night he gave orders in Godesberg to start from the flying-field of Hangelar, near Bonn for Munich. When he landed with his escort on the Munich flying-field at about four in the morning, he was given a message that the Munich SA had been in the night called out by its high command with the despicable and lying words : ‘ The Leader is against us, the Reichswehr is against us ; SA, out into the street ! ’ ”

“ The Bavarian Home Minister meanwhile on his own responsibility had deprived Upper Group Leader

Schneidhuber and Group Leader Schmidt of the command over the SA formations and sent them home. While the Leader was driving from the flying-field to the Home Ministry, the last remains could still be seen of the shamefully betrayed SA formations marching off again. In the Bavarian Home Ministry Schneidhuber and Schmidt were put under arrest in the Leader's presence. The Leader, who went up to them alone, cut off the shoulder-straps from their SA uniforms. With a small escort the Leader was driving from half-past five to Wiessee, where Röhm was staying."

Goebbels went on as follows with his description on the wireless :

In the country-house where Röhm was living, Heines, the Vehm-murderer and chief of police, was also spending the night. The Leader went into the house with his escort. "Röhm was arrested in his bedroom by the Leader in person. Röhm obeyed without a word and without resisting. In Heines' room right opposite when they came in they saw a shameless picture. Heines lay in bed with a homosexual youth. The repulsive scene that followed at the arrest of Heines and his comrade is beyond description. It threw a lightning flash on the environment of the man who had up till then been chief of staff—the environment for whose wiping out we have to thank the Leader's resolute action.

"With Röhm were also arrested most of his staff. Röhm's staff troops, who came in lorries to Wiessee about eight o'clock to relieve, obeyed the Leader's orders without any resistance. After those under arrest had been driven away, the Leader drove back

along the road from Wiessee to Munich so as to arrest on the way several more heavily compromised SA leaders who were driving to the SA leaders' deliberations that had been ordered. The cars were stopped as they were driving along the road and their passengers were taken along to Munich by the Leader's escort, if they were found to be among the guilty. Several other SA leaders who had taken part in the rising were arrested in the train at the main station."

Hitler and Göring had divided up the field of work between them. And they carried the work out thoroughly—Hitler in Munich and Bavaria, Göring in Berlin and Prussia. For hours the volleys of the SS rang out in Berlin, where all those arrested were shot. In Munich sometimes the gaols could not hold all the prisoners. What a tragedy it was for the Socialists thrown into prison for their ideals to meet in it those who had informed against them and who had been judges!

The shootings, carried out without any sentence having been passed, were in contempt for any feeling of justice. But what Hitler did was far outstripped by Göring, especially through Göring's action against General Schleicher and Gregor Strasser. Göring had always been cynical, brutal, and without control. Now at last he had the chance to let himself thoroughly go on this St. Bartholomew's night, and in it he did not forget a single one of his opponents. He had plenty to do. Just as on the day of the Reichstag fire he already had had his lists of prisoners ready, so, too, the death lists for 30 June were already lying drawn up. As soon as one of those whom he had sentenced to death had been executed he was told of it; and

thereupon he struck out the name of the man on his list. It was a long list.

Two names stood at the top : Schleicher's and Gregor Strasser's.

General Schleicher, who only a few months before had been His Excellency and Chancellor of the German Reich, was Hitler's predecessor. He had been hated by Göring for a long time past ; he had to be the first to disappear of all. He had to meet his punishment for having become reconciled again with Hindenburg. No German general had ever died in such a way as happened to him. Göring has the doubtful honour of being the first in German history to use his dictator's position of power against a general and Reich Chancellor. He meant to show the Reichswehr at the same time that he was not afraid of it. They must know there by what methods he was ready to work if they did not acknowledge him.

A German Stahlhelm leader, who was well in with Hindenburg circles, has in a memorial notice described Schleicher's death.

' Schleicher was living quite in retirement and had just been on a four weeks' journey to the Rhine and southern Germany. Then on the morning of 30 June a car drives up with six men wearing civilian clothes. There is a ring at the garden gate ; the maid opens it. Then they ring the front-door bell and ask a maid that opens it : " Is the General at home ? " The girl opens the door of the study to look ; she is pushed into the room by the six strong men forcing their way in, who all are holding cocked revolvers in their raised right hands, and so is made the unwilling witness of the dreadful deed. Schleicher is sitting at his writing-

table back to the door, at his side by the window is his wife, his true comrade, with some needlework (she was the only surviving child of General von Hennings, whose two sons had given their lives in the war for the Fatherland). "Are you General von Schleicher?" he is asked from behind him by a voice he does not know. The General rises in surprise and turns to the man who is asking him. "Yes," he answers. Hardly had the word been uttered when five shots ring out, piercing his mouth, neck, breast, and stomach, killing him at once. His wife, who springs to her feet in terror, is mortally wounded by the seventh shot from these "heroic Nazi bandits," who were six strong men against a man of fifty and a woman.

For half an hour the poor tortured being struggled with death. The doctors tried to save her, but in vain. It is said that the fourteen-year old daughter of her first marriage, full of anguish, cried out: "If only mother does not wake up again!" Her prayer was heard.

Statements by neighbours and passers-by have also confirmed the fact that there were six men. If Göring afterwards declared that he had questioned the particular official very closely who shot Schleicher's wife, and learned from him that Schleicher's wife had been quite frenzied and had fought with him, so that he did not know whether the pistol had gone off through her fault or had been accidentally fired by him—even so one cannot believe this poor weak official who could not get the better of a woman he was struggling with; what he said is the less worthy of belief in that the Gestapo agents, as is well known, are men picked out for their strength.'

The beginnings of the enmity between Göring and Schleicher lay far back. It was not only from the time when Schleicher successfully approached Hindenburg that Göring held him to be an opponent who must be 'rooted out'; the hatred came already from the days when Schleicher was Reich Chancellor.

When Schleicher at one time was treating with Strasser about taking National Socialists into his cabinet, Göring also was given an audience by him. This audience was as cool as it was short. The question was discussed of the Minister President's post, whereupon the following dialoguc ensued :

"Whom does Hitler propose?"

Göring : "Me."

Schleicher : "I am sorry to have to tell you something very unpleasant, but I must do it, since it is not usual to send the candidate himself to do the speaking. But I must tell you that I do not look on you as a fit man to hold a ministerial post."

Göring had withdrawn, swearing an oath to take a dear revenge. He had never forgotten this defeat, and now at last he was to make use of the favourable opportunity.

The Minister President even insulted the dead ex-Chancellor, accusing him of having been at work together with a foreign power. But why Frau Schleicher also had to die there is nothing to show.

The list of generals shot was not nearly brought to an end with this. Here among others may be mentioned Reichswehr General von Lossow, who was murdered from behind, together with von Seisser, a colonel in the police, and the former Bavarian Minister

President von Kahr : this was the revenge for their having put a stop to Hitler's *coup d'état* in 1923. Besides this Göring had an old friend of Schleicher's in the Reichswehr shot, the former General von Bredow, so as once for all to root out those of Schleicher's way of thinking from the army. How von Bredow was killed we also learn from the Stahlhelm man's memorial notice :

' On 30 June towards evening I met him (I knew him well from the time of his last post as head of the State Council department) in the hall of the Hotel Adlon, where he had arranged to meet me. We greeted one another in our usual friendly way and, of course, started at once talking of the day's events. He told me he had listened to everything on the wireless and hailed with satisfaction Rohm's downfall with an "at last." When he heard of Schleicher's and his wife's death, whom he had not seen since 2 February, he had exclaimed : "Good God, what has he done, then?" With a touch of resignation he said as we parted: "Now they will probably be coming to fetch me, too." They did fetch him—that very night.

When the car was opened at Lichterfelde, I was told by an SS man, who as yet cannot lie like the Leader, he had already been dealt with on the way—killed. This is what is called in the Third Reich national honour : Yes, a stroke, but attack—no ! And to make the discovery of this absolute lie impossible his body was quickly burned up. The terrified widow after a long agonized waiting at last was given the urn with the ashes.

Von Bredow was once in Paris in the winter. May old pensioned officers not go to Paris? He told me afterwards that in Cologne he was searched for documents, without any result, of course. . . .’

The second name on the list was Gregor Strasser, Göring’s old competitor and antagonist.

The end for him was undoubtedly more brutal than for any of the others. His brother, Dr. Otto Strasser, succeeded in smuggling a report of it abroad. We here give it :

‘ On Sunday, 30 June 1934, about 1.30 in the daytime, five officials from Göring’s secret police forced their way into Gregor Strasser’s private abode and demanded to speak with Gregor Strasser.

Gregor Strasser was sitting at dinner with his family and meant to go afterwards to the factory, where he had arranged a party for the workers and the employees at three o’clock.

The Gestapo officials, wearing civilian clothes, asked Gregor Strasser to come into the next room, and there told him that he must come at once with them to the office, for they had to make a search there. Astonished, Gregor Strasser asked on what grounds, whereupon he was told that his office had to be searched owing to his being suspected of high treason.

Gregor Strasser thereupon went again into the dining-room, quieted his family, and explained that he must drive with them without delay to the factory (Schering-Kahlbaum) so as to be there personally while a search was being made there.

The Gestapo men drove first with Gregor Strasser

to the office, but here they suddenly laid the mask aside of the search that was to be made and handed Gregor Strasser over to an SS group that was waiting before the factory.

The SS troop drove with Gregor Strasser, who was at once handcuffed, at headlong speed to Grönewald (a big forest outside Berlin), while the Gestapo officials calmly started home again and answered with a significant shrug of the shoulders the excited questioning of the anxious eye-witnesses.

In Grönewald the inhuman horde first drove Gregor Strasser deep into the forest, and there felled him to the ground and slowly trampled him to death amid inarticulate yells of rage.

About half-past three, three of Göring's Gestapo men came back to his dwelling, where the whole family was sitting in greatest affliction. To Frau Strasser's anxious question where her husband was, one of the brutes answered: "That no one knows. No one would know him now"; and he suddenly took a book from the book-case and asked "how it was that there was so much money there."

The truth was that Göring's henchmen had hastily stuffed into the book the money that had been taken from the dead Gregor Strasser (as his salary had just been paid, Gregor Strasser still had the sum in his pocket-book).

In the greatest consternation the luckless woman, accompanied by her brother, tried to find Hitler, Frick, Göring, and Dalwege.

The same men that had sat hundreds of times at her table (Hitler is godfather to Gregor Strasser's twin sons) now kept away in the most cowardly fashion, and

Göring's friend Daluge sent the wretched woman the message: "You will be kind enough to keep your mouth shut, otherwise the same thing may happen to you." For several days those left behind heard nothing. Not until friends of Gregor Strasser's began a systematic search for the place where he had been killed, to find the body and, if possible, photograph it, did Göring and Daluge have Strasser's quite unrecognizable body dug up by night, at once burned, and on 7 July, exactly eight days after the murder, have an urn delivered with the intimation that this was Gregor Strasser.

When the postman on Saturday, 7 July, on the orders of the State secret police, delivered urn No. 16 with the inscription: Gregor Strasser; born 31.5.92 at Geisenfeld; died 30.6.34, at 17.20 o'clock; and with the device: God with us—then in the matter of political brutality the utmost had been done that can ever be done.'

When Strasser's name had been struck off Göring's list, there were many names still there that had to be wiped out: the newly-wedded Upper Group Leader Ernst, Group Leader von Detten, Storm Leader Gehrt, Upper Leader Sanders. The one name after the other was struck off. Then followed Storm Leader Märker, Leader von Mohrenschild, Upper Leader Hoflman, Group Leader Karl Koch—all of them members of the SA organization.

A clearance was made within the SA so thorough that this organization would never take it into its head to put forward political demands. The Second Revolution was drowned in blood in the Lichterfelde garrison

school. Name after name was struck off on the death lists, hundreds of SA leaders fell, and no thought was given to bringing them first before any court. Extirpation was the only method. Of the SA Under Leaders there were struck off on Göring's list the following : von Altenhausen, Engels, Heck, Hoffmann, Kirschbaum, Krause, Kunze, Markus, Martin, May, Schröder, Schreiber, Schwarz, Schweikkardt, Stieler, Thomas, and many others. All the SA police chiefs stood on Göring's list ; some had been appointed by himself. Göring felt it a wonderful thing to be able to bestow power and take power away ; and now a clean sweep was made. Had he not always said that there was no question of a democratic conception of majority ? No ! Now it was the Minister President alone who disposed of life and death. He had been seized by an intoxication. The leader of the Catholics, Klausner, was shot. There was no mercy shown ; all of von Papen's fellow-workers were murdered ; the whole of the Vice-Chancellor's office was cleaned up. First, von Papen's secretary, Dr. Jung, was shot, then von Bose, a Higher Government Councillor, Baron von der Decken, Dr. Mossbach, and so on, and so on. On the list hundreds had already been struck off, but still there were several left. Von Papen himself, the hated opponent and intriguer, he had wished to kill also. But to Göring's disappointment he had fled to the Reichswehr Ministry, leaving his fellow-workers to their fate. There he was safe, there not even Göring dared to interfere. Vice-Chancellor von Papen saw no way out but to send a special courier to Neudeck, informing Hindenburg of what had happened and of his own fellow-workers' deaths. But the courier was not let

into Hindenburg. Hitler and Goring had instructed Meissner to keep everything hidden as long as possible from the President of the Reich.

Then von Papen sent a courier to Oldenburg-Januschau, the President's Junker friend and neighbour. Januschau hastened at once to Hindenburg but was not let in either. At last he shouted at Hindenburg's adjutant, Count Schulenburg: "I suppose I have the same rights as a Siamese king or a Japanese prince and such-like vermin." The count now declared himself willing to ring up Meissner in Berlin, but Meissner calmly answered: "If you let in Januschau, you will be shot."

Von Oldenburg-Januschau, a Chamberlain, Hindenburg's best friend, had to go off without effecting his object.

Von Papen now informed General von Mackensen. The General declared himself at once to be ready to find Hindenburg and enlighten him as to what had happened; but again in vain. He was told on the telephone that "the Reich President's state of health did not allow of any visitors."

With this the seal was definitively put on Hindenburg's captivity. Down to the day of his death he was no longer a free man, and Secretary-of-State Meissner, like Oskar von Hindenburg, knew that their lives after the President's death were no longer worth a penny piece, if they now made any opposition.

Not even Göring's old friend, Prince August Wilhelm, was spared. The Hohenzollern prince got a message to appear at the Minister President's. Without any misgiving he went to him, and it was only at the Ministry that a light dawned on him; he asked

himself whether he could get away alive. Göring kept the prince waiting a long time: this was his revenge for the condescending, free and easy way with which the prince behaved towards him. At length Auwi was let in. Göring did not even hold out his hand to him but only roared at him: "You have really the most idiotic face I have ever seen." The prince held his tongue, being convinced that the Minister President was not himself owing to morphine. Then Göring showed him a list of ministers, according to which Auwi was to be made Protector. The prince still held his tongue. Göring himself now doubted whether the prince had anything at all to do with the Reichswehr's plans, or whether this list for the government was genuine.

"Were you not good friends with Group Leader Ernst?"

The prince answered with a "yes" that could hardly be heard.

"When were you last speaking with him?"

"Yesterday."

"Where and about what?"

"On the telephone."

"What about?" Göring roared at him impatiently. In a low voice the prince answered, feeling that his life was at stake, and that nothing was to be hoped for by him from his former friend: "Ernst only wanted to say good-bye to me before his journey to Madeira."

"It's lucky for you that you are speaking the truth," said Göring triumphantly, and showed the Hohenzollern prince a gramophone record that the Gestapo observation service had taken. "I don't believe now

that you have any share in this cabinet list, but you will find it best to go away to Switzerland."

Falling from one mood into another, Göring knew that this Hohenzollern prince could be of great use to him. He therefore suddenly held out his hand to him in token of a reconciliation.

But the prince stood there in utter amazement. "Well, but how is that? why . . ." Then Göring fell into a rage again. These days had taken much too much from his nerves. The man who once had been so submissive to the prince, who for months had begged for his help, launched out once more against him: "I have already told you that you have the most idiotic face in the world. Of course you must go for a time to Switzerland; otherwise you won't be sure for your life."

So the prince went off by the next train. Dozens of Catholics were executed in Berlin. Göring had all the opposition men shot off: if there *was* to be murder, then it must be thoroughly done.

There was still one man in Munich on the list. Göring telegraphed thither to have him also shot: Dr. Gehrlich, chief editor of the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, who knew a great deal too much about Göring's commission business with the Bavarian Motor Works.

But Göring's list was not yet done with, and Hitler also was still fully taken up with the deeds of blood. The Bavarian Home Minister Stützl was shot, as also Finance Minister Schäffer, Professor Stempfle, and Dr. George Heim, who had founded the Bavarian People's Party. Hundreds and hundreds were murdered. Even Gregor Strasser's lawyer, Voss, was shot,

as it was presumed that he was in possession of compromising material about Hitler and Goring. Thousands were thrown into prison.

One thing is certain : in this slaughter, in this one St. Bartholomew's night, there fell five or perhaps still more times as many men as during the ten years' struggle between the National Socialists and the Communists. Some Democratic ministers, such as Treviranus, fled at once to England. But in Germany the work of extirpation went on. "Heil Hitler!" shouted the SA leaders, as they were put up against the wall. "Do not fire on your brothers!" others shouted. "To-day it is we, to-morrow you," they shouted to their SS comrades. But Göring and Hitler gave orders all the time only to go on shooting. Hitler did not lay aside his revolver the whole of that day.

In the middle of Berlin, in the Potsdamer Platz, the mother of an SA leader walked about screaming and weeping : "Göring has had my son killed," until she was led away.

For centuries past no German party had wiped out opponents in this way.

All Europe was stirred ; in Germany they did not know how everything was going to end. The army stood with arms at the order, but the harassed and defeated workers' movement did not stir. The terror paralysed its limbs. If the people's movement was to have had an opportunity to strike down the Hitler dictatorship, then it would have been just on these days. But neither those doing the illegal work nor the *émigrés* had reckoned with these events, and they were therefore not ready.

Death had reaped a rich harvest ; the rooting out of the old comrades had been successful, the SA had lost all political importance. Hitler and Göring had fulfilled the demands of the Reichswehr and industry. Since this time the danger of revolution by the SA is over, and their anti-capitalist and Socialist yearnings are smothered.

3

The events of 30 June were pushed out of the foreground through Hindenburg's death. It is true, it was whispered about the country that many SA leaders were shot through pure accident and through a confusion of names, that their widows were given a pension of 600 marks a month, and that it was not hundreds but thousands who had been shot. But Hindenburg's death was an event which overshadowed everything else.

Who was to be his successor ? Would Hitler be made President of the Reich and kept a prisoner like Hindenburg ? Would von Papen be appointed Chancellor of the Reich ?

What kind of will had Hindenburg left behind him ? Hitler and Göring made a careful study of public opinion. The will, which was in von Papen's hands, might give them unpleasing surprises. Therefore the German Telegraphic Bureau, on 3 August, announced that Hindenburg had not written a will, and from 3 to 6 August there came daily a new version of the will that could not be found. But on 7 August this important document was suddenly found. For no

one in the whole world believed that Hindenburg, that true Prussian, had not kept his papers in order. Not till 7 August did the government make an official announcement that von Papen had had the will in his care and had on 2 August informed the government of this. The day after Hindenburg's death the new decree had already been signed by which Hitler, besides the post of Chancellor, was also to take over the office of President of the Reich. Under dictatorial compulsion the people were to have an election on the matter.

The will was published, therefore, not till a week after Hindenburg's death. Whether it was genuine or not is not known. Only one thing is known, and that is that the London *Times* held it to be a forgery, and stated its first part was taken word for word from Hindenburg's autobiography, and that Hindenburg did not by one single word propose Hitler as his successor.

But usurpers do not go into such matters. The will had not been favourable to Hitler; his telegram of condolence to Oskar von Hindenburg was cool and short, while Göring sent no less than two long effusions one as a private person, the other as Air Minister.

On 19 August the election under the terror was held, at which anyone who voted No had to look forward to prison. Over five million Germans, however, dared to say No to Hitler as President of the Reich. They were not only members of the old Labour parties, but also German Nationalists, soldiers, Catholics, members of the Confessional Church, and many other lovers of freedom. As it was only National Socialists who looked

after the counting of the votes, we can be certain that the numbers of the opposition were really enormously greater.

Hindenburg was dead ; Hitler was in power alone. National Socialism went on ruling.

GÖRING THE MAN ★

I

WE CAN MOST EASILY GET A REAL PICTURE OF THE human qualities of tyrants from studying their private life. This often gives the best explanation of their craving for rule.

But have the modern dictators of our century any private life at all, or is the leader of the German Working Front, Dr. Ley, right when he says that no one has more right to claim a private life than they have?

The leaders in a compulsorily organized State find it very hard to keep away from their own celebrations and political meetings. They cannot quietly withdraw from public notice. None of them dares to walk as an ordinary individual along 'Unter den Linden' in Berlin. The Swedish king can walk peaceably unaccompanied about the streets of Stockholm; the Norwegian Minister of State can go unaccompanied to any cinema he likes without any particular notice being taken of him; and even a British minister can go on his way incognito in the world city without having to wait for some display of admiration made to order.

But what about a dictatorial minister in Germany? He cannot walk a step without his body-guard.

Wherever he goes he is followed by his black shadowy forms. They stand heavily armed outside his palace to stop any unauthorized approach. And if the Minister President is driving outside, three cars go before and three behind him. He is never alone, never just a private person, but always the tyrant who is afraid of the people and must surround himself with a bulwark of strong SS bodies.

But it is in this way that the tyrants have lived throughout the centuries. It is not otherwise for Hitler and Mussolini; and the Turkish pashas, the Spanish despots, never lived any freer lives.

But Göring loves to take an energetic part in all the joys of life, and now is making up for all he had to go without in his *émigré* years. A Scandinavian Foreign Minister told the writer: "Yes, Göring loves life, and he knows how to live. He likes good living and always understands how to arrange things so he gets the best for himself."

His craving for pomp and circumstance has become proverbial. Even within the Nazi Party they often look askance at his way of living. Goebbels has even repeatedly dared to show his open disapproval of it. Shortly after the events of 30 June he was speaking in the Berlin stadium and before many thousands of hearers was praising the simpleness of the vegetarian Reich Chancellor's way of life: "Hitler does not surround himself with the pomp and splendour of glittering stars, orders, and uniforms."

This was an evident attack on Göring, but the Nazi leaders who had egged on Goebbels to make it, made quite a mistake. Göring had no idea whatever of making any change in his way of living.

Goebbels' attack on the Air Minister with his love of uniforms and show marks better than anything else Göring's attitude towards the other leaders. We can safely say that in private he is not on a particularly good footing with any of them ; he is not linked in friendship with any of them. Göring has always called himself Hitler's most faithful and devoted squire and paladin, but he has never become his friend.

An unbridgeable cleft lies between Göring and Hitler. The latter really trembles before the unruly character of his Minister President ; one can always look forward to surprises from him. In the sharing out of power and booty Göring always tries to carve out the biggest piece for himself. Hitler, who aspires to life's highest glory, is much behind Göring in this. Glory alone is not enough for him, he wants to immortalize it, set himself above death, and at the same time while he is alive enjoy all the advantages of the glory he has won.

Göring's eagerness to make his career, his earlier attempt at blackmail, his morphine craving have aroused in Hitler a loathing towards the Minister President and Field-Marshal. It was no accident that Hitler before 30 June was trying to be reconciled with Gregor Strasser. But now it was too late. Hitler cannot within the next few years squeeze out Göring. Any secret meeting arranged by Hitler becomes known to Göring through his Gestapo ; his men inform him of the least opposition from the National Socialist leaders ; he often knows better about plans and rumours than the conspirators themselves. The police, the air arm, the Prussian State machinery, good relations with the Reichswehr, with the Gestapo,

and with sections of the SS have made his position so strong that not even Hitler can bring him down without risking his own position.

Nor are the relations with Goebbels good. So long as Göring was not playing any predominant part, he was often a guest in Goebbels' house and conversely. After Göring came into power differences arose. Collisions between them often took very violent forms, and Goebbels' attack on Göring's love of uniform is only one of them. Göring came off victorious. He has overshadowed Goebbels and forced him to follow his lead. Goebbels, who for a long time was looked on as the Radical in the Party, who together with Röhm and Gregor Strasser often used to thunder against the 'pretty boys' in the Party, saved himself on 30 June only through making a full submission. Through this the Minister President had once for all come up to first place. Dozens of high functionaries are wholly dependent on Göring, whose directions even Goebbels, the Minister for Propaganda, must blindly obey.

Göring's relations with the other Nazi leaders are hardly any better. For he knows full well that Hitler did his best for Hess to be his successor, for he did not look on Göring as being a particularly worthy, that is to say, brave Nazi. But when the war of revenge so greatly yearned for by Göring came at last, he was already so powerful that Hitler had to appoint him as his successor, and only after Göring's death was Hess to become the Leader of the Third Reich.

It is with the greatest attention that he studies all the Gestapo reports on Hitler's state of health, especially on the illness in his throat. The Otto Strasser often quoted in this book says: 'Who in

Germany or Europe really knows that Göring's deepest and most far-fetched fanatical ambition aims at bringing the revolution to its full end as the "German Napoleon" and setting up a mighty and gloomy dominion of terror over a conquered Europe with Germany as the base for his wild plans.'

Göring has no love for complicated thinking; he divides the National Socialist staff at the head into two groups: one that is dangerous to him, like Hess and Goebbels; one that is dangerous to him but might become useful, like Himmler, Daluge, and the other Gestapo leaders.

On 30 June Göring had the most dangerous put out of the way. Strasser and Röhm were killed, von Papen deprived of all power, Goebbels brought to heel.

It is otherwise with the former Foreign Minister, Baron von Neurath. Göring has always had a weakness for the nobility, and he lets the idea get about of his own noble birth which is asserted to go right back to Charlemagne. Neurath belongs to Reichswehr circles and agrarian groups, and these hold no small power. Over and over again Göring has come into conflict with him. When Göring wanted to be at the King's coronation in England in the full uniform of a general, Neurath was successful in putting a stop to it. He also looked askance at Göring's constant journeys abroad, but acquiesced when the Balkans and Italy were in question. Through his Gestapo agents Göring was always kept fully informed of all Neurath's plans, but it was not till later that he dared to attack him. He played an active part in his fall and in Ribbentrop's triumph.

Nor has Göring succeeded in coming into closer

touch with Frick, the Home Minister. Frick is a devoted follower of Hitler and a typical German official, who, owing to his diligence and exactness, carries out the most important of the administrative works. Göring knows the limitations of Frick's mind ; he is not afraid of him, but knows that Frick has seen through his ambitious plans and purposely keeps away from him.

His relations with Schacht were of the same kind. Schacht's past showed that he was a man to fear. Once upon a time Göring was on a very good footing with the head of the Reichsbank. He had, indeed, won him over to the party, Schacht had been his best capture for National Socialism. But Schacht always kept to the Conservative wing of the big German capitalists, he partly represented the nobility and great landowners. Göring, whose relations with the leaders in heavy industry are known, often came into conflict with him. Schacht and Göring represented two branches of the German capitalists. The one demanded a free, unhampered industrial life, the other, which was represented in the machinery of the State, wanted to have a system of State capitalism, monopoly, and State help. The economic life of the new Germany with its compulsory regulations and manufacture of substitutes with the fullest co-operation of the State system brought victory for the Göring wing, and therefore in the end Schacht had to go.

The German Minister for Agriculture, Walter Darré, Göring has no reason to fear. Darré is not a man of any importance ; his great agricultural reforms have been wholly unsuccessful : Germany cannot possibly feed itself. The agricultural products

are some of them dreadfully scarce. When Göring was afterwards appointed as dictator over the industrial life to ensure by violence and terrorism German supplies, Darré was given lower rank as his subordinate.

The three ministers, Schwerin von Krosigk, Elz von Rübenach, and the Stahlhelm Leader Seldte, are much too far in the background to disturb Göring. Bernhard Rust and Hans Kerrl, who in questions of culture and religion preach the National Socialist theory of blood, belong to the second rank in the group of leaders.

About Göring's relations and friendships with foreign diplomatists and military his biographer, Eric Gritzbach, writes as follows :

‘ In Poland it is their common interest in hunting which brings him together with the great men of that country. With the late Marshal Pilsudski, for whom in his lifetime . . . Göring felt a sincere admiration, he was linked through a common way of thinking, a mutual respect. (This was written before the war with Poland.) In Hungary he had a good friend in the soldier and statesman, Gömbös, whose early death Göring, the Prussian Minister President and General, together with the Hungarian nation deeply mourned. In Bulgaria it is the old brotherhood in arms—flying—that has a particularly strong interest for King Boris, and the splendid garden of Vrana castle, which arouses enthusiasm in flower-lovers and friends of nature. In Greece he is enchanted like his wife by the great remains of antiquity. At the court in Belgrade the Prince Regent Paul awaits him. . . . A

true friendship links him with Stoyadinovich, the Minister President.'

Göring has often been a guest in the dictatorship States of the Balkans.

For Hitler himself Göring has a deep respect, for he knows what an unparalleled influence Hitler wields in the Nazi Party. It would be only with the greatest reluctance and only in desperate straits that Göring would bring himself to undertake any action for overthrowing him. For Göring marches on the side of the strongest. Moreover, it is a question whether a third party would not win the victory if there was a struggle between Hitler and Göring, namely, the Reichswehr, and whether in such a struggle the secret opposition would not be strengthened and in the end the illegal Socialists, too, be given a fresh chance. Therefore, Hitler says nothing, although he knows the danger that threatens him from Göring.

But Hitler does not always hold his tongue. Among those he knows he often speaks critically of his fellow-workers. A good many women are among Hitler's closest friends : film actresses, artists, ' women leaders.' To one of these he once said that he could not make out Göring, that his love of pomp and show was unnatural—there were other ways of enjoying oneself in life. And now Göring had even been given a lion cub ! Nothing of the kind had ever befallen Hitler. When he was at a leaders' meeting at Göring's, the lion had laid its paw on his shoulder and almost torn his face, till he got angry and told them to take away the beast.

With a smile Hitler told her further that Göring

after this performance wanted to make it up with him, and so had a particularly simple wooden house built at Schorfheide alongside his fine castle, 'Carinhall.' Hitler had never been inside this house. As it suddenly was burned down, Göring was thus spared another rebuff. Then Hitler made merry at the many gifts accepted by Göring, but at the same time forgot that he himself in this regard is not a whit better, but likewise takes a good share of the booty himself.

Göring's lion cub was long a subject for talk in Nazi circles. The Minister President was always having himself photographed along with the lion to show the world that a beast of prey, too, is part of a life heroic. When the Swedish zoologist, Bengt Berg, who is not so well known in his own land as he is in the Third Reich, was once calling on Göring, he came upon him playing with the lion cub. Bengt Berg went to see the Minister President in July 1934 to ask him to found a nature park for his studies. "Yes, I know already what you want," said Göring and pressed Berg's hand good-humouredly. "It is naturally interesting to have called on 'Europe's most dangerous man,'" Göring said jokingly during the conversation. In an interview about his call on the German Minister President, Bengt Berg said afterwards: "Bear in mind that, since Hermann Göring has taken the helm in Prussia into his firm hand, murders for robbery have in his province gone down to a number in a whole year which the city of Berlin by itself has shown for one single month."

Not a word here about the doctored statistics, about the political murders having increased a hundred-fold. Bengt Berg praised Göring for his hunting and

game-protection law, and at the end came to the Minister President's lion: "Anyone seeing Hermann Göring when he takes his lion cub onto his arm and fondles it, at once will understand that behind this Teuton's steely, clear eyes there is a warm love for his nation and kindliness of heart towards mankind."

Involuntarily we ask ourselves whether the Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and Socialist prisoners in the concentration camps think in the same way. Bengt Berg is, however, careful not to add that Göring with great magnanimity (was it not State property?) granted him the nature park which the thriftier democratic government had refused him.

Göring feels himself to be an important specialist as Master of the Hunt and Forests. For this office also he has, of course, found himself a special uniform, which he used above all for the Polish hunting trips.

It is from Poland, a land where photography has not been so strictly censored as in the Third Reich, that we have been sent some of the most interesting pictures of Göring. Göring in a green cape, rifle in hand, beside a slain elk; Göring with his field-glasses round his neck and sighting his rifle; and, finally—it is almost symbolic: 'Göring with his victim'; the Minister President is gazing in triumph at the beast he has shot.

The Field-Marshal likes to go hunting in Germany, too. The hunting-castle and huge park at Schorfheide he was made a present of when he came into power.

Carinhall, his hunting-castle and official summer residence, was built on to regardless of expense. Göring, once so debt-ridden, no longer need be careful. Like the ex-Kaiser in his day he follows his own bent as he likes. The new buildings stand in a great square and about a huge pool, which is ringed by a colonnade. In the middle building Göring has his private dwelling. It has been fitted out with an unbelievable luxury. Every article is a work of art. Here, too, is the great room with the cupola, known as the Orders-room, where the glass cupboard with Göring's orders and emblems of distinction are on show. In the house there are one hundred and fifty rooms besides for the hunting guests from Germany and from abroad.

This is Göring's summer palace. His winter palace has a princely stamp about it, with its many bath-rooms, huge apartments, State-rooms, and the pictures appropriated from the leading museums of the country. His study has been arranged on the pattern of Mussolini's. A gigantic, Old Germanic bailiff's sword, also known as an executioner's sword, hangs before his writing-table. Splendid paintings of Frederick the Great and Mussolini and of his favourite great soldiers are found distributed throughout the rooms.

And all these things are gifts which the Minister President has asked for and been given. On Salzberg, in the neighbourhood of Hitler's residence, Göring owns another castle, and a third on the island of Capri—in case he has to flee. General Mackensen has made him a present of a fine landed estate. Dozens of German communes have made him an honorary member. Hamburg has struck a gold coin commemorating Göring; from the armament industry he

has been given several aeroplanes, in Friesland there has been made the Hermann-Göring Koog (stretch of shore).

No one has been sparing of his money when it was a question of winning the mighty man's good graces. And he accepts everything he gets ; he never refuses a gift. The Field-Marshal is very thoughtful towards his nearest kindred. One of his brothers-in-law has a high post in the Hermann Göring Works, another brother-in-law is Minister for Justice in Austria. But his own brothers are best off. Besides a highly-paid post in the Ministry for Reich Economy, Herbert Göring has a great many well-paid directorships. He is, among other things, a member of the boards of management for the Allgemeiner Deutsche Kreditanstalt in Leipzig and for the Deutsche Schiffs-und Maschinenbau A.G. in Breslau, which owns the biggest block of shares in the Weser Aeroplane Factory. This latter, thanks to Göring's action, is given big orders from the State for aeroplanes. Another brother is director-general of the Austrian film company Tobis Sascha, which has the direction of the whole Austrian film production.

Göring was first and foremost satisfying his own demand for luxury when he fitted out the new Reich Airways Ministry in Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin, with exaggerated splendour. No questions have been asked about its cost. The ' Court of honour ' of the gigantic building is adorned with the most costly emblems. A huge eagle holding in its claws the laurel-wreathed swastika watches over the entrance, which is decorated with horse-shoes, swastikas, and Iron Crosses.

In the great Session hall are big arm-chairs in the newest style grouped round two tables of the most

costly rare wood. Professor Sagebiel made the designs for the banqueting hall of the ministry. As in an old castle the floor here is of marble; in the background once more the laurel-wreathed eagle rises; and a magnificent lighting in the ceiling, which runs round the whole hall, greatly strengthens the imposing impression. Along the walls at the side are great electric metal torches, pillars, balconies, and gigantic glass doors.

Costly pictures stress the heavy splendour, especially in the Session hall, where paintings hang along the whole of one wall at the side.

One feels carried back here to bygone days, when the lords took the dearest and best for themselves and the people did not get the barest necessities for life.

In this respect nothing is altered by the fact that Göring once a year publicly takes part in the Winter-help collection. When the Nazi leaders were one day collecting money in the streets for this, Hermann Göring was to be met with in front of the Hotel Adlon, Berlin's most exclusive hotel. Here stay the wealthiest guests; in these high social surroundings Göring feels himself at home, and here he could be collecting money.

Göring one day got the idea that he, too, must play the part of a modern Haroun al-Raschid, and so he invited five hundred children and made them gifts out of State moneys. He thus won popularity once more for himself at the cost of the State without making the slightest sacrifice himself.

On himself Göring spends unheard-of sums of money. In his cellar are the most expensive wines;

the dearest tailors and shoemakers, the best men's outfitters work for him. He enjoys to the fullest his position of power.

Göring is also astonishingly vain, very fond of notoriety and does his all to direct the attention of the world's press upon himself. All the important mentions in the newspapers about his private life and policy are gathered together and put before him. Already there are whole archives filled with these. Everything that he does is done with an end in view. Everything must make an effect and be worthy of a great German man.

If other Nazi leaders in the presence of strangers draw his attention to mistakes he has made, he never forgives it. It is only his Swedish kindred in the nobility who can be so free.

Another example of his unforgivingness shall be here mentioned. When Carl von Ossietzky after three and three-quarters of a year's stay in concentration camps was awarded the Nobel peace prize, Göring at once went to him, greatly upset at the 'foreign insolence.' For two hours the head of the Gestapo was speaking with the prisoner von Ossietzky and trying by hook or by crook to bring him to forgo the Nobel prize. But von Ossietzky, who had withstood the lung-wrecking mist of the Papenburg fens, in spite of his tuberculosis stood firm and openly told the Minister President: "At my age one does not change one's opinions so easily. I was a pacifist, I am a pacifist, and I remain a pacifist. I shall accept the distinction from the Nobel Fund."

Seething with fury Göring left the sick von Ossietzky, and the latter could be sure of the revenge

that was to come. From that moment he was no longer allowed to have any visitors in hospital, nor was he allowed to go to Oslo to fetch his Peace Prize. By means of a new law, even called the 'Lex Ossietzky,' which threatened every German with the death penalty who had money abroad, Göring forced von Ossietzky to have the money sent to Germany. On Göring's initiative any German in the end was forbidden to accept the Nobel Prize.

This was the way that Göring punished von Ossietzky for his refusal to forgo the Nobel Prize.

The winter festivities that followed drove the Ossietzky case into the background.

Göring's life is a crowded one. The many offices from Minister President to Master of the Hunt in themselves entail his having to deal with the most varied matters. What is lacking as to thoroughness owing to want of time is compensated for by military exactness and discipline. The National Socialist biographers tell us that Göring rises at six, takes a cold bath, drinks a cup of coffee standing, and reads half-dressed in a dressing-gown and slippers the most important newspapers from the *Völkischer Beobachter* to the *Illustrierte*. Of the foreign press he reads the Swedish regularly, since among foreign languages he understands Swedish best. His valet Robert, whom he engaged directly after he was appointed Minister President, meanwhile plays the gramophone for him. In Berlin legends are told about Robert: he always knows what humour Göring is in and what is the music he exactly wants—*Fra Diavolo* or scenes from *Arabella* or Chaikovski's Seventh Symphony or Beethoven's Third. If the Minister President is in an ill-humour,

then the gramophone plays the heroic march from *Ragnarök*. "It always does him good," Robert declares confidentially.

Early in the morning also the tradesmen are received. They gather in the waiting-room and are called in in turn. At their head comes the tailor, who must carry out all his wishes quickly as to uniforms. Then follow the dealers in arms and in antiques, the hairdresser, and a long string of other persons. One can see how great and powerful the Minister President feels himself. Like the kings of old times and the Middle Ages he deigns to receive the traders and lets them feel his power. It is in this way that his whole private life goes on.

Another picture from Göring's private life is here given, for it, too, is characteristic of him. In the attic of Carinhall Göring has had a whole railway laid out, and this he shows his guests with particular delight. It is also his dearest plaything. Even Mussolini and the Duke of Windsor have had to admire it. The whole lay-out is about one hundred square metres. From two sets of switches that control eight locomotives, almost exact models of the real thing, there run express trains, goods trains, and military transport trains over bridges carried across rivers marked out and under motor roads through elaborately made towns, villages, woods, and meadows. Amidst the six hundred metre long railway system with its forty electric points and signalling systems, there is raging a fight between tin soldiers. It is a gruesome plaything. Tanks spitting fire roll against the enemy, mine throwers are firing. The infantry is shrouded in mist, anti-aircraft guns are firing at aeroplanes hanging

on thin threads, hovering over the battle-field and letting their bombs drop on railway stations, bridges, and woods. And Göring beams joyfully when he can show his guests this masterpiece.

But a less imposing impression is made by Göring's library. He certainly owns many valuable old volumes, but the choice is typical of this anti-intellectual man. Alongside of a whole collection of works on Scandinavian theory of a world ice age, stands a mass of books dealing with Germanic history; then there is a mountain of books on military science and German history, books on hunting, classics and works on racial science. Altogether, the typical library of a German military man. Göring has also made a separate map-room, where there hang portraits of Frederick the Great, the young Napoleon, and Moltke.

The Minister President has given the new Germany a brilliant proof that he knows how to arrange magnificent celebrations. But all the festivals of the Third Reich paled when compared with Göring's wedding-day.

What kind of wife does such a vain, ambitious, and boastful man take to himself? A retiring, shy wife, who stands at her husband's side and encourages him? No; Göring chooses for his wife a woman who, like him, can move in the great world of politics: an actress, who is used to being on the stage, and, like him, is used to receiving applause and approval.

Emmy Sonnemann was only a middling actress, who before National Socialism came into power had not been able to make any success, and for the most part had appeared in provincial theatres, as in Stuttgart, Weimar, and Wiesbaden. It was not till Göring

appointed her to be a State actress that the doors of Berlin's greater theatres were opened to her. And, indeed, who would have dared to slight Göring's wishes? Emmy Sonnemann has herself said in an interview that it was not till after 1933 that she came to the top as a result of her unexpectedly great success at the festival performance of the drama *Schlageter*. "I played to the Berlin public for the first time," she told the *Völkischer Beobachter's* reporter, "in the tragedy of *Schlageter*; this was on 20 April of last year, on the Leader's birthday. . . . Everywhere they are helpful to me and ready to meet me half-way. My fellow-players are quite delightful: not a spiteful word, not a sign of envy—it is really a pleasure to play here."

We now know the answer to the puzzle.

This woman was given by Göring a bridal crown worth about £2500. On the wedding-day hundreds of aeroplanes circled over Berlin, the city was flagged, everywhere festivities were arranged. The day started with pealing bells; companies of honour presented arms; quite early in the morning several musical processions gave serenades, such as the Guard regiment of the Reichswehr, the General Göring's Guard regiment, Adolf Hitler's body-guard, the SA's Air Sport Union, the Rifle Corps, and the music section of the National Socialist Labour Service.

The Hitler Youth, the Union of German Girls, the SA, the SS, the Security Police, the Rifle Corps, and members of the party lined the way—nearly seventy thousand persons, while the air squadrons circled over Berlin.

Hitler himself was a witness for the marriage. It was

his wish that Göring should marry the actress, for, in principle, he was against the leaders under him having friendships that lasted too long.

The Councillors' Room in the Berlin Town Hall, where the civil marriage took place, was decorated in a princely way. Göring wore a general's uniform with all his orders, and was conducted into the room by Sahm, the First Burghermaster, afterwards Minister to Norway. Hitler and Minister Kerrl were witnesses.

The civil marriage was followed by the church marriage, at which great splendour was displayed; here, too, all the Nazi swordsmen were present. In the first rank were seen Prince Auwi and Frick, Goebbels, Hitler, and the State Secretaries, Körner and Milch. The veil of the Minister President's wife was borne by Princess Wied, Gisela, and Ursula Kerrl, and a woman-friend of Emmy Sonnemann's.

The wedding-party was held in the Kaiserhof Hotel, the former headquarters of the National Socialist Party. Many speeches were made, and with astonishment and admiration the guests gazed at the never-ending gifts from all parts of the Reich. Not one institution in Prussia had forgotten to send its supreme head a gift.

Göring laughingly gave out that there were many more presents than those the guests saw there. He had even been given a wild pig and a bison from East Prussia, but these could not be put among the wedding guests.

The 'Kaiserhof' had been turned into a flower-garden. Prussia's leading man was celebrating a kingly marriage; hundreds of persons took part in

the reception in the 'Kaiserhof,' hundreds of thousands took part in the festivities throughout the country.

A wedding such as this, such a festivity with fireworks, concerts, a sea of flags, air displays on a weekday, had not been seen in Berlin since the Kaiser's time.

From this day Göring showed himself everywhere with his wife: at the music festival at Bayreuth, at the races, at the opera. And so all Germany gradually came to know that Emmy Göring, the former second-rate actress, was Germany's first lady.

The Nazi press speaks of her clothes, her movements, of every word she utters.

Göring's fame has grown through his wife. The interest with which Göring and his wife's private life is followed can be gathered from a paragraph in the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, which in the summer of 1937 described in great detail the visit of the Minister President and his wife to the Hamburg Derby:

'Hermann and Emmy Göring had many field-glasses levelled at them. The General, in whose company State-Secretary Körner was particularly noticed, was wearing a light thin suit, whose summer-like character was further stressed by the red, light brown and green tie. Hermann Göring was studying the programme with evident interest, especially the list of Derby candidates: with such interest that his cigar went out. . . . The box was filled. . . . He who knows the titles can give the names of those who here gathered together. . . . Emmy Göring, the Hamburg lady, the first lady in the Reich, was above all admired by the ladies, who then saw that she was wearing a white lace dress and a hat to match. . . .'

So Göring, then, has time left over for his private life. He looks after it very thoroughly: Honour, power, enjoyment; the officer on duty and the officer in casino life. Meanwhile hundreds of thousands from Danzig to Vienna are sitting behind bars, waiting for their freedom.

GUNS INSTEAD OF BUTTER ★

I

CHAOS WAS SPREADING MORE AND MORE IN EUROPE. Italy was waging war in Abyssinia without the League of Nations lending the slightest help to its attacked member. The war which all the statesmen and even the dictators had openly forecast had suddenly become a reality.

In the Far East the storm was raging without a break, and thunder-clouds were gathering over Spain. Then came Austria's, Czechoslovakia's, and Albania's fall. The European States saw how the war-clouds were growing heavier and heavier, but they could do nothing against it, for their position was far too weak. The great British Empire now made the strongest efforts not to have to meet the same fate as once had overtaken the Spanish and Dutch world empires, and once more compromised with every country. And the dictators flourished.

Under an understanding with the Reichswehr, the Foreign Ministry and Göring, Frick, and Goebbels, Hitler proclaimed at the Nuremberg party meeting that the Versailles Treaty no longer was valid, that the Locarno Pact was null and void, and that Germany was to start on arming itself to the full : conscription, freedom to arm, militarizing of the Rhine frontier,

although this zone under the peace treaty could not be fortified.

The world reacted to this treaty-breaking as though against a hurricane against which there is no protecting oneself, and let the National Socialists have their own way. The Italian and German dictatorships had won new victories, and Europe was convinced that both countries were ready to start war. Thanks to their dictatorial system they would be able to work up their peoples to this end. Therefore the democracies capitulated—for the last time?—in Munich.

The only answer by those two countries was a tenfold of their armaments; Europe in its rottenness no longer knows of any other solution. Like pirate ships the great powers drift round upon the world's sea without any course or goal before them, and the dictators are becoming lords of this sea.

Göring won the day when conscription was brought in. Hitler at first had wavered, for he looked to a strong opposition from France and England; but when these States let themselves be caught napping and did no more than send a paper protest to Berlin, men had their eyes opened, and went calmly on along the road they had taken. "The German people is now safe, it can sleep peacefully again, because men and not poor cowards are watching over Germany," said Göring, and redoubled his armaments in the air weapon.

Göring never believed that the democracies would dare start a war to defend Europe. When he woke up from his mistake, Europe was already in flames.

Now the old military days of before the war had come back again, the spirit of the Wilhelm epoch was

once more alive. There was no room now for pacifists in the land. "I shall never allow Ghandi to be praised in my presence as a hero of freedom," Göring once said, "for I look on him as a Bolshevik agent working against England in India."

But however heroic, militaristic, and brave a people may be, it cannot live on honour, arms, and military strength only. Food cannot be made up for by guns. A nation needs butter, too.

The thousands of speeches the National Socialist leaders have made since they got power for themselves, did not fill people's bellies. The huge armaments, the splendid military concrete motor roads, the new institutions and organizations for industrial life, could no longer hide the catastrophic economic state of the land.

The laws of political economy cannot be escaped with fine patriotic speeches. They hold like laws of nature in our modern industrial life and act like catastrophies of nature on the great masses. Germany was standing on the brink of ruin ; exchange for the simplest raw materials was lacking, so that more and more they had to change over to making substitutes, as in the World War. In spite of the once so highly praised system of the Reich Food Organization there was a scarcity of food-stuffs, and the peasants in the end were not allowed even to keep their seed corn. Prices rose, and it was only by force that the fixing of maximum prices could be carried out. Butter, fat, and meat became scarcer and scarcer, bread became blacker and blacker. In the end these foods had to be rationed, and thus they were back again to the conditions during the war.

Along with the re-arming that was being carried out at a frenzied rate it was also necessary to conserve food-stuffs in case of war.

At first the people only grumbled and resigned themselves. They had gone through war and inflation and were used to little food ; and who now in Germany ate butter and meat regularly ? The proletariat had always had to be satisfied with margarine and malt coffee ; even the middle classes had got used to margarine. And it was for this reason that Goring could boastingly declare : " Germany will certainly not give in because of either a chance lack of butter or lack of meat. We shall not take either of these things so deeply to heart. And they, too, will pass."

And what else can a people do under dictatorship ? The greater the intensity with which rearmament was carried on, the scarcer did food and raw materials grow.

Göring declared that no attention at all need be given to provisioning the people. What had first of all to be done was to get guns, after that they could think of butter. People would have to go hungry as in Japan. " This Germany has grown strong, and this has displeased many," he said on another occasion, " but if the nation one day stands before its hour of decision, then it must be a strong nation, a National Socialist people, so as to be worthy of that hour."

" It is only a sharp sword that protects the peace." Göring was ever hammering into the people that : " War may come, and then we must be equipped and able to strike." When speaking of total rearmament Göring addresses himself above all to the youth, which, indeed, above all, makes the cannon fodder in all wars.

For a long time past caning has been brought back again into German schools. Göring, who has never given attention to problems of youth, calmly enounces his theories: "Any real work in the school seems to me to be unthinkable without being strongly anchored in authority." And then he goes on to preach his old wisdom from the old Cadet School, which he himself learned from his military teachers: "First obey, then command."

The schools, too, must be thoroughly soaked with the war-like spirit. They must be forecourts to the army. The Prussian spirit, marching, military drill, are held to be necessary things alongside the usual school subjects. "The introduction of conscription comes in the most effective way to support the work in this field."

In the hour when economic distress was growing ever greater and the lack of food-stuffs more and more catastrophic, there was only one possibility for the dictatorship to make its way out of this tangle. Hitler appointed his most brutal man, his Police Minister as dictator for industry and food. A dictator who carries out all his measures by compulsion so as to overcome the chaos in the nation's production.

The amount of currency in the Reichsbank was so small that often it was impossible to import the most necessary goods.

Göring as dictator for food and industry furthermore gave a clear warning to the few surviving believers in a second revolution, who still were demanding a Socialistic industrial life within a National Socialist framework—or, at least, a limitation of the stores and the great buying centres. The middle classes

became the first victims of the new economic chaos.

The small shopkeepers did not get enough from eggs, fat, and meat ; who paid them for the deficit ? No one. And if they took higher prices than those laid down, they found themselves in concentration camps.

Göring's first plan in his new post was to seek by every instrument of power to make Germany a self-supporting state, so that in case of need she should be able to do without foreign goods. But already at the congress of Reich peasants at Goslar he had to beseech the peasantry to deliver more seed, to sow more, and to grow what products the state was most in need of. And as not even this was any good, Göring resolved simply to annex the 1937 harvest. The peasants were not allowed to keep anything for themselves ; they had to hand over everything to the Reich food organization.

Göring, who at the end of the war had thought of studying political economy, though nothing came of it, is anything but a specialist in the economic field. Foreign financial experts and ministers speak scornfully about Göring's ignorance on questions of industrial policy. But, speaking of the leader for German industrial life, Hitler has declared that he was the only man who could make of Germany a self-supporting land : " Put your trust in this man whom I have appointed. A man of strong will and great determination." Industrialists were sceptical, but this was the only way. The foreign debts could no longer be paid or only very irregularly, and with most states Germany had had to come to a clearing agreement. Exports fell, and the less Germany bought abroad, the more

they fell. The most necessary raw materials could not be obtained for war industries, if the small supply of currency were used to buy food-stuffs abroad for the population. How was the chaos to be overcome?

Göring openly declared: "Industrial life is not within my province. I have never been a director-general or on a board of management in any company, and I never shall be either. Nor am I a farmer." But he was ready with every means of compulsion to force Germany to take the path of war preparation. Boastfully he announced his national plan: "Within four years Germany must be independent of all those raw materials which it is found possible to produce through German skill, through our chemical and our mechanical industry, and likewise through our mines."

The result we see now: there are neither eggs, cloth, nor linen, neither butter nor fat in the country. The nation must go back once more to the potatoes and turnips and the ration card of the world war.

But it has guns that are now thundering over Europe.

Göring also forced greater economy on his nation; the poverty-stricken German people had to pull in their belts still more. But the Nazi leaders have not been touched by want; they have always had plenty to eat, even enough currency to be able on their journeys abroad to buy the real thing instead of substitutes.

All refuse is saved just as in the former war. With the kitchen refuse pigs are kept; new metal is made from old tooth-paste tubes.

But there is not enough butter and meat. The butchers' shops have never been so empty since the

war as now. "It matters not at all if thousands die of under-feeding, if only we can carry out our re-armament," Goring remarked on one occasion in a narrower circle. "... And if peevish people say, 'Do not buy ore but buy butter and fat,' then we say: 'If we do that, then at once it will result in not so many raw materials being imported and thousands of our comrades in the people will once more be without work.'"

Thus does Goring try to frighten the people, but the people whisper. It spreads from ear to ear, everyone knows it, everyone is convinced of it: that butter is more important than guns.

Goring, who tells himself that there are no hindrances which cannot be overcome, consoles the people: "There is no rubber, what of that? Within a very short time new factories will be built, where we shall make our own rubber. . . ."

Cotton is not needed, he tells them, for he will have new factories built to make cotton substitute. The State pays out immense sums to private capitalists for the new industries that make substitutes. People have to try and do without benzine; well, cars will be built that can use fuel substitute.

Göring's sudden understanding for art must also be looked at from an economic angle. Since the time when Göring gave leave for a real Rubens to be sold abroad, he is looked on as art dictator. Many believe that he is a protector of the fine arts; as a matter of fact Göring only promulgated a law giving the State the right over all private works of art in the country.

Art provides currency, and currency lessens the want of raw materials. On 30 October 1936 the Minister President uttered the following words: "In six

months the position will be better." It was in this way that he sought to console the critics. "The improvement can be mathematically shown," he declared to the party members at a huge gathering.

And as no improvement showed itself, Göring had to carry through further reforms and compulsory measures. Here we will only mention some of his measures for agriculture :

1. Göring has ordered the head organization of German dairy-farming to be sparing of fat in cheese-making.

2. In dairies where over 40 per cent of the milk is sold fresh it is forbidden to make cheese with more than 20 per cent fat content.

3. Rye and wheat may no longer be used for making paste for wall-papers. It is also forbidden to use potatoes, rice, or maize for making paste.

4. All poultry-yards are compelled to hand over all cracked and shaken eggs to a Reich centre.

5. The Reich Food Organization tells every peasant what he is to grow. All products must be handed over at fixed prices.

As these and many other measures were of no use in raising the yield of agriculture, Göring called a special congress of the peasantry together, at which three hundred and sixty German peasant leaders gathered. Göring uttered threats of imprisonment and concentration camps, if they did not succeed in making Germany agriculturally self-standing. "We have no currency to buy agricultural products."

Industry, too, had let Göring understand that they would be highly unwilling to give up currency for

agriculture, for now every ton of foreign iron-ore was needed for war armaments.

There is no currency in hand. It is easier for Göring to get Reichsmarks. He, therefore, promised the three hundred and sixty peasant leaders heavy subsidies if they systematically cultivated their land after a plan drawn up by Darré and guaranteed the supply of food to Germany.

The peasants were sceptical ; besides this they had no very great interest in complying with Göring's request. They knew very well when there were bad times in towns and industrial centres. Crises were always dangerous, and it was only in times of crisis that anyone took an interest in them.

How did things stand with all the National Socialist promises in 1933 ? No farmstead had been freed of its debts, and the introduction of hereditary holdings lessened the possibilities of credit for the peasantry, since inalienable holdings were not security enough for the banks.

Göring very well understood that the peasants, in spite of all compulsory measures, would not fulfil the demands he was making of them. It was a thing easier said than done, to bring about self-sufficiency. Not even that vast land, the Soviet Union, could do it, nor could the United States. All the raw materials were lacking, from rubber, wool, and benzine to ores, and the food-stuffs that were short could not be replaced either. The discontent in the population was growing, so that Goebbels had to intervene and set the propaganda apparatus going. As in war-time articles were published in which meat and fat were referred to as unwholesome foods. Göring called on

all Nazis to give them up. Thick and fat, he stood on the platform in the Berlin Sports Palace and asked the people to be still more sparing, he himself had gone down ten kilos.

And his followers shouted with delight: "Our Göring has gone down ten kilos!"

So low is the intellectual level in the country, so far has the intellectual decay gone! No one sees that what we have here is sheer impudence. Göring with his castles and costly entertainments demands economy from the people and at the same time scoffs at it, as he, weighing over a hundred kilos, boasts that he has lost ten kilos and demands the same thing from all the others.

But the people cannot possibly make any more saving. Their standard of life is already much lower than in the democratic States, than the standard of life in France, Scandinavia, England, Holland, and Switzerland.

But the man who stands up against the food shortage, who lashes out against the new critical situation, finds himself in prison. In this respect the dictatorship can for the present protect itself. But it is harder for it to protect itself against the shortness of raw materials, which are so sorely needed for re-armament.

Then Göring had a bold idea, an idea which apparently had every likelihood of succeeding, and if it did succeed, this would mean the end of the worst anxieties of the food ministry.

2

The raw materials in which Germany is lacking she must get for herself by main force : re-armament was necessary so as to restore the old frontiers ; and if there was a shortness of raw materials and food-stuffs owing to the re-armament, then they must be got by means of war. There is no such thing as peaceful imperialism, therefore arms had to decide the issue.

From the time when Hitler came into power Göring has supported the warlike wing within the army. He first of all tried to get into touch with the old imperial generals, but when he saw that the officers of the World War were beginning to put the brake on the aggressive foreign policy plans of the Nazis, he became one of the foremost spokesmen for a change in the composition of the General Staff. Göring was the representative of the warlike party within the Reichswehr ; this was especially the case after he had in February 1938 through Hitler's intervention been promoted to Field-Marshal.

"More land," new conquests—this was the solution that Göring was always putting forward. Austria had supplies of ore which Germany might well need for her guns ; Austria had agricultural products. Czechoslovakia was not poor and moreover owned important stocks of gold, and great stocks of arms and food. And if one had Czechoslovakia, then the road to the Balkans was open, and then agricultural products could be got from Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Rumania, and then Germany's supply problem would have been solved.

At this same time there came the chance to show one's military strength for the first time in Spain. The Spanish war would be an immense advantage for Germany and Italy. Spain had rich resources in ore, which would be of the greatest use to Germany.

Göring was the most eager champion for intervention in Spain. He sent his airmen to Spain from the celebrated Room 93 in the German Ministry for Air ; he persuaded Hitler that the English and French democracies must be threatened from the Mediterranean. Spain was the gate to the colonies ; this was the beginning of the end. If the war in Spain went off well, then the Western powers must yield point after point. For a long time it looked as though Göring was going to be wrecked on his Spain policy ; above all they were disappointed in the German general staff at the low efficiency of the German air force. The German planes were not the equals of the Russian ones, and Göring was forced to carry out a reorganization. But when the tide turned, when Franco won the day and the democracies through their one-sided non-intervention helped in the overthrowing of the Spanish republic, Göring was the hero of the day.

Then events followed one another blow after blow. Göring knew Hitler only too well and knew that he, who was a born Austrian, wished for nothing better than the union of Austria with Germany. Göring urged him on to the action in Austria, and shortly before then he helped on the activist wing in the army to victory. Just as he had once received the Spanish generals in Carinhall to take council with them on how Fascism could be helped to victory, so now with

the new Nazi generals he worked out the plan for the Austrian occupation.

Göring's airmen conquered Vienna while the tank troops were occupying the rest of the country. In Austria they found a powerless population, a small state which had been robbed with violence of its independence by powerful neighbours. The population, which for many years had fought against National Socialism, was forced in a terrorist election to vote 99 per cent for Hitler. The German soldiers of occupation were hated, but this did not prevent Göring from saying in a speech to the airmen: "The reception which was given you by the German population in the Ostmark shows how beloved the German army is in the Ostmark."

Göring, who came into Austria like a triumphing general and there took homage, had been given an overwhelming proof that his provocatory tactics had been the right ones, according to which it was enough to threaten with war to make the Western powers give way. He at once founded a new Hermann Göring Works, changed at once the Alpine Montan mines into an undertaking under the control of the Ruhr industry and made the following declaration to the still paralysed Austrian people: "This is the end of easy-going days. To be easy-going while you work is laziness. The man who wants to help in lifting a state out of want and misery must not work eight hours a day only, he must work as men never before have worked. . . ."

The days are long since gone by when the workers after years of struggle succeeded in winning their eight hours day. The eight hours working day has been got

rid of thanks to Göring's action, and the working classes have not been allowed to utter a word in protest. "I call upon the German workers to work untiringly in the factories," he said. "I know that I am asking a lot from you. Overtime and again overtime, but you are forging the nation's sword. This cannot but bring inward satisfaction."

While Göring was arranging great gala dinners for the American ex-President Hoover, for kings and foreign military, the workers were to feed themselves with inward satisfaction.

Göring has himself photographed together with the world's great statesmen ; not even is his new-born daughter, Edda, missing in the photographs ; and the workers have to feel how the land won over scores of years is, as it were, blown away before the wind.

Then came the new World War ; Göring's guns were thundering over all Europe, and those workers that were not sent to bleed on the fronts, learned from a Göring decree that their wages might be cut at any time in the hour of need.

Göring's battle-call, "Guns instead of butter," is no longer a theory only : on Europe's battle-fields and on the world's seas the dead can tell the tale of Göring, who gave the world guns instead of butter.

THE BEGINNINGS OF WATERLOO? ★

I

IT WAS A BOY, BARELY TWENTY-THREE YEARS OLD, WHO with beating heart was walking through the long corridors of the Air Ministry. He did not know what he had to do in this labyrinthine building. He had been given the order to report himself in Room 93 : what could they want with him ? He did not even belong to Berlin, but had had to travel here with his belongings from Saxony.

Could it be really true what he had been told when he left Dresden ? Might it be farewell for ever ?

With mingled feelings of fear and curiosity he knocked on the door of Room 93. "Come in," a cold voice sounded. "Heil Hitler," he heard himself say ; and afterwards he did not quite know what had happened. Someone had spoken to him a long way off and given an order ; then the door had opened and the supreme head for the air had come in and clapped him good-humouredly like a father on the shoulder and so he was allowed to go.

It was only gradually when he had reached the street that he came to himself. The man who had clapped him on the shoulder had been no other than Göring, who had come into the room ; and the cold

voice which had given him an order had demanded of him that he should this very night fly to Italy and without telling anything to his father and mother (for them he was on manœuvres) ; and in Italy his orders for the Spanish front were awaiting him.

This unknown soldier in the German ' peace army ' fell in Spain, and with him hundreds of other German lads. Theirs it was to shed their blood on foreign soil, after their bombs had slain children, mothers, and old folk. These lads in Göring's air armada had never seen Spain before, had never beheld the Mediterranean or the Pyrenees ; they did not know the heart that was beating there behind Barcelona and Madrid, they had not an inkling of the Spanish people's longing, of its hunger and dreams of the future ; they knew nothing of life, but they obeyed their Field-Marshal and climbed into the clouds to scatter death among innocent men and women that had no other wish than at last to eat their fill for once, and to be allowed to dispose of their future themselves and not let dictators do it. Göring, who even before the Spanish civil war broke out, had received the Spanish generals, was among the most radical supporters for intervention in Spain. He was for venturing upon this ' trial war.'

" Spain gives us ore, gives us an entry into the Mediterranean ; she is the gate to Africa for us and, above all, keeps France in check, if we are Spain's masters."

With these and like words he had explained his standpoint at the ministerial and the leaders' councils : while the military men were still hesitating, while Hitler was wavering, Göring had already called the

first volunteer airmen to Room 93, and they were only waiting to start for the south.

And as it was in Spain, so Göring has always been the most eager champion of all the warlike actions in Europe. It is only few that know that Goring recommended to Hitler, the Austrian, the occupation of Austria, until Hitler brought himself to take the plunge against the wishes of the army leaders. Göring came out a winner; he created the new, compliant army command; he gradually became the leader of the war group within the army; and when the mad war after the alliance with Stalin in the end broke out, Göring was automatically appointed to be the military dictator of the country.

Göring was victor in the policy for Europe: his idea was to occupy Prague with parachute troops. In short: Göring and not Hitler is the motor that drives on war in Europe.

Göring is the motor that drives Hitler on; he spurs him, and he himself treads down everything that comes in his way. Göring intends to use every means to make a German Europe: he is already laying claim to the honour that belongs to a German Napoleon. Napoleon came to grief as he had the Russian Colossus against him. But Göring believes that so long as Hitler and Stalin go on working together, nothing can put a stop to an indefinite German expansion.

Göring's self-confidence knows no bounds: he believes in deadly earnest that he it is who is to awaken Germany and Europe; he sees himself as Hitler's successor, rising into Valhalla. . . . Does not history of old tell us of heroes that afterwards became gods? Is he not the mightiest diplomat in the world;

Europe's most dangerous man, as he jokingly calls himself?

2

If the Middle Ages were night, anyhow it was a bright starry night, a night of romance, compared with the darkness that lies spread to-day over Europe.

In this darkness there stands to-day a man who thinks that the lighted torches of war can take the place of freedom's daylight. Before us stands a man who sees his youthful dreams fulfilled; he still hears to-day his farewell words in the church vault at Aschaffenburg in 1919: "The fight with arms is resolved on . . . it will start . . . we must will a new struggle to begin. We must always have it in our thoughts."

These farewell words from the end of the war have been brought to their fulfilment. The goal has been reached. What the young man once sowed the grown man can harvest. German troops have crossed the frontiers; eighty million Germans have fallen on thirty-three million Poles, and the second World War has begun.

All has been fulfilled just as Göring would have it.

Nothing now can hold back the war machine: on 1 September 1939 Europe was set alight; and when from afar we gaze on the ruins in Europe, we are involuntarily reminded of Strindberg's words: "These men bring the pest with them wherever they come. Each works for himself and none works for the whole. Would there were even one just man among those masses swarming down there in the ruins."

Hitler and Göring to-day are no longer fighting for the whole, not for the Fatherland only: they are fighting for their own power, for their own party, for their own lives.

On the day before war broke out Göring stands on the platform before the tribune of the Reichstag's president, and opens the Reichstag, called together in all haste. He and Hitler are wearing field-grey. Göring's words come short and sharp. Even before Hitler has announced his war with Poland Göring betrays the event. More than a hundred Reichstag men have not been able to come, for they are already at the front.

Even as Göring is speaking, his aeroplanes are roaring over the Polish corridor and are breathing death and destruction among millions.

After Göring Hitler speaks: short and deeply stirred. He announces theatrically that he shall keep to his uniform until Germany has won, and if Germany should lose he shall not live to see her end.

Hitler now cannot turn back, although he knows that this war may mean his Waterloo. News has already come that England and France are going to help invaded Poland, that the Anglo-French declaration of war is only a question of hours. Hitler is thinking of all eventualities: if he dies, he appoints Göring his successor, whereby the Field-Marshal's highest wish is fulfilled; if anything should happen to Göring Hess is to take over the control of the State; and if anything should happen to all these three, a senate, at present secret, is to choose the Leader's successor.

Göring's thirst for power was stilled with yet another post—perhaps the most important one in this war,

That is to say, the Reichstag passed the following law, that made Göring German military dictator :

‘ 1. From the Reich Defence Council there is formed as a permanent committee a “ Ministerial Council for Reich Defence.” To this belong as permanent members : Field-Marshal Göring, chairman ; further the Leader’s representative, the proxy-general for the Reich Government, the proxy-general for industry, the Reich Minister and Head of the Reich Chancellery, the head of the High Command of the military forces. The chairman can call in for consultation other members of the Reich Defence Council and persons from outside.

2. The Ministerial Council for Reich Defence can issue ordinances with the force of law, unless I give orders that a law shall be dealt with by the Reich Government or the Reichstag.

3. Field-Marshal Göring’s authority and rights in accordance with the ordinance of 18 October 1936 as to the carrying out of the four years’ plan, and in especial his right to issue directions, remain in force.

4. The matters that concern the Ministerial Council for Reich Defence are taken cognizance of by the Reich Minister and Head of the Reich Chancellery.

5. The time at which the ordinance shall be no longer valid will be determined by me.

Berlin, 30 August.

(Signed), Adolf Hitler, Field-Marshal Göring,
Reich Minister and Head of the
Reich Chancellery Dr. Lammers.’

The new dictator thereupon issued his first order of the day to the whole German air fleet :

‘Comrades! The Leader has called us. Your great hour has struck. The air weapon, which for many years has been one of the most effective instruments in the Leader’s peace policy, has now to show that at the decisive moment it is ready to carry out its great tasks. Airmen! in lightning attacks we shall destroy the enemy where he makes resistance or flees in disorder. You will break through and crush any resistance with a last self-sacrificing attack. Men who belong to the heavy formations of the air arm! With glad heart and conscientiously you are to prepare and protect the attack by your comrades and their safety in the air. You who belong to the Air Defence Artillery! You are to shoot down every attacker. Comrades! For us there is only one way—victory!’

Victories—victories—they may be trumpeted abroad through wireless and film, through orders of the day and propaganda speeches—but behind the fair words there is hidden nothing but unspeakable suffering from Warsaw to Vienna, from London to Marseilles, from Moscow to Tokyo.

Here on earth men are only guests and now they are leaving it since night has come down on Europe, and it is no longer the spirit but all-destroying Death that holds its triumph. Evil is not only something bound up with life, but it has become architect of the world. It is raging, destroying, bringing misfortune on mankind, only to make some countries richer by a few square kilometres of land.

And the man who went astray in this European St. Bartholomew’s night and is groping in his search for the daylight of reason, knows that he must go under,

for war's barbarity is holding its orgies and the peoples of Europe will perhaps never more wake from this icy night.

Every dictatorship brings with it the idolatrous worship of one man who looks on himself as called to wield, alone and by himself, peace and war, right and wrong. He is responsible only to himself; and when this responsibility becomes too great for him he shares it with God or with the other men responsible in his country.

There have always been and there will always be dictators; but there has never been a dictator that has brought happiness to mankind. Tyrants never become immortal through peace but only through war. And it is Göring's greatest unuttered wish to go into history as an immortal: this goal he has now reached through the war. For what is left otherwise of Göring's ideal? How did he rage against Russia, and how did he storm against Communism in the Reichstag fire trial in 1933—only to make an alliance with Russia in 1939 and grant an amnesty to the Communists who are willing to take part in the war? Where is Göring's ideal, when he promised the people better conditions, while his first war law was to lower wages?

Where is his belief that he is going to give German youth peace and happiness?

Göring goes into the war in triumph; but when the war is over there will be only the dead, the crippled, the maimed, the blind, the mad, the mourning, the fugitives, the widows, and the fatherless.

How shall future historians not smile at Göring's optimistic, fiery speeches to Berlin's workers. He believes, like Icarus, that he can storm air and sky;

he believes that Germany has all it needs, from food to guns, to be able to win. "And if we no longer have any clothing," he calls out cynically, "we can go about in bathing-drawers." But he forgot to say that when the Germans have no legs, then they will have to welter in their own blood; that when the cripples drag themselves through the streets in Berlin and Paris—if there is then anything left of these cities—people will no longer speak about bathing-drawers but about millions of meaninglessly wasted lives.

Woe to him, when one day the train of cripples shall call Göring to account; woe to the statesmen that are called to account by their peoples at the Waterloo of this ghastly World War. Without enthusiasm, amid a dumb and gloomy gravity and along past weeping women the troops of Europe march to the front; who can count the dead that will not come back again? But those who come back as cripples or blind or simply as men with their health—these shall make a new Europe, a Europe where there will be room neither for dictators nor for war-mongers.

4

Field-Marshal Göring is seeing his own youth. He is at the front; he remembers his own heroic deeds in 1914; but he feels at the same time that this war of to-day has given him as an individual greater tasks to carry out. Will he succeed in this?

At all the fronts, in west and east, long rows of crosses are to be seen over the fallen: the dead of the first and of the second World War lie in the same

ground, and Europe feels that if the young men who in 1914-18 sacrificed their lives for a phantom could speak to-day, then, like a hurricane, they would call out to mankind that eleven million died in vain, died for nothing, died to no purpose. The dream of everlasting peace has had to be buried.

The grave-diggers once more are prospering, and with them those who try every means to patch up the wounded so as to be able to send more cannon-fodder to the front.

Göring visits a military hospital at the front. He wanders pleasantly round between the beds. He deals out gifts, chats to the groaning men ; but he sees nothing of the great suffering. He thinks that this is part of it all, that all must give their lives up for Hitler and himself, that all must die when it is a question of realizing both their plans.

In the operation-rooms lie thousands of men waiting to have their legs amputated, men whose bullet-shattered lungs must be healed, blind men calling for light. It is only now, when total darkness has come upon them, that they see that the mankind which allowed this war is living in a dreadful spiritual darkness.

The wards are filled with the sounds of moaning and groaning. Göring smiles at them. Eighteen-year-old volunteers shout out for their mothers. Göring deals out his Iron Crosses among them. Peasants' sons, who have been fetched from the harvesting, are now lying without arms on sacks of straw in temporary hospitals. Never more can they clasp their sweet-hearts. Meanwhile Göring sends crosses of honour to the widows.

And those that lie there helplessly groaning, who in their pain can no longer see their leader Goring walking through the hospital—they groan forth not only their own pain, but all the suffering that has no voice in this world here ; their groans are an accusing cry for peace.

Goring leaves the hospital hurriedly. Behind the front fresh great tasks await him. He flees in his train. Now he feels even himself doubt whether he really will win.

But war will have nothing of any feelings. New orders of the day are issued : ‘ Soldiers in the air arm ! After swift overwhelming blows the dominion of the air on the eastern front is yours.

No hostile plane has been able to attack the defences of the German sphere in the air. In loyal fighting comradeship and resolute fighting readiness you have taken a foremost share in the German army’s swift advance. You have the right to be proud at your successes. I thank you, and with me the German people thanks you, which more than ever cherishes a steadfast trust in its air arm. Our Leader and highest Commander is with you at the front. Forward under his eyes ! ’

Goring no longer hears the groans of the wounded. He is sitting in his armoured train which is carrying him to the General Staff. He dreams of victories, of Great Germany, of the new Napoleon for whom there is no Waterloo. And the beat of the wheels spurs him on, drives him forward. Now there is no going back. The beat of the wheels drowns all else. With no boding of evil Goring goes westward—towards Waterloo?—and in spite of the accusations from the dead

and wounded sounding over all Europe, as they cry out for justice and peace, Göring hears them not ; hears them just as little as he heard them in 1914-18.

The train rushes on through Germany. German and enemy airmen are hurled to and fro over this land, once so peaceful. None knows whether he will survive the morrow.

Göring has grown deaf : he sees only his planes and he does not even notice that a hospital train is coupled to his armoured train, a hospital train with madmen, who through fear or owing to wounds have joined the great host of living dead.

Together with him they ride who have lost their minds in the war ; the blind whose firm working hands have been changed to limp, sickly ones. With him go the cripples without hands and without arms, the wretches who for years and years will wander through the streets of Europe, and who to-day stand as a warning to mankind and ask for nothing else but peace, cry out for nothing else but peace, scream for nothing else but peace, beg for nothing else but peace, weep and groan for nothing else but peace. But the train rolls on. Göring hears nothing in his armoured car. He believes that the war train can be stopped where he orders. But when and where is the last station to be : at Waterloo, in Europe as a mass grave, at the guillotine of the French Revolution, or at the united Socialist states of Europe ?

The train hurries on through the night.

The day will dawn ; but the awaking from this night will come at the bier of Europe's youth. The death train hastens on . . . on . . . and yet we must

not despair of the idea of human civilization, for the death train that rushes on through Europe will one day run off the rails or be made to halt ; for men do not weary only of happiness. Some day even unhappiness disgusts them.

THE END